FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

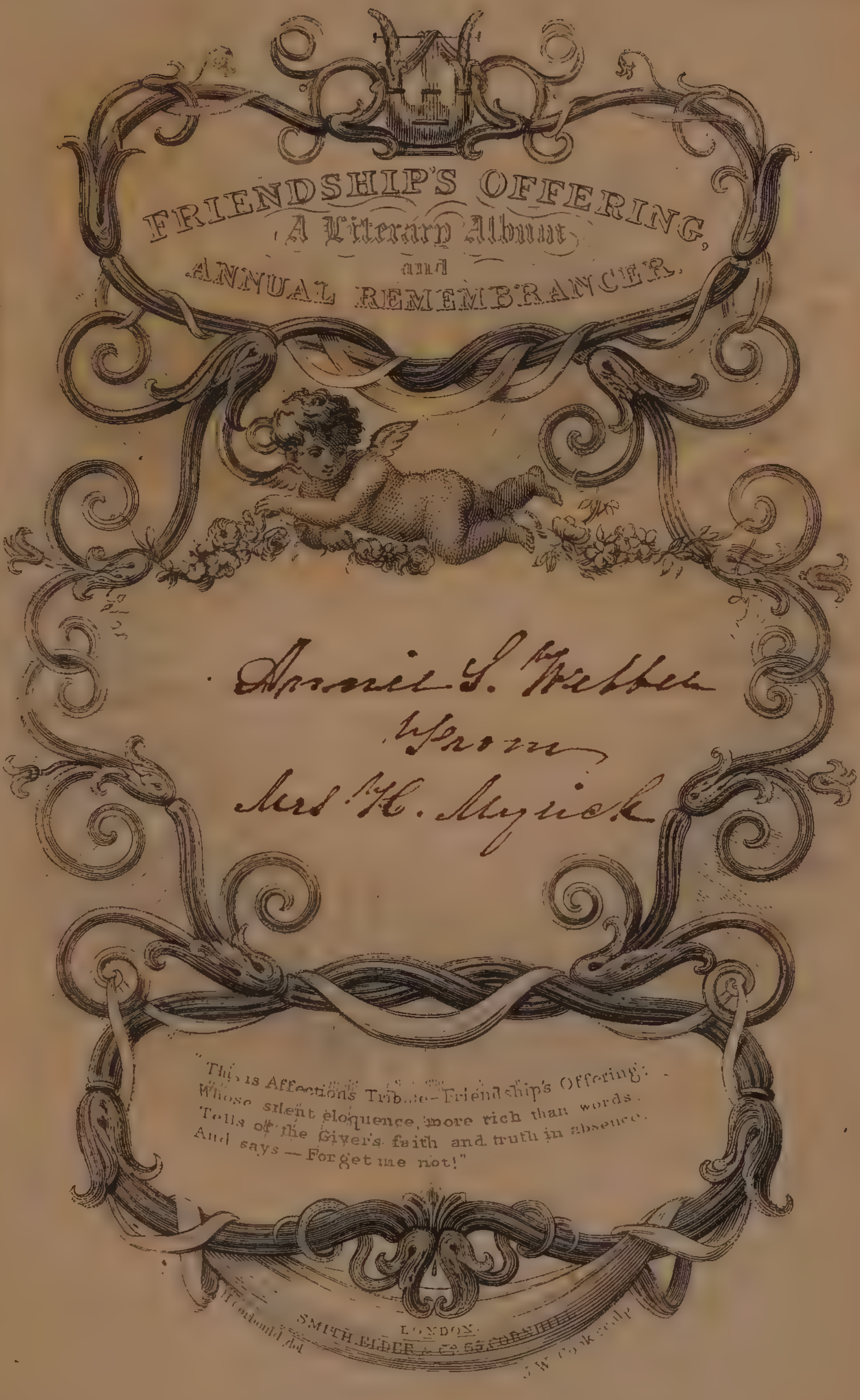
SMITH, ELDER & Co. CORNHILL, LONDON.

FRIENDSHIP'S
OFFERING.

London.
MDCCCXLI

Miss Annie F. Webber,

Boston.



FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.

Annie S. Webber
from
Mrs. H. Myrick

"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering:
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"

H. Corbould del.
J. W. Cook sculp.

LONDON.
SMITH ELDER & Co. 65 CORNHILL.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLI.

> "This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
> Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
> Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
> And says— Forget me not!"

LONDON:
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1841.

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OLD BAILEY.

TO

HER MAJESTY,

ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER,

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

Old age is common to all terrestrial things; and an existence of eighteen years may be deemed a very respectable senectitude for an Annual. Like many, however, who are actually in the predicament which can only be supposed of us, we will not acknowledge that we are old—we feel no symptoms of age or decay about us; nay, we maintain, whatever old Chronos may say to the contrary, that we are younger than we were last year, inasmuch as, while we have still the "thews and sinews" which then constituted our strength, our system has been invigorated by a transfusion of new life in an accession to our contributors, both in value and number.

Dropping, however, the metaphor with the "multitudinous *we*," the Editor ventures to express a hope that the miscellany with which he now comes forward, will, like that for 1840, be found to be an improvement on its predecessor; and to demonstrate that, while he has sedulously borne in mind the important fact that, by the majority of readers, the prose is considered to be the staple of the book, he has not relaxed in his endeavours to maintain the classic character of its poetry, which, in past years, has elicited such encouraging testimony from the critical press, as well as from other quarters.

On the present occasion, on which he gratefully reiterates his thanks to his anonymous correspondent J. R. of Christ Church, Oxford, for his continued and spirited support, it becomes his duty to extend his acknowledgments to the sister University, a distinguished member of which has contributed the poem entitled, "The Burning of the Royal Exchange."

But it may appear invidious to particularize. To each and all of his contributors then — whether of verse or prose—he offers his warmest thanks for the value which the union of their talents has conferred upon the literature of his volume:—with them be all the honour; for he can only assume to himself the humble merit of gathering up the flowers which they have so liberally strewn in his path.

It is not less incumbent on the Editor to express his acknowledgments for the kind intentions of those whose papers it has been his painful task to decline, and whose disappointment, if they feel any, will doubtless be mitigated by the reflection that they have been excluded on the judgment of an individual, who, whatever may be the opinions of others on the subject, does not hold an editorship to be a patent of infallibility.

To the graphic embellishments more than ordinary care has this year been devoted, and the result, it is submitted, has been such, that while the plates, especially the landscapes, surpass those of any former volume of the work, they need not shrink from a comparison with its present competitors for the patronage of the public.

⁂ As far back as July, 1840, a volume entitled "Friendship's Offering 1841," was put into the Editor's hands, bearing the name of a publisher in Philadelphia, and exhibiting, in its embossed binding and golden lyre, so close a resemblance to the real "Simon Pure" that, if they were lying side by side, on a bookseller's counter, it would be difficult to distinguish one from the other. Thus has the transatlantic imitator of "Friendship's Offering," not only "filched" from it its "good name," but taken the coat from its back, to serve as a passport into decent society. It is not necessary, nor would it perhaps become the Editor, to say more, on the part of the Publishers and himself, on this disreputable trick, than that they appreciate the compliment of the counterfeit as much as they admire the *taste* of the *design*.

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CLAUDE ROVANI.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

> Fearful, and horrible, and dear thou art ;
> Both heaven and hell are in thee !
>
> JOANNA BAILLIE.

GARCIO LOREZANO, a nobleman, senator, and councillor of Venice, in her most palmy days, was seated with his daughter, the young and beautiful Antonia, on a fair summer's eve, beneath a garlanded bower, in the garden of his magnificent mansion at Venice.

Lorezano had married late : he was now an old man, but the winter of his life though "frosty, was kindly ;" his hairs were few and white, but his keen eye yet flashed with intellectual vigour, and untameable spirit. In Venice he was esteemed and feared.

Antonia, in consequence of the early death of her mother, had been brought up by that mother's widowed and childless sister, living in retirement at a short distance from Venice, and whose small circle of society included only the most noble or the most gifted. Antonia had but lately arrived in Venice to take her station at the head of her father's house,—his only child and representative, and sole heir to his great wealth. Numberless suitors, among whom was included a son of the doge, had become competitors for her hand; but Antonia herself had hitherto shewn no preference, and her father seemed in no hurry to part from her: their position appeared, and indeed was, an enviable one, although a thorn (as usual) lurked beneath the full-blown rose of their happiness. On that thorn their conversation touched.

"Plead not for him!" continued the old man; "plead not for him, Antonia!—not even from you will I listen to a word of mediation; although he be the son of my sister, my only and beloved sister, he is an alien to my house and heart for ever. I would not—no, as I am a true Venetian, I would not stretch out this arm to save him, although I saw him, where you are now—at my feet, and perishing with want—no, though he spoke with my sister's voice, and looked with her eyes! A ruined gambler—"

"His fortune," gently interposed Antonia, "was not large, and he was imposed upon by evil and designing men."

"A midnight brawler, committing murder in our streets!"

"He killed, in a fair fight, the false friend who had deceived and robbed him; unhappily the traitor belonged to the most powerful family of Venice."

"And then to herd with the scum of the earth, and turn his puny arms against the land that bore him!"

"He was exiled, he thought unjustly; he demanded his remaining property—it was refused—despair has driven him to his present course."

"And let despair be his portion, in this world at least! Time might have seared over his first offences, and restored him to his country; but to raise a finger against Venice!—to look at her even with a menace on his brow!—girl—his death is but a poor retribution!"

"It seems he wishes for death; he prefers it to exile. Remember Jacob Foscari!—the sternest of our patriots cannot deny a sigh to his memory. O my father! you are too severe; there is neither mercy nor justice in all this."

"Indeed! and what is it you wish?—what would you have me do?"

Antonia, deceived by the veiled irony of her father's manner, earnestly replied: "Let him have a word of hope and sympathy from us; let him have the means of entering some foreign service, according to his rank. I will vouch for Claude Rovani that he will soon make Venice proud of her discarded son, and eager to receive and pardon him. Do this, my father!"

There was a pause; at length the old man spoke:—

"Is it my child, my only child, who would bring dishonour on her father's grey hairs, by drawing him into a secret and friendly communication with an outlawed traitor? Is it my only child who would expose my few remaining days to danger for the sake of a worthless and ungrateful boy?"

"My father, forbear I beseech you!" exclaimed the horror-struck Antonia, "it is not thus I mean it—you know I do not—what might be done, I thought could be done in all safety and honour."

"Neither in safety nor in honour, Antonia." Then looking at her suspiciously, he added: "How long is it since you have seen your cousin?"

"Three years, my lord, this very day; he had spent some weeks at my aunt's, and left us for Venice—six months afterwards he was banished."

"During those six months did he write to you?"

"Frequently;—you have seen some of his letters."

"And did your aunt see them all?"

"Yes, signor," replied Antonia, with a look of surprise.

"Let me consider," continued her father; "three years since—you were then but thirteen—a mere child. Is your recollection of your cousin very strong?"

"Oh, I think I see him now; with an eye like an eagle's, and the step of a bounding deer; a brow open and manly, as your own. He resembled you, my father, especially when he frowned and smiled; and, (I must say it, because I am sure of it,) he loved and reverenced you as I do. Then, too, with all his life, courage, and intellect, with all his careless boldness, and buoyant spirits, how respectful to our aunt! how mindful of her comfort, how patient with her infirmities! but to me—oh! to me—" (Antonia burst into tears) "My poor cousin! my dear, dear Claude!"

Her father rose and stood erect before her: "Antonia!"—she looked up: "this is the first time the name of the recreant Rovani, since his proscription, has passed between us—mark me! it must be the last. I am willing to believe thee misled by thy youth and natural goodness thus far to have innocently pleaded for the unworthy, but I warn thee, tempt me no further! Thou deemest me severe to my sister's child; thou hast yet to learn that it is in my nature to be as severe to my own, should justice and the safety of my country require it. In Rovani I acknowledge but a traitor—a reckless, bold, designing traitor, destroying the peace and security of Venice: for, know, that within these few days our capital is filled with his emissaries; no individual or family is safe; the blow falls in the dark, and in the night—on the land and on the water—in the private chamber, and in the public walk; placards are posted up by invisible hands, proclaiming that the dagger shall not be sheathed until all who voted for the banishment of Claude Rovani are no more. And will he stop there? You look terrified, Antonia; you were not aware to what a head this evil has arisen. I have shielded you from the knowledge of it; but I now think it right to tell you all—to tell you that Venice harbours in her bosom a nest of vipers, warmed into life by the treacherous and revengeful Rovani, and that the government, secret and powerful as it is, has hitherto striven in vain to crush, or even to trace them. I did not vote for the banishment of the offender, being unfortunately absent at the time; but on my return, I publicly approved of the sentence. Nevertheless, rest assured that the government at this crisis will have its eye upon us. Be on your guard, Antonia! not only suppress, but change your sentiments; let not his name be breathed with an accent of pity even in the most secret recesses of your chamber; drive him not only from your heart, but from your memory: your cousin Claude is dead; it is the traitor Rovani alone that lives; therefore, think only of what is due to your country, to your father, and to yourself!" The old man turned away, and slowly disappeared.

Antonia remained with her eyes still intently raised to where her father had stood, motionless with astonishment, grief, and fear; she struggled, however, with the stupor that was creeping over her; her head dropped upon her knee, and a deep sigh escaped her.

"I wish I could weep!"

"Weep not, Antonia!" whispered a voice close to her ear. She would have sprung from her seat, but an arm thrown round her waist retained her; a muffled form knelt beside her; the head was partly revealed, the face almost touched her own, and the eyes seemed "to ride upon the balls of hers." The extremity of the shock saved her from insensibility, and she exclaimed, "Claude Rovani!"

"'Tis he—the recreant, the traitor, the condemned of all save of thee. I thank and bless thee, Antonia! Thou hast pleaded for me as an angel pleads, although in vain. Nay, struggle not to escape—I claim but a few moments—listen to me!"

"I must not—I dare not!" then clasping her hands she added; — "O Claude, what hast thou done?"

"I have done that which the meanest of the creation will do, when crushed and trod upon. I have turned upon my enemies — ay, and I will not leave my hold until I have made a wound as deep and as immedicable in the heart of Venice as she has made in mine."

A thought darted into the mind of Antonia, which, for an instant, chilled her with horror: she started up: "Speak, Rovani! wherefore art thou here concealed and listening? — My father? ha! is he not safe?—darest thou, with sacrilegious hand—"

"I came not to destroy, but to save thy father, by a word of warning to thee." He then again approached, and whispered: "Beware he go not to the council this night! For thy sake he is saved; and in spite of all that he has done, or may do, in his unjust and blood-thirsty wrath against his sister's son, he is the father of Antonia, and as such is sacred—sacred, so long as thou betrayest not the hint I give thee; a betrayal would doom him to death, and not save those already doomed. Dost mark me, Antonia?"

"O horrible!" she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands.

"And is it with horror alone thou wilt think of me," he retorted, mournfully.

"Not so," replied Antonia, more in fear than in truth,—"thou savest my father."

"'Tis well; my time is more than out; farewell, my beautiful cousin. I marvel not at thy crowd of suitors; but wed not with the doge's son, and sometimes think of one, who, under happier auspices, would have loved and cherished thee in his heart's core; farewell!" He snatched her in his arms, pressed his lips to hers, and as suddenly releasing her, turned, and plunging into the thickly-planted shrubbery, disappeared.

What a change had a single hour wrought in the feelings and fate of Antonia! What would she not have given to recall the careless happiness with which, at the commencement of this luckless hour, she had sat at the feet of her father, caressing him, smiling on the lovely and animated scene around her, or striking the chords of her lute, in the mere fullness of unreproved enjoyment! And now the shades of night, that were chasing the lovely, though short-lived twilight, and enveloping in darkness all that was of late so bright and beautiful, fell not more suddenly, or more heavily, than the gloom of despondency, self-reproach, and evil forebodings, on the young heart of Antonia.

"Signora! where is the signora?" Antonia started, for even the well-known voice of her favourite attendant Lucilla, filled her with apprehension. "Signora Antonia!" cried out the girl, in a voice of greater alarm, advancing hastily towards the bower. "Now the saints defend us! Signora, what do you here at this late hour, when the dews are falling? and all alone too!—and why have you not answered me? I declare I feel quite frightened."

"I am not well, Lucilla; get me home, and in bed as soon as you can." It was too dark to see her mistress clearly; but Lucilla felt that her hands were cold, that she trembled from head to foot, and that she was scarcely able to walk; she supported her home with abundance of exclamations and interrogations, to which Antonia made no reply. On reaching her chamber, Lucilla perceived that her young mistress had all the appearance of sudden illness; and having assisted her to undress, and to place her in bed, left her as she desired, to request the attendance of her father.

"Alas!" exclaimed Antonia when alone; "how shall I be able to support his presence, to receive his tenderness and pity, with the image of the forbidden Rovani at my heart, and his kiss upon my lip! I have a secret to hide, a part to play, an object to attain! Into what a mesh of difficulties am I already entangled!"

Her father came hastily, reproaching himself as the cause of her illness. The domestic physician was called, and gave it as his opinion that some shock on the nerves had been received, and that the utmost quiet, rest, and composure were requisite. In pursuance of the first scheme of deception she had ever practised, Antonia pretended to be more unwell than she really was.

"It is ten o'clock," whispered her father; "I must leave you for an hour or two to attend the council." Without opening her eyes, she folded her father's hand in hers. "Not to-night, dearest father,—not to-night!"

"The council, my child, will soon break up; there will be nothing very important; the leading measures were decided on last night."

"You can therefore the more easily stay with me: do not leave me!" She clung to him; and the tremulous movement of her frame recommenced, appearing to threaten convulsion.

"Can it be," thought her father, "that the mere conversation with me on the subject of her degenerate kinsman, produces this lamentable effect, or is there some other cause?" Vague suspicions darted into his mind, but to question her was impossible, and he remained by her, despatching a messenger to the council stating the reason of his absence.

Having her father's word, which she knew to be inviolable, that he would not attend the council, she at last consented to take the composing medicine the physician had prescribed, and soon after sank to rest, with her father's hand fast locked in hers.

At one o'clock in the morning Lorezano was preparing to retire to his own room, feeling quite reassured by the tranquil and unbroken sleep of his child, when he was arrested by a buzz and murmur in the streets, accompanied by the quick, steady step of the armed police; presently there was a loud knocking at his gate; his household were immediately roused, and he himself proceeded to the outer court, where he was met by two of the council, his most intimate friends.

"Sad work, Lorezano! three of our number" (repeating the names) "are wounded to death, at the breaking up of the council, within the palace gates;—hark!—the tocsin!—the whole city is getting on foot; the palace and its precincts are under the strictest search, and we have run here to beg of you to show yourself and assist, for your name has been mentioned suspiciously,—your absence from the council (a circumstance so rare) on this eventful night, has been remarked."

"I will go with you instantly," exclaimed the old senator; "bring me my sword, and God grant me occasion and power to use it, although it be against my own degenerate flesh and blood! But come first with me signors,—you shall see my sick child whom I could not leave." They accompanied him to the chamber of Antonia, by whom, with Lucilla, sat the physician, fearful of her being awaked by this sudden clamour; but, although with cheeks and lips as white as the linen that enshrouded her, and breathing short and unequally, she still slept. The senators, with a view to the defence of their friend, asked a few questions of the physician and were quite satisfied. Lorezano gently kissed his daughter's brow, and departed with them.

Lucilla, who had sat up during the night, now, at the physician's desire, resigned her post to another. On her way to her chamber she was accosted by her *aspirante* Pietro, a confidential sort of clerk and treasurer, clever, plausible, and artful.

The fellow proceeded by a series of shrewdly put questions to elicit from his weak and unsuspecting auditor, sufficient to convince him that an interview had recently taken place between Antonia and Rovani; and persuaded her for the sake, as he alleged, of guarding her young mistress from the consequences of so dangerous a connection, to concur with him in a system of espionage, and to communicate to him, from time to time, any circumstances, bearing on the subject, which might come under her notice.

Lorezano had enemies in the council as well as friends; but on this occasion those enemies found that it was in vain attempting to cast a slur upon his loyalty. His open, manly bearing, his zealous intrepidity, his perfect contempt of aught approaching to suspicion as applied to himself, joined to his gray hairs and unblemished character, silenced the slanderous whispers of his enemies; and the old councillor at once resumed his influence.

The next day a placard was found posted in the Place of St. Mark, signed by Claude Rovani, setting forth that the atonement of blood was fulfilled, that he and his confederates should withdraw from the states of Venice; but, that as they had devoted their lives to her punishment, they should hold themselves in readiness to enter into the service of any foreign power at war with her; he commented with sarcastic severity on her omniscient and omnipotent government, that could not, within its own capital, protect the lives and property of its noblest citizens; and he thanked that government, with bitter irony, for the treasure that had replaced his alienated property.

This manifesto inflamed the Venetians beyond endurance. It seemed as if the whole population had quitted for a time their usual avocations to join in one common pursuit of these insulting rebels; and not only the capital, but the whole country became imbued with the same spirit. Every road had its village patrol; the outposts were increased in number and doubly guarded; no dwelling was exempted from instant and repeated search; and no persons, whatever their rank or station, were safe from personal examination or interrogatory at any time.

It was arranged, that to avoid as much as possible all this hubbub and confusion, produced by so near and exciting a cause, Antonia should return for a time to the comparative quiet of her aunt's residence, although that, like all others, was under surveillance. Accordingly in two days she proceeded thither by easy stages, with a strong escort, and accompanied by the physician and Lucilla.

Pietro, to his disappointment, remained with his master in the city. Any correspondence by letter with Lucilla, on the important subject of their conferences, was utterly impossible; it was therefore agreed, that should anything occur to induce a slight suspicion of her mistress's continued communication with Rovani, Lucilla should send, as a token, by the daily messenger, a lock of her hair, with her best love, to Pietro; but, if anything very decided took place, so as to leave little or no doubt on the mind of Lucilla that such a communication actually existed, she was to send him back a small gold and enamelled ring, which he had lately given her.

In consequence of a private intimation from Lorezano, the signora Bianca received her niece with her usual maternal kindness, but forbore in any way to allude to the cause of her recent indisposition, and her unexpected return. In neither of these events did the signora perceive any mystery, naturally concluding that the guilt, danger, and disgrace, in which their once much-loved relative had so unhappily become involved, sufficiently accounted for the painful impression made on a heart so affectionate, and so unused to suffering as that of her niece.

The image of Rovani in the mean time continued to haunt Antonia; for the chances of his using this abode as a means of concealment or evasion, were not improbable. It was an old building, reared in dangerous times, and had more than its due share of secret doors, and passages, and subterraneous communications, which she well remembered Rovani, as a boy, delighted to explore.

Ten days elapsed. One night, having undressed, and dismissed Lucilla, who slept in the adjoining room, Antonia applied herself to read. It was a dark and gloomy night; every door, and the massive casements of her windows were closed; a slight noise attracted her attention; she looked in the direction from whence it proceeded; the arras was moving, and her heart sank within her as she observed that it was exactly the part which covered a sliding panel. She remained rooted to her seat, with her eyes strained eagerly forward, and her lips apart, when a loose corner of the arras was suddenly lifted up, and Rovani stood before her.

He was thinner and paler than when they had last met, and the stamp of thought and suffering was on his brow. "Antonia!" he exclaimed with a mixture of doubt and hope. She rose, and advanced towards him; he flew to meet her: "Will you assist me?"

"I will repay, as far as I am able, the debt I owe you for my father's life,—tell me how." He raised her hands to his lips, and led her to one of the casements: "You probably understand this better than I,—open it very gently." While she did so, he took from his bosom a slight but strong cord, fastening an end of it to one of two pillars in the apartment. Rovani then extinguished her lamp, and leaned from the window, under which glided a branch of a small river that flows into the gulf of Venice. "What do you expect?" she whispered.

"A boat," he replied; "I hear it." And almost as soon as he spoke, a soft and peculiar whistle was heard, which he answered. He then threw the other end of the rope out, and turning to her said, "When you hear my whistle from below, undo or cut the end which I have fastened round the pillar, and throw it out. God bless you, Antonia! God bless you! we shall perhaps never meet again!" He drew her towards him, and tenderly embraced her; he felt the warm tears upon her cheek, he felt the pressure of her hand, and above all, he felt the slight and timid return of his kiss. At that instant a thought glanced over his mind; a selfish and unworthy thought,—it existed but for a moment: "Did she love him?—might she be prevailed upon to share his exile? But no—to resign her country was possible, but not her father—nor would Rovani desire it." Strange inconsistency of the human mind!—he, who, without remorse, had glutted his revenge, shrunk from even the thought of crime unprompted by that passion: where his nature was unperverted, it shone forth in all its original brightness. With one desperate struggle he relinquished her, and sprang from the window. Antonia's heart beat to every vibration of the cord; at length it was still, and the expected whistle announced his safety. She drew the loop of the rope and threw it out.

The noise of the opening of the window had awaked the watchful Lucilla; she sat up in her bed and listened; at last she found courage to rise and approach the door of her mistress's apartment; she thought she heard whispering; again she hesitated, and then, very gently opening the door, found there was no light, and the rush of cool air convinced her that a window was unclosed. She crept along towards it, and just reached it when Antonia, having undone the end of the cord and thrown it out, was leaning anxiously from the window; then drawing herself back, she exclaimed, in a low voice: "Thank God, he is safe!" She proceeded to close the window, and Lucilla took that opportunity of effecting her return unperceived to her own room.

On the arrival of the usual messenger in the city on the following day at noon, Pietro received a packet. He flew with the prize to his own sleeping-room, and on tearing it open, found the ring. In less than half an hour, the spy was closeted with Vincenzo, one of the council the most inimical to Lorezano.

At five o'clock the same afternoon, the signora Bianca and her niece, having dressed for the evening, after their siesta, had met as usual at their accustomed seat on the terrace.

Antonia was aroused from a reverie by an exclamation from her aunt; and on looking up, beheld advancing along the road, direct to the villa, a carriage and a horse-litter, accompanied by a numerous troop of armed men. The signora gave immediate orders for their reception without any symptom of fear or suspicion, but the heart of Antonia throbbed and a mortal dread crept over her; even her aunt appeared discomposed on observing two government-officers and a notary descend from the carriage, who were conducted, with the military commander and several of the escort, into the presence of the two ladies; a few of the higher class of the attendants of the family accompanied them, and among whom was Lucilla.

After bowing profoundly, one of the civil officers addressed the lady of the house: "It is with the utmost regret, signora, that we fulfil the painful duty imposed on us, of which this (presenting an official document) will apprize you." The signora received the paper, but her agitation was too great to allow her to peruse it, and she returned it. "Read it, sir, I beg—I cannot." The commissioner proceeded to read, with a clear and loud voice, the order which authorized him and his coadjutors to search the premises of the signora Bianca; to examine herself and her household; to arrest, without examination, the signora Antonia, and to convey her a prisoner to Venice.

The signora Bianca looked at Antonia, and was surprised to observe that there was neither astonishment nor indignation on her countenance; she stood with downcast eyes, calm and pale. "This is some base intrigue!" exclaimed the signora, approaching her, "and the truth will soon be evident." Her niece embraced her affectionately, but without a word; and taking her long veil from the seat she had just quitted, she enveloped herself in it, and bowing her head, said, "I am ready."

"My dear, dear mistress!" sobbed out Lucilla, "where are they going to take you?"

"Farewell, Lucilla! farewell all of you!" said

Antonia, as she was placed in the litter, which was carefully shut, and the guards drew up round it.

The commissioners next proceeded to call over the names of the household from a list they held; the terrified Lucilla was then selected from the rest, and removed into another apartment. "We desire that you will detail to us exactly the event that has taken place here within the last twenty-four hours, and that has given you a suspicion of the signora Antonia's being in correspondence with her cousin, the traitor, Claude Rovani?"

"I know of no event," replied the trembling Lucilla, "I have no suspicion."

"Apply the thumb-screws!"

"O mercy! I will confess all," screamed the girl, going down on her knees; and accordingly she detailed exactly what she had heard and seen the preceding night. Her deposition was taken in writing, and she was desired to lead the way to the apartment of her mistress. Here, on examination behind the arras, was found the sliding panel, which Rovani had incautiously left open. A party was ordered to explore this secret entry; and another, consisting of a numerous detachment of picked men and horses, was ordered to follow the course of the river, and to pursue the inquiry actively and carefully in its direction. The guard over the residence was strongly reinforced, and stricter regulations adopted as to the household, who in fact became prisoners. The commissioners finally returned to the terrace to take formal leave of the signora Bianca, who, from the moment of her niece's departure, had remained motionless in her chair, with her face buried in her hands.

On the arrival of Lorezano at the Doge's council that night, he was informed that the conspirators had been again tracked, and that there was a prisoner for examination, and perhaps for condemnation, before the Council of Ten.

The forms of the government of Venice frequently varied; at this time the Council of Ten was independent of the Doge, who was only applied to for a casting vote, when the members were equally divided on a question.

This terrific tribunal assembled in their secret hall at midnight; they were seated in a semi-circle; a single lamp was suspended immediately in front, darkened on the side towards the councillors, and throwing its full light on the spot where the prisoner would be placed. On the right there was a small table also, with a partially shaded lamp, where sat two scriveners with their writing materials. At a greater distance on the left, might be occasionally caught a glimpse of two masked motionless figures seated on the ground; behind them was the dreaded wheel, and strange nameless instruments were scattered round. The size, situation, and communications of this hall would have appeared to a stranger all undefined in "darkness visible;" a column whose height was lost in obscurity, or the wave of a dark curtain would catch his eye by the uncertain flickering of the light, and now and then he might see, or imagine he saw, a shrouded form moving noiselessly along in the distance.

A veiled female was conducted in and placed in front of her judges: "A woman!" whispered the president. "Yes, signor, a woman," repeated Vincenzo; "remove her veil!" It was removed, and the young daughter of the aged Lorezano stood before them.

There was a movement among the councillors, followed by a deep groan. Antonia, for a moment, forgot her fears, and thought only of her father; she raised her manacled hand to her eyes, and strove to pierce the gloom; she struggled to rush forward, but was prevented by a hitherto invisible frame of iron net-work. "My father!" she exclaimed, beseechingly—for a moment there was the stillness of death, and then the president gave the order to proceed with the examination.

Antonia collected herself: "Signors," she said, "there will be no examination requisite to elicit the truth. Give me leave, and I will detail to you exactly all that has occurred." She was ordered to proceed.

Antonia related, with clearness, brevity, and precision, the scenes that had taken place in the garden at Venice, and in her chamber at the residence of her aunt. No doubt remained on the mind of her judges that she had told the whole truth, corroborated as it was by every circumstance, and by other evidence. On the conclusion of her detail, several questions were put to her by different members, and her answers confirmed their impression of her truth.

During the whole of this time, Antonia had anxiously watched for a glimpse of her father, or the sound of his voice. She frequently turned an intense gaze to the spot whence the groan had proceeded, but she could distinguish nothing. She knew that he was in her presence, she felt that he suffered, and not the less acutely, that the agonized feelings of the parent were sternly repressed by the duty of the councillor and the resolution of the patriot.

The prisoner was ordered to withdraw.

Two opinions were then proposed to the council as to her sentence. The one by the friends of Lorezano, the other by his enemies. The first party, among whom was the president, proposed that Antonia should be imprisoned until Rovani was seized, or his death ascertained, and that then she should be released and pardoned. The second party proposed, that, if within thirty days, from the date of the following day, the seizure, surrender, or death of Rovani were not known to have taken place, Antonia Lorezano, the abettor of his flight, should be put to death, and that public notices to this effect should be circulated, as well through the neighbouring states as through those of Venice: but, that on any one of these events being proved to the council within the allotted period, the culprit should be released and pardoned.

The votes were taken, and the last proposition prevailed; there were six in its favour, and four, including the president and Lorezano, against it.

The prisoner was recalled, and the sentence was solemnly pronounced: "That if within thirty days the traitor, Claude Rovani, were not in the hands of the government, either by seizure or surrender, or that if within that time his death were not ascertained beyond a doubt, the culprit, who had treasonably assisted in his escape, should be put to death, and that her death should take place at twelve o'clock on the night of the thirtieth day; but, that if the seizure, surrender, or demise of Rovani, were known to have occurred within that time, Antonia Lorezano should be released and pardoned."

For an instant a deep glow suffused the drooping brow of the prisoner; she raised her head, and cast her eyes keenly round, as though striving to penetrate the darkness from whence issued this mandate of life and death, and then the bright colour as quickly faded into deadly paleness. She bowed meekly to her invisible judges, and a timid, imploring glance was fixed upon the spot where she believed her father sat. She joined her manacled hands, and slowly sank upon her knees—but all remained shrouded and still as the grave. Her guards raised her; she staggered and fell into their arms insensible, and her light motionless form was borne off between the two armed men, till all disappeared in the distant gloom.

Lorezano returned home, but his most intimate friends were refused admittance. He secluded himself altogether in the solitude of his chamber; he was sometimes found by his attendants in prayer, but not a complaint, a tear, nor even a sigh was observed to escape him. The house was closed and darkened, as though death were in it; not a sound was heard above a whisper, and the servants glided about noiselessly in the performance of their several duties. He never made, nor caused to be made, the slightest inquiry concerning his daughter or Rovani. The signora Bianca begged to be permitted to pass these terrible thirty days with him, but he refused. Every evening he attended the Doge's council, and there, as nothing had been heard of Rovani, nothing was said concerning him. To the public business going forward the old man gave his attention, but the moment the council broke up, he abruptly disappeared, turning alike from friends and foes. Yet, in spite of the austerity of his grief, none, save his bitterest enemies, could view him unmoved. From night to night the change in his appearance was most palpable and melancholy; his eyes became dim and hollow, his features sharp, and his complexion livid; the firmness of his step was changed to weakness and tottering, and the stateliness of his demeanour gave way, as under a sudden load of care and infirmity.

The signora, notwithstanding Lorezano's refusal to see her, came from the country, and, unknown to him, established herself in his house; using all her interest, through every channel, in favour of the condemned Antonia, and offering all that she was worth for the apprehension of Rovani. She could not, however, succeed in obtaining permission to see, or in any way to correspond with her niece.

Antonia herself was perfectly resigned to her impending fate; she allowed not a hope to steal upon her thoughts, and meekly and firmly prepared for death. She suffered most for those who, she well knew, were suffering for her; not all her fortitude could suppress the agony with which the idea of her father presented itself—that of her affectionate aunt, and of him—the guilty yet beloved one—whose bitter remorse she anticipated, and whose vengeance, again to be roused to madness, she dreaded and deplored.

It was on the twentieth day that two pilgrims were observed alone on the sea-shore in deep consultation.

"And recollect we are but two," observed one, apparently in expostulation, "Baptiste and Jerome have escaped beyond recall."

"Better two," replied the dreaded Rovani, "on such a service as this, than four."

"Then," pursued his companion, "we shall tire out the patience of our friends in Venice; they will not approve of our return, especially for no other object than to save the daughter of that haughty noble, Garcia Lorezano."

"We will not apply to them; there is no need. If I find that our object is utterly unattainable, you can take shelter with our friends, and I ——"

"And you, my lord?"

"There is but one way for me to act."

"There was a pause: "My dear master, let us speak no more about it—I have vowed myself to your service; we have together shared dangers, and braved death; and at this last cast, my lord, I will not fail you." They shook hands, and a short conference succeeded this parley.

On the evening of the twenty-eighth day, Lorezano sent his excuse for not attending the council; his proud spirit bent at last to the pressure of grief and illness. He took to his bed, and his physician and sister-in-law were, for the first time, admitted. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, the physician obtained leave to appear before the council. He stated that his venerable patient was near his end, that there was little hope of his surviving beyond the next four-and-twenty hours, that the old man prayed, as his last and only request, that he might be permitted to see his child before his death—before the death of both. Some demur was made to granting this prayer, unless Lorezano could go himself to the prison of his daughter; but this was impossible, and after a little further consultation, it was permitted that she should pass the hour between eleven and twelve on the ensuing night with her father—her last hour—and that immediately after the interview she should be led to execution.

On the morning of the following day, the fatal thirtieth, two pilgrims arrived at the monastery adjoining the state-prison. One of them appeared travel-worn and ill, and they were admitted, as they desired, for a few hours' rest and refection. The one who was not ill, partook only of roots and water, and, according to his vow, kept his face concealed. He appeared exceedingly devout, was very gentle in his manners, and full of information as to the countries he had visited; so much so, that, during the superior's after-dinner leisure, he was sent for to narrate some of the interesting tales of his wanderings. So well did he win his way with the good priest, that the conversation was only broken off at vespers, to be renewed immediately afterwards.

At vespers a prayer was put up for a guilty soul that was to depart that night.

On the renewal of their conversation, the pilgrim ventured to inquire for whom the prayer had been said.

The abbot sighed, and having cautiously looked round, replied in a whisper: "For Antonia Lorezano, the young heiress of old Garcia Lorezano, his only child,—she dies, poor thing! for having assisted in the escape of that terrible cousin of hers, who has kept us all in hot water these three months past,—Claude Rovani."

"Antonia Lorezano!" repeated the pilgrim thoughtfully; "I have seen that name in a placard lately."

"Very likely, for they have given notice that unless her cousin surrender himself by this day, she should suffer death,—a mere mockery. Was it to be supposed that this murderous traitor, or," (and the holy father crossed himself,) "our Great Enemy in his shape—(for many believe he is Satan himself—the saints protect us!) would come to save her in body or in soul?"

"Alas, no!" sighed the pilgrim, dropping a bead, and devoutly muttering a prayer. "And her father?" he resumed, in a tone of commiseration.

"He is heart-broken,—he is dying; so near indeed is he to death, that it is doubtful whether he or his daughter will depart first." There was a pause.

"Is this quite certain?" inquired the pilgrim.

"Quite certain," continued the garrulous old abbott: "by the token that fathers Francis and Bernardine are desired to be at the Palazzo Lorezani this night to receive the condemned one there, not from her prison; and from thence the gondola takes her direct to the place of execution,—for the council has consented that she shall pass her last hour with her dying father."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the pilgrim, "what a world of woe is this!" By some further questions, put with much art and caution, he became master of the whole arrangement, and learned that, at a quarter before eleven, the prisoner was to be conveyed to her father's residence in a guarded litter, and, at a quarter before twelve, the monks were to be ready in their gondola at a side-door, where the canal ran close to the palazzo, thence sweeping round its gardens; that they were there to receive her, the guards accompanying them along the bank.

"She has probably," observed the pilgrim, "powerful friends at work for her deliverance; she might easily step into a wrong gondola," he hinted significantly.

"That puts me in mind—" exclaimed the abbot, starting up without finishing his sentence, and sounding his call; a lay-monk appeared. "Ask father Francis whether he has yet received the pass-word." In a few minutes a small sealed paper was brought to the abbot; he broke the seal and held the paper up to the light, but the pilgrim's eyes were quicker and more far-sighted than the old man's.

As soon as it was dark, the pilgrims, although pressed to stay the night, took their leave, promising however at the solicitation of the abbot, soon to renew their visit. The night closed in, drizzly and dark. The church-bells had tolled the half-hour after ten. Lorezano, propped by cushions, reclined on his bed—reclined, not reposed; his restlessness was fearful, and an unnatural brilliancy was in his eye; with ominous strength he grasped the hands of those near him, then dashed them franticly away, his couch shaking beneath the violence of his agitation.

At length the outer portals were heard to grate slowly back, and the words 'She is coming!' were whispered, from lip to lip, in every varied tone of intense anxiety. By the light of a few flambeaux, whose uncertain glare struggled against the wind and rain, the condemned one passed the outer court of her ancestral mansion, arrayed in black serge, and covered with a long black veil; she was supported by two veiled nuns, followed, at a few paces' distance, by the two officers in charge, with their swords drawn; a party armed was at the foot of the grand stair-case, and another, more numerous, was left at the exterior portal; the sentinels, who had been stationed early in the evening at different points on the outside of the palazzo, stood watchful at their posts.

Antonia entered the chamber of her father, and the door was closed upon her. She threw back her veil and approached the bed; her father lay with his arms extended to receive her, but the fortitude of Antonia, for a moment, quailed when she looked on his extenuated form, and beheld death in every feature. Throwing herself on his breast, she burst into a passion of remorseful grief: "It is I that have done this!—it is I that have murdered thee, my father!—it is I that have taken life from him who gave it to me!—O God, pardon me!—my father, canst thou forgive me?"

"My child! my blessed child!" he exclaimed, as with all his remaining strength he pressed her to his heart; "it is *thy* young life that is sacrificed for having struggled to preserve the poor remnant of mine! O Antonia! would that we could die here together—thus! death would lose its terrors and its sting—we should but sleep for a moment, and wake united, and for ever."

"Of what import, then," resumed Antonia, with more calmness, "will a few hours of separation prove?—ere the rising of the next sun our happy spirits will meet, my dear, my beloved parent!"

For a few moments they were silent; that heavenly hope visited them as an angel of light, dropping balm into their wounds; but still the horror of her *mode* of death pressed painfully upon him; and as the days of her childhood rose before him, he repeated wildly: "What, my little cherub! my pretty prattler! the soother of my widowed days! my only treasure! now—in the first dawn of her youth and loveliness—to be dashed down into that loathsome pit! to linger, perchance, in pain—in thirst—in starvation! O God! in thy mercy remove this bitter cup! Venice, my country!—I will not curse thee; but my parting soul turns from thee with abhorrence; thou whitened sepulchre!—thou gilded city of dust and ashes!" The old man, with sudden energy, had raised himself while he spoke, with his daughter on his bosom; she wished to disengage herself, but could not: he looked round—there was a dreadful expression on his livid brow. "My stiletto!" he gasped out! "there—there it is!—do you not see it?" and with one hand he clutched at the imaginary weapon, while the other was twisting convulsively in his daughter's long, and now dishevelled hair: "I will take thee with me," he hoarsely whispered; "the stiletto!—I have it—no, no, no,—it flies from me—my child! my child!" his hold relaxed, he fell back on his pillow, with his eyes fixed and glaring; there was one struggle, and in that struggle burst the proud and stubborn, though noble heart of Garcia Lorezano.

Antonia looked up—she saw that her father was dead; she placed her hand over his eyes, and strove to close them ; she could neither weep nor mourn, but her brain rocked and burned ; the bed seemed to move, and that ghastly visage to re-animate ; a cold shuddering crept over her, and she sank on the body in a state of utter insensibility.

The half-hour after eleven had not yet tolled, when the sentinel on duty at the back entrance, at which the gondola was expected at a quarter before twelve, was surprised to hear thus early, the slight sound occasioned by its pulling up. He hailed it, and was answered by the concerted watch-ward: "Pray for the dying!" He threw open the door of the passage, and, by the lamp within, observed the two expected monks close to him, entirely concealed in their cowls: "Pray for the dying!" they muttered as they passed, and the soldier grounded his arms, and knelt.

The monks proceeded along the passage, and up the staircase straight to the back entrance of the private apartments of Lorezano. The one who led the way seemed perfectly well acquainted with it. In consequence of the arrangements made, they met with no one, and when out of sight of the sentinel, their steps, though equally noiseless, were considerably quickened. They reached the back-door of the bedchamber, and paused to listen,—not a sound was to be heard; they carefully undid the door, and leaving it wide open, entered. There was a lamp burning brightly, and there was the richly-draperied bed, but no one appeared. Along the velvetty carpet they stole to the foot of the bed, and drawing aside the curtain, beheld the dead Lorezano, with his yet unclosed eyes, and his daughter lying with her marble cheek on his bosom, to all appearance as lifeless as himself; her long black hair and veil covering them both as with a pall.

The spectacle appeared to strike the monks with grief and horror; but a moment—a single gesture, were all that even these strong feelings were allowed to claim. He, who had acted as leader, pointed to the door conducting to the ante-room, the other approaching it, gently drew a light bolt, so as to secure it on the inside; and while he did this, his companion took from his breast a written paper, to which he hastily added a few words. They then raised the insensible Antonia—obliged, however, to cut away such of her hair as remained inextricably twisted round the dead man's hand; they drew her veil over and over her head, so as to prevent, if possible, her immediate restoration from exposure to the air and rain, and placing the written paper on the breast of the corpse, they bore off their motionless burthen. Not more than five minutes elapsed from their entering the bed-chamber, to their quitting it.

The sentinel perceived their dark figures issuing from beneath the lamp in the entry, and, mere soldier as he was, and fully prepared, he could not help a shudder at perceiving that they bore a third, a slight and muffled form. They re-passed with the same slow step, with which they had entered, and "Pray for the dying!" was again repeated; they went on to the gondola; the wind and rain had increased; the sentinel could see nothing, and he scarcely heard the light pushing off of the boat. Closing the door of the entry, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, he impatiently waited his relief.

"It is the appointed moment," said one of the officers on guard in the ante-room, as the quarter of an-hour before twelve chimed through the city; "you, madam," he continued, addressing the signora Bianca, "had best retire."

"No, no," she exclaimed, "I will see her once more—once more!" and she started from her couch. The officer, without reply, approached the door, and was surprised to find a resistance. At that moment, a noise was heard in the front court, and presently a confused murmur on the stairs, and footsteps ascending them. The serjeant of the guard stationed at the portal, and at the foot of the stair-case, with some soldiers and servants, rushed in: "The prisoner has escaped!—the police-gondola has just arrived—the sentinel will not allow the priests to pass, and declares the condemned one was carried off by them a quarter of an hour since, and that he is only accountable for one prisoner, not two. What is the meaning of all this, signors?"

"Help us with this door!" exclaimed the officers.

In a moment the door was forced: there lay the body of Lorezano, but his daughter—where! Trembling with agitation, one of the officers snatched the written paper from the breast of the corpse: "Here!

this may explain!" The lamp was held up, and a crowd of eager faces gathered round, astonishment strongly marked on all, varied only by fear and joy.

"Venice! didst thou think to deceive the avenger of blood! didst thou think to scare the heart and fetter the hand of Rovani!"

Then underneath was hastily scrawled

"I have taken thy victim from the arms of her dead father — another of thy broken-hearted patriots! — Farewell! I commend me to thy curses, Venice!

Claude Rovani."

It is scarcely possible to describe the scene that ensued, and the consternation that spread through Venice on the following day. In spite of all the efforts of their commanders, neither the police nor the military could be brought readily and sincerely to pursue Rovani; they had now decided that he possessed supernatural powers, and where was the use of running after *il diavolo?*

After the lapse of a day or two, however, intelligence was brought by some fishermen, that they had met a sailing boat on the dawn of the morning following that eventful night: the boat had then passed the Gulf of Venice, and was proceeding southward at great speed, being favoured both by wind and tide. The fishermen, whose vessel had slightly suffered in the gale, hailed her for assistance, but she kept away and would take no notice of them; on observing her more accurately they were surprised at seeing only two monks on board; towards the stern a temporary covering of cloaks and canvass appeared to be made. No doubt remained from this account that the boat thus met contained the fugitives.

The signora Bianca retired to her country residence, and for a twelvemonth lived in the deepest seclusion, mourning the unhappy death of Lorezano, and the uncertain fate of his child; for whose miraculous escape, however, she returned thanks daily on her knees. But at the end of that time her conduct suddenly changed; her cheerfulness returned, and her doors were again opened to society: she had received a letter, brought by a mendicant friar, who, immediately on its delivery, had disappeared: it was from the condemned Antonia, the outlaw's bride, giving no clue to her residence, but assuring her aunt of her safety.

It has since been believed, and apparently with sufficient foundation, that the fugitives settled in France, and that Claude Rovani, under another appellation, became one of the most distinguished leaders of the armies of France during the fifteenth century.

TEMPLE AT LUXOR

[illegible]

THE TEARS OF PSAMMENITUS.

[Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, made war on Psammenitus of Egypt, and deposed him. His sons were sentenced to death, his daughters to slavery. He saw his children pass to death and to dishonour without apparent emotion, but *wept* on observing a noble, who had been his companion, ask alms of the Persians. Cambyses sent to inquire the reason of his conduct. The substance of his reply was as follows:—]

Say ye I wept? I do not know:—
There came a sound across my brain,
Which was familiar long ago;
And through the hot and crimson stain
That floods the earth and chokes the air,
I saw the waving of white hair—
The palsy of an aged brow;
I should have known it once, but now
One desperate hour hath dashed away
The memory of my kingly day.
Mute, weak, unable to deliver
That bowed distress of passion pale,
I saw that forehead's tortured quiver,
And watched the weary footstep fail,
With just as much of sickening thrill
As marked my heart was human still;
Yes, though my breast is bound and barred
With pain, and though that heart is hard,

And though the grief that should have bent
Hath made me, what ye dare not mock,
The being of untamed intent,
Between the tiger and the rock,
There's that of pity's outward glow
  May bid the tear atone,
In mercy to another's woe,
  For mockery of its own:
It is not cold,—it is not less,
Though yielded in unconsciousness.
And it is well that I can weep,
For in the shadow, not of sleep,
Through which, as with a vain endeavour,
These aged eyes must gaze for ever,
Their tears can cast the only light,
That mellows down the mass of night;
For they have seen the curse of sight,
My spirit guards the dread detail,
And wears their vision like a veil.
They saw the low Pelusian shore
Grow warm with death and dark with gore,
When on those widely-watered fields,
Shivered and sunk, betrayed, oppressed,
Ionian sword and Carian crest,*
And Egypt's shade of shields:
They saw, oh God! they still must see
That dream of long dark agony,

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* The Ionians and Carians were faithful auxiliaries of the Egyptian kings from the beginning of the reign of Psammenitus. The helmet crest was invented by the Carians.

A vision passing, never past,
A troop of kingly forms, that cast
Cold quivering shadows of keen pain
In bars of darkness o'er my brain:
I see them move,—I hear them tread,
Each his untroubled eyes declining,
Though fierce in front, and swift and red
The Eastern sword is sheathless shining.
I hear them tread,—the earth doth not!
Alas! its echoes have forgot
The fiery steps that shook the shore
With their swift pride in days of yore.
In vain, in vain, in wrath arrayed,
Shall Egypt wave her battle blade;
It cannot cleave the dull death shade,
Where, sternly checked and lowly laid,
Despised, dishonoured, and betrayed,
That pride is past, those steps are stayed.
Oh! would I were as those who sleep
In yonder island lone and low,*
Beside whose shore, obscure and deep,
Sepulchral waters flow,
And wake, with beating pause, like breath,
Their pyramidal place of death;
For it is cool and quiet there,
And on the calm frankincensed clay

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* Under the hill on which the pyramids of Cheops were erected, were excavated vaults, around which a stream from the Nile was carried by a subterraneous passage. These were sepulchres for the kings, and Cheops was buried there himself.—Herod. II. 187.

Passes no change, and this despair
Shrinks like the baffled worm, their prey
Alike impassive. I forget
The thoughts of him who sent ye here:
Bear back these words, and say, though yet
The shade of this unkingly fear
Hath power upon my brow, no tear
Hath quenched the curse within mine eyes,
And, by that curse's fire,
I see the doom that shall possess
His hope, his passion, his desire,
His life, his strength, his nothingness.
I see, across the desert led,*
A plumed host, on whom distress
Of fear and famine hath been shed;
Before them lies the wilderness,
Behind, along the path they tread,
If death make desolation less,
There lie a company of dead
Who cover the sand's hot nakedness
With a cool moist bed of human clay,
A soil and a surface of slow decay:
Through the dense and lifeless heap
Irregularly rise
Short shuddering waves that heave and creep,
Like spasms that plague the guilty sleep,
And where the motion dies,

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* Cambyses, after subduing Egypt, led an army against the Ethiopians. He was checked by famine. Persisting in his intention, until the troops were compelled to kill every tenth man for food, he lost the greater part of his army.

A moaning mixes with the purple air.
They have not fallen in fight; the trace
Of war hath not passed by;
There is no fear on any face,
No wrath in any eye.
They have laid them down with bows unbent,
With swords unfleshed and innocent,
In the grasp of that famine whose gradual thrill
Is fiercest to torture, and longest to kill:
Stretched in one grave on the burning plain,
Coiled together in knots of pain,
Where the dead are twisted in skeleton writhe,
With the mortal pangs of the living and lithe;
Soaking into the sand below,
With the drip of the death-dew, heavy and slow,
Mocking the heaven that heard no prayer,
With the lifted hand and the lifeless stare—
With the lifted hand, whose tremorless clay,
Though powerless to combat, is patient to pray.
And the glance that reflects, in its vain address,
Heaven's blue from its own white lifelessness;
Heaped for a feast on the venomous ground,
For the howling jackal and herded hound;
With none that can watch, and with few that will weep,
By the home they have left, or the home they must keep,
The strength hath been lost from the desolate land,
Once fierce as the simoom, now frail as the sand.
Not unavenged: their gathered wrath
Is dark along its desert path,
Nor strength shall bide, nor madness fly

The anger of their agony;
For every eye, though sunk and dim,
And every lip, in its last need,
Hath looked and breathed a plague on him
Whose pride they fell to feed.
The dead remember well and long,
And they are cold of heart, and strong.
They died, they cursed thee; not in vain!
Along the river's reedy plain
Behold a troop—a shadowy crowd—
Of godlike spectres, pale and proud;
In concourse calm they move and meet,
The desert billows at their feet
Heave like the sea when, deep distressed,
The waters pant in their unrest.
Robed in a whirl of pillared sand
Avenging Ammon glides supreme;*
The red sun smoulders in his hand,
And, round about his brows, the gleam,
As of a broad and burning fold
Of purple wind, is wrapt and rolled.†
With failing frame and lingering tread,
Stern Apis follows, wild and worn;‡

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* Cambyses sent 50,000 men to burn the temple of the Egyptian Jove or Ammon. They plunged into the desert and were never heard of more. It was reported they were overwhelmed with sand.

† The simoom is rendered visible by its purple tone of colour.

‡ The God Apis occasionally appeared in Egypt under the form of a handsome bull. He imprudently visited his worshippers immediately after Cambyses had returned from Ethiopia with the loss of his army and reason. Cambyses heard of his appearance, and insisted on seeing him. The officiating priests introduced Cambyses to the bull.

The blood, by mortal madness shed,
Frozen on his white limbs anguish-torn.
What soul can bear, what strength can brook
The God-distress that fills his look?
The dreadful light of fixed disdain,
The fainting wrath, the flashing pain
Bright to decree or to confess
Another's fate — its own distress —
A mingled passion and appeal,
Dark to inflict, and deep to feel.
Who are these that flitting follow,
Indistinct and numberless?
As through the darkness, cold and hollow,
Of some hopeless dream, there press
Dim, delirious shapes that dress
Their white limbs with folds of pain:
See the swift mysterious train —
Forms of fixed, embodied feeling,
Fixed, but in a fiery trance
Of wildering mien and lightning glance,
Each its inward power revealing
Through its quivering countenance;
Visible living agonies,
Wild with everlasting motion,
Memory, with her dark dead eyes,

The king looked with little respect on a Deity whose divinity depended on the number of hairs in his tail, drew his dagger, wounded Apis in the thigh, and scourged all the priests. Apis died. From that time the insanity of Cambyses became evident, and he was subject to the violent and torturing passions described in the succeeding lines.

Tortured thoughts that useless rise,
Late remorse and vain devotion,
Dreams of cruelty and crime,
Unmoved by rage, untamed by time,
Of fierce design, and fell delaying,
Quenched affection, strong despair,
Wan disease, and madness playing
With her own pale hair.
The last, how woeful and how wild!
Enrobed with no diviner dread
Than that one smile, so sad, so mild,
Worn by the human dead;
A spectre thing, whose pride of power
Is vested in its pain,
Becoming dreadful in the hour
When what it seems was slain.
Bound with the chill that checks the sense,
It moves in spasm-like spell:
It walks in that dead impotence,
How weak, how terrible!
Cambyses, when thy summoned hour
Shall pause on Ecbatana's Tower,
Though barbed with guilt and swift and fierce,
Unnumbered pangs thy soul shall pierce,
The last, the worst thy heart can prove,
Must be that brother's look of love;*

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* Cambyses caused his brother Smerdis to be slain, suspecting him of designs on the throne. This deed he bitterly repented of on his death bed, being convinced of the innocence of his brother.

That look that once shone but to bless,
Then changed, how mute, how merciless!
His blood shall bathe thy brow, his pain
Shall bind thee with a burning chain,
His arms shall drag, his wrath shall thrust
Thy soul to death, thy throne to dust;
Thy memory darkened with disgrace,
Thy kingdom wrested from thy race,*
Condemned of God, accursed of men,
Lord of my grief, remember then,
The tears of him—who will not weep again.

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

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* Treacherously seized by Smerdis the Magus, afterwards attained by Darius Hystaspes, through the instrumentality of his groom.

Cambyses died in the Syrian Ecbatana, of a wound accidentally received in the part of the thigh where he had wounded Apis.

LA VENDETTA.

A Tale of Sicily.

BY THE HON. MRS. LAMBERT.

UNRUFFLED by the slightest breeze, the broad expanse of the Mediterranean stretched itself like a sheet of burnished silver, till it met the glowing horizon. The sun had just touched the western wave, and was rapidly sinking in a gorgeous chaos of crimson light; a stream of glory illumined the waters, and fell with softened tints on the city of Palermo.

White palazzos gleamed amid gardens and foliage, the last beams of day, hither and thither catching some feature in the landscape more prominent than the rest, glanced on the gilded spires of each church and convent, as if the light, receding from earth, still fondly lingered upon those edifices consecrated to Heaven. Not a sound, not a breath disturbed the intense stillness, yet, with all its brilliancy, the magic scene was fraught with sadness; the deep colouring of the sky, the placid beauty of the waters, and the silence of earth, like the heightened tints of a consumptive cheek, were the delusive but sure attendants of a fatal epidemic which ravaged the vast and beautiful city.

The Marino, hitherto the joyous resort of busy crowds, was deserted; the once populous streets were abandoned; and, had it not been for the scorching atmosphere, might be grass-grown; many of the houses were closed; the hospitals alone presented an appearance of occupation, even in the business of death, which, retaining all its terrors, had lost its soothing solemnities.

The fruits had ripened to decay unplucked, untasted; the harvest waved in the fields as yet unreaped; the very quays and harbour, usually the focus of traffic and bustle, partook of the universal paralysis. The large vessels had put out to sea in quest of a more salubrious shore; while the small native craft, generally employed in the fishery, lay huddled together upon the strand, half recumbent on their sides, the tackle neglected and, for the most part, dismantled: one alone of the number was afloat, seeming to woo the rising tide as she balanced gracefully upon the swelling waters; not a block, not a spar was displaced; her black and varnished hull pressed against the waves as they curled slightly around.

Two persons were seated therein, as if impatient to seize an opportunity to leave the harbour; but as the boat slowly pushed from the land, the measured oars plied silently; no lightsome barcarole, no evening chaunt broke upon the ear; the sail flapped for lack of wind, and the voices of the rowers were mute. The cholera devastated Palermo, and those who loitered within its influence were impelled by some strong necessity or stronger passion.

Although these individuals were apparently associated by some powerful link of circumstance or obligation, there seemed no sympathy between them; both were young, and bore a certain similarity in outward aspect, being dressed exactly alike; but the light weight of twenty summers had fallen differently on each; both were of handsome exterior and fair proportions, yet one evidently belonged to that rude class which his garb, complexion, and manner would indicate; while the other, as humbly clad, could but ill suppress the grace and refinement that bespoke his gentle origin.

The few words necessarily exchanged between them were concise and hurried, as if they mistrusted each other; it was seldom their eyes met, and when they did, the expressions of their countenances were essentially different and strikingly characteristic. Still there existed a trifling resemblance which might, for a moment, deceive a careless observer; but it was only the result of costume, and it was not possible to behold them, without noticing the concentrated expression, almost amounting to fierceness, that flashed in the keen glance of the lowlier individual: it told a tale of deep and bitter emotion; while the more favoured personage, absorbed in thought, scarcely appeared to heed the presence of his companion.

The fair walls of the distant city rapidly receded, and finally disappeared in the purple gloom of evening. The little skiff fluttered on the tide gradually nearing the coast, which swept in a wide semi-circle, breaking into various small bays and inlets; at length the oars were dropped, the sail was furled, and the boat ran into a cove, lying to, securely moored under a projecting headland that effectually screened it from view.

A vine-clothed cottage stood almost at the water's edge; a clear light gleamed from an upper casement, and shot a thread-like beam upon the waves; in another moment, one of the persons already described sprang from the prow, upon which he had impatiently awaited an opportunity of landing, and moved towards the dwelling, the door of which opened noiselessly, and closed upon his entrance, as if a hand within had anticipated the visit.

The solitary mariner heaved a sigh as he cast a glance of meaning towards the window, and prepared to pass the lonely hours as best he might. It was a sad, ignoble vigil, fraught with bitterness: many and painful were the thoughts pressed upon him as he pictured to himself the young and fair Ianthe—she who received his more favoured rival with open arms, unconscious of the homely yet honest homage of a faithful heart.

"And she believes he truly loves her!" murmured he, pursuing the thread of his anxious thoughts: "His inclinations, the passing caprice of the hour, are dignified by the appellation of love. Still he *may* be sincere, he may *feel* the passion he has so warmly professed; but oh! he does not love as I love. Perhaps he only sports with her, as with others ere now, and he may wound her gentle heart in turn. Ianthe deserves a better fate ;—she whom I once presumed to think of as a bride—the fisherman's bride!—forbid the foolish hope. The noble Corradino, Count Villa Hermosa, the most accomplished cavaliero in Palermo, has selected the beautiful Ianthe as the object of his flame—she may yet be his proud and honoured countess. While I, with nothing to give, nothing to offer, save my poverty sweetened by affection, must pine unrequited, unobserved. But where is the difference between us? I am full as tall, my cheek is more ruddy, my limbs are more firmly knit, my arm—my arm, forsooth—*his* could not contend against it;" and the dark eye of the speaker flashed as each tumultuous thought rushed through his brain. "Poor friendless Giacomo! what have I to do with the soft influences of love? No one cares for me; dependant on the bounty of others for subsistence, I must toil night and day; I must even minister to the bliss of my high-born rival; I must brave the danger of contagion, and bring him safe to the feet of her I secretly adore. Oh Heaven! preserve me from temptation! Were it not for her sake I could sometimes annihilate him; but then she might grieve, perchance break her heart :—as it is, I win her gratitude, her smiles—with words of warm acknowledgment Ianthe sometimes stoops to notice and to thank her faithful Giacomo!"

During this desultory train of conflicting ideas, the moon had risen above the lofty chain of hills that bounded the eastern prospect, shedding a torrent of silver light upon the magic scene. A few transparent clouds streaked the dark vault of heaven, the stars one by one sparkled in the firmament, and the rippling waves fell with mournful cadence on the beach ; a deep grove spread in fathomless shadow beyond the building, and seemed to shelter and form a leafy frame to the picture we have endeavoured to describe. Invited by the silent beauty of the evening, Giacomo stepped on shore, approaching the threshold that he did not venture to cross, and, with anguished breast, pondered on the happiness within.

Far differently were the fast revolving hours of night passed by the Count Villa Hermosa, who had eagerly clasped the soft small hand that led him to the chamber wherein the lamp was burning. Ruby lips had uttered tender welcomes as he threaded the narrow passage, and the gentle fluttering of drapery had preceded his footsteps as he stealthily ascended the stairs.

On entering the apartment which, from its extreme neatness and tasteful arrangement, was evidently appropriated to Ianthe herself, the noble cavaliero discarded the broad leafed hat of coarse straw that hitherto concealed the graceful contour of his well-set head, and returned with fervour the cordial greetings of the maiden, who stood gazing upon his handsome features with a long look of love and self-devotion.

She was but a girl, scarcely past childhood ; her beauty was that of a flower peeping into luxuriance—time had not brought it to full perfection, and newly awakened tenderness had only imparted animation to features which, when in repose, were of almost statue-like regularity. Her brown hair, smoothly parted on her brow, hung back in rich tresses; her eyes, large, dark, and lustrous, spoke no language but that of affection. Love was the mainspring of her existence, and hers had lighted on Corradino Count Villa Hermosa.

Ianthe was an orphan, and lived with an aged grandmother, whose numerous infirmities favoured the stolen interviews of the lovers. It was singular that they should thus snatch moments of bliss, surrounded as they were by a frightful epidemic. Hitherto the adjacent villages had escaped contagion, but this circumstance might in a great measure be attributed to the vigilance of the sanitary "*cordon*" posted round the infected city, and the security enjoyed at such a period was at best very precarious. But love is not to be subdued by apprehension, or vanquished by danger; perhaps the very sense of impending peril drew the links that united their young hearts more closely together; for there is something in the human mind which endears and enhances those objects, for the attainment of which great sacrifices are made. Ianthe loved in proportion to the risk incurred; and the same tone of feeling, differently modified, pervaded the breast of Corradino.

Accustomed, from his earliest youth, to follow the strong impulse of wilful inclination, this was not his first passion. Ianthe's lowly condition, and extreme simplicity, added fresh lustre to her charms: there was novelty and excitement in the tenderness elicited on both sides ;—with her it was an isolated impression, which she fondly trusted would endure for ever; with him, on the contrary, it was another variety of the same pleasing emotions that so frequently embellished his existence, and of which the consequences never entered into his calculation.

Careless of the present, and sceptical of the future, Corradino only felt the heavy dispensation that had fallen upon his native city, in proportion as his personal gratifications were affected by it. In vain did his uncle, the venerable and pious Archbishop of Monreale, exhort him to a sense of danger, of sin, and of necessary repentance. The words and example of that virtuous prelate were alike lost upon him, and as long as enjoyment could be found, the count resolved to share in it to the full extent of his ability.

For a short interval, the lovers remained silent: the language of the heart is mute. What are words when all is feeling? Ianthe prized, far beyond its merit, the warm impulse that led the noble cavaliero to her presence, while he, flattered by the sentiment evinced, loved her the better for loving him so well.

"Oh! it is kind, so very kind of you to come," murmured the impassioned girl, as she fixed once more her beaming eyes upon his countenance.

"Or rather, so generous of you to receive me thus. Many would dread the contact of this hand and heart," exclaimed he, pressing her fondly to his bosom.

"I only fear death where you are not," was the tender response.

"All intercourse by land is jealously prohibited,—the sea alone favours our meetings; and were it not for yonder little boat, and the intrepid Giacomo, I must needs languish in Palermo, far away from my sweet Ianthe, listening to the monotonous passing bell, which hourly announces the mortality of our fellow-citizens, and the nasal chaunt of my revered uncle and his choir."

"Forbear, speak not so lightly of that holy man; these are awful times; death is rife around us. We may also find an early grave; we may be snatched from each other. I tremble when I reflect on the desolation that reigns within the city. Would I were with thee!"

"Say not thus, Ianthe. Let us fly together from this fatal epidemic—a fair world lies before us."

Ianthe gazed mournfully at the speaker, and uttered a reluctant negative.

"I understand these scruples, and I value them. No, my sweet creature, you shall not be tempted; said the other."

A silent pressure of the hand responded to Corradino's more fluent expressions of tenderness.

"Take courage, love—cowards die many deaths—the brave bear with them a charm against all dangers. But tell me, child, who is this Giacomo? You do not fear for him, it seems?"

"Poor Giacomo," echoed the maiden, "he is an orphan whom my father took into his service when I was quite a child; since that time he has been useful in many ways: while my parents lived, he assisted in fishing and providing for the subsistence of our family; but lately, that I in turn have become friendless, and dependant on my grandmother, Giacomo has been a brother to me; his devotion — his self-denial are wonderful;—my slightest wish seems a law to him."

"No humble rivalship, I trust?" inquired Corradino, with a faint smile; "yet this same Giacomo is young, daring, generous, and somewhat well-looking. Beware of trifling, Ianthe!"

"Trifling!" repeated the maiden, a deep glow of indignation suffusing her peach-like cheek; "if the Count Villa Hermosa thinks thus lightly of his faithful one, we meet no more."

"Be not thus impetuous and wayward, dearest life; I only ventured to suppose the possibility that Giacomo might not be insensible to those charms that have subjugated my whole soul; and if I spoke unadvisedly, perhaps I unconsciously judged you, my phœnix, by the standard of a sex I once knew full well. Women delight in admiration, no matter whence it proceeds, or by whom it is offered. You are the bright, particular exception, for which reason I love—I adore you, Ianthe. Yet surely Giacomo cannot exist under such a bewitching influence, day after day gazing upon that form and face without submitting to the potent spell of beauty. Poor fellow! he certainly must love you," added the count, with a sigh.

"He never said so."

"Is it then requisite to say when people love? Speech is but a cold medium for such avowals."

"He could not presume to love me—the daughter of his benefactor," rejoined Ianthe, proudly. "He feels no emotion, save that of gratitude: his manner subdued, thoughtful, and attentive, does not bespeak so warm a sentiment as love;—my words fall on his ear, receiving no answer, except his ready obedience. Giacomo is sad and silent—lovers are cheerful, with persuasive voices, and beaming eyes. Giacomo is a sorry lover!"

"I am not quite so fully convinced of that, my pretty Ianthe; there are many ways of loving," said Corradino, gaily; "but let us to a more tender theme—our present hopes and future prospects."

The future! What a sum of human felicity is implied by that brief word! The young live in the future alone, and existence derives its charms from that vast unknown abyss of time, which devours alike our brightest and our saddest moments. Adversity loses its bitterness—misfortunes press less heavily—disappointment itself stings less acutely, while the illusions of hope rest, like a summer rainbow, on the fathomless and teeming bosom of futurity.

The conversation of the lovers assumed by degrees a more tender character. The soft confidential tone of mutual love was almost lost in the gentle murmur of the rising tide as it lashed the lessening strand. The moon had waned, and the stars disappeared, as the dawn began faintly to pencil the horizon. The count started from the soft clasp of Ianthe's hand, which still fondly lingered within his own. The hour of separation had come. By the dim grey light of early morning, the little skiff might be distinctly seen heaving upon the billows; and in a few moments, the sound of Corradino's receding footsteps were heard in rapid succession beneath the lattice.

The day, which broke upon the slumbering city, brought with it a degree of coolness and salubrity, as welcome as it was unexpected. The mortality of the preceding night was inconsiderable, compared with the ravages of the last few weeks. Hope sprang anew, as the blessed anticipation of returning health cheered every breast. The solemn stillness that hitherto prevailed through the streets and public places, was gradually interrupted by living sounds: the active duties, and some of the pleasures of life began to be resumed as the terrors of death diminished. At first a few timid inquiries and congratulations were exchanged by such citizens as ventured from home. Rain had fallen; refreshing drops sparkled like gems upon the flowers and foliage; the wind had changed, and a soft westerly breeze fanned the trees. There was a hum of many voices, and tones of gladness once more were heard.

In the midst of this blissful re-animation, a sudden cry of murder was raised amongst the fishermen; loud imprecations smote the ear, and assassination was the theme of every tongue, as the lifeless corpse of a young sailor, found weltering on the beach, was brought on the shoulders of a vociferous populace, and laid before the presiding magistrate of the criminal tribunal. The body was identified as being that of Giacomo!

A thrill of horror transfixed all beholders, as each eager member of the crowd flocked to see the lifeless remains of him, who, but a few hours before, was seen in the full possession of health and vigour—he who had passed fearlessly and unscathed amid the horrors of a loathsome contagion, had fallen by the hand of an assassin!

It is sad to watch the rapid inroads of disease, as with a sweeping circle death is brought nearer and nearer to our threshold,—yet sadder still when the mighty destroyer seizes a victim while the seeds of life are strong, and nature struggles in the iron fangs of dissolution,—when the erring soul is summoned to its long account in the fullness of corruption—in the energy of earthly passion, with the corroding enmities of worldly strife clinging to the sinful heart,—and death, relentless death, has set a silent seal upon the unforgiving, and the unforgiven.

Strange rumours were afloat, and gradually swelled into accusation, as a richly chased stiletto, emblazoned with armorial bearings, familiar to every eye, was extracted from the reeking wound of the murdered man. The name of Villa Hermosa was muttered by the multitude, and loudly repeated by the coarse voices of the assembled fishermen, who, ripe for action, already panted to revenge the untimely fate of their young and popular comrade. Before evening closed, the noble count was openly charged with this foul and mysterious deed. The voice of scandal was not slow to assign causes and motives for the crime. It was currently asserted and believed that Giacomo's betrothed had been seduced by the fascinations of the high-born Villa Hermosa, and that, fearful of the just and formidable revenge of the outraged lover, the count had anticipated the "vendetta" with which himself had been frequently menaced.

There were witnesses too—for there are always ready witnesses at hand—witnesses who swore to the fact of their having seen both the deceased and his presumed assassin together on the previous evening. The latter had been easily recognised, in defiance of the humble attire assumed on the occasion; conjecture was busily employed in connecting the circumstantial chain of evidence adduced against him.

Rich, noble, handsome, and somewhat dissipated, Corradino was unpopular; some envied, others feared his superiority. Addicted to fashionable pursuits, and careless of consequences, his gallantries had been both frequent and inexcusable: this inconstancy incurred the usual penalty of exciting enmity where he once inspired love. Thrice the well-known signal of a "vendetta" had been discovered before the gates of his palazzo; but scorning the vengeance that ostentatiously denounced its own intentions, the count pursued his licentious career, unchecked by the dread of human resentment, unawed by the terrors of divine retribution.

Arraigned before a court of justice, branded with guilt, and loaded with ignominy, this unfortunate young nobleman was tried, and ultimately convicted of murder.

The officious testimony of the mariners who had noticed his companionship, and watched his departure from the harbour in the boat of the ill-fated Giacomo, was corroborated beyond a doubt; the prisoner himself did not seek to contradict this suspicious circumstance, though he endeavoured to give a different colouring to the fact. The costly poniard, found festering in the wound, was undeniably Corradino's; and every explanation offered, only served to strengthen the evidence against him. His defence—if a few hurried and vague assertions can be thus designated—was peculiarly weak and unsatisfactory. He declined giving any account of his acquaintance and apparent connexion with the fisherman, or to make the required statement as to the time which elapsed from the moment of his embarkation, until the period of his arrest. Upon the events of that night he maintained impenetrable silence. He admitted the very questionable act of having disguised himself in apparel exactly similar to the ordinary garb worn by the deceased, and ventured to suggest the probability of some mistake having originated thereby. He vehemently disclaimed either participation in the crime or knowledge of it, until the accusation was brought forward; but his pale and harassed countenance, his embarrassed demeanour and agitated voice, gave rise to the most unfavourable constructions, and failed to shake one iota of the testimony received.

On being requested to touch the fatal weapon, while the recent blood of the victim was yet unremoved from the polished surface, Corradino was observed to shudder, turn aside, and betray considerable emotion. Though he did not attempt to deny the fact of the poniard being his property, he nevertheless endeavoured — but very ineffectually — to prove that he had been attacked by some unknown miscreant a few months previously, and that he had warded off the intended blow with the dagger produced on this occasion; it was wrested from his grasp in the struggle, and the mysterious assassin fled from detection on hearing the sound of approaching footsteps. Since that singular event no discovery had been made or even sought for respecting the individual whence the attack proceeded, or in explanation of the disappearance of this valuable stiletto which was remarkable both in form and workmanship.

These feeble and unsupported assertions were met by strong and circumstantial arguments. The count's immediate connexions vainly sought to raise a few objections in his favour; but the clamour of the lower class, who violently resented the possibility of mercy being extended to one of the privileged order, overpowered the accents of friendship. The guilt of Corradino was declared, with scarcely a dissenting voice; the crime was manifest, and sentence of death solemnly pronounced upon the hapless culprit.

The morning appointed for the execution slowly broke through the narrow gratings of the remote cell wherein Villa Hermosa was confined; and as twilight struggled amid the surrounding obscurity, two figures were revealed in the attitude of prayer. As daylight increased, the dim lamp which hitherto dispelled the gloom, shivered, grew pale, and expired,—the weary watchers rose from the humble posture of supplication, —Corradino threw himself into the arms of the venerable ecclesiastic, upon whose pious bosom he had poured forth his burdened conscience; yet burdened as it might be with a heavy arrear of sins, he nevertheless firmly repelled the foul accusation brought against him.

The Archbishop of Monreale, for he it was who at this fatal epoch had volunteered his spiritual assistance to his ill-fated nephew, listened to a detailed confession of error and repentance with intense interest; tears, such as he had never shed before, furrowed his aged cheek, as with uplifted hands and tremulous voice he blessed the doomed head that bowed beside him. There was a pause, replete with anguish. The count once more asserted his innocence and ignorance of the crime imputed to him, while the aged prelate sought to convey consolation, if not hope; and to offer the bright prospects of heaven in compensation for the lost illusions of earth.

"The belief which I now entertain of your innocence—and I do firmly believe you, Corradino—is a balm to this aching heart. Alas!" continued the archbishop; "I cannot solicit the clemency of a human tribunal. Pardon, my son, would imply guilt; we crave not forgiveness when we do not merit condemnation. Neither can I convey to others,—to the inexorable public,—that internal evidence, which has convinced my reason, and soothed my grief."

He paused, and then added: "You are condemned by the laws of man; but amongst the beatified spirits of light, you may hope for that mercy which is denied below. I am old, very old, child. I am apt to think that life is thus protracted for some wise and providential purpose, that our limited faculties are unable to fathom. I must die soon. We shall meet in the silent grave! But you, young and gifted,—the hope of our ancient house,—the prop of my declining years — oh, merciful Father of heaven, spare me! —uphold my faltering soul!—teach me submission to thy holy will!"

"One more request," gently interrupted the count as he prepared to bid eternal farewell to all temporal considerations. "Remember poor Ianthe, helpless, confiding, affectionate Ianthe. Be pitiful, be kind to her; she is pure; I alone have sinned in loving her: it was my intention to have implored your indulgence—your blessing—and to have claimed that orphan girl—as—a wife!"

These words expired on his lips, as the sullen tones of the bell pealed forth the awful summons;—the dull measured tramp of advancing footsteps echoed through the distant corridors;—the remote sounds of many voices proclaimed the presence of an outrageous and vindictive populace, waiting without the prison walls, with savage impatience, to witness the final struggle of mortal suffering.

Corradino collected all his firmness to meet his doom, and, with calm demeanour and composed countenance, placidly encountered the ferocious clamour of the dense multitude assembled on his passage to execution. His last words declared his innocence and hopes of eternity. Before the sun rose, the Count Villa Hermosa ceased to live.

Time passed on. Ianthe, like a summer flower, faded, drooped, and died. No record of her fate remained to tell the story of her love and sorrow. The archbishop of Monreale still lingered on the busy scene of existence; for the old and feeble bear up against the torrent of grief, when the young and powerful sink under it. More charitable, perhaps less austere, more merciful, yet not less devout, the pious prelate exercised his sacred functions with increasing meekness; and, as his lengthened span of years drew to a close, a ray of comfort was beneficently shed upon the old man's solitary path.

The indignation and excitement produced by the tragical fate of Giacomo subsided after the execution of the ill-starred Villa Hermosa. His blood had fully satisfied the envy, hatred, and resentment of all classes. As people's minds grew more calm, and time effaced the vivid impression of a circumstantial evidence, the inhabitants of Palermo began to question the strength of the testimony upon which they had unhesitatingly consigned the noble and gifted Corradino to an ignominious death. Many began to doubt, and ultimately to regret the hasty conclusion deduced from appearances and suspicion alone. No rational motive could be assigned for the crime, under the imputation of which the count had suffered. The life of an obscure fisherman could be of little moment to the affluent and powerful noble ; the deed of blood was in this instance useless as well as unaccountable, although the fatal transaction has until the present day remained shrouded in mystery. Several dispassionate individuals have adopted the suggestion which the unfortunate Villa Hermosa himself threw out upon his trial, that in consequence of the similarity of dress, Giacomo had, by the uncertain light of the moon, been mistaken, and suffered the "vendetta" intended for the count.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Now joy to thee, my daughter, and may all thy coming years
Be like the last that thou hast passed,—as little stained by tears;
May Hope walk by thy side, my love, and ever on thy brow
The smile that speaks a happy heart beam sunnily as now.

My daughter, I remember when they brought thee to the bed,
From which I never thought again to raise my aching head;
Thy infant smile—it wrung my heart, and I inly prayed that He
Would spare me but a little space, that I might live for thee.

And, O! the keener anguish still, when fever's burning hand
Was on thy cheek, and death appeared beside thy couch to stand;

In that sad hour, forgetting all but thee, I breathed
the wild
Rash prayer of Israel's king, that I had died for thee,
my child!

Yes, thou hast been to me the source of anxious hopes
and fears;
Of many a thrilling joy, my love, and many bitter
tears;
But, O! of all I've borne and done for thee, I deem
but light,
While thou art spared, in health and hope, to bless thy
father's sight.

My daughter, when the frost of age is white upon my
brow,
And the pulse that now is full and strong shall feebly
beat and slow;
When the day's far spent, and nearer comes the
inevitable night,
And life's receding vision fast is fading from my
sight;

Say, wilt thou stay my fainting steps as I falter to
the bourn,
Whence travellers who journey there do never more
return;
And wilt thou smooth the pillow then, from which
thy father's head
Shall ne'er again be lifted, but to find a colder bed?

Yet be not sad, my daughter; let not sorrow's tears bedim
Thy young bright eye, but be it raised in fervent prayer to Him,
That we may live as those who hope, when life's wild storms are o'er,
To meet in that safe haven where are joys for evermore.

H.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Alas! alas! we cannot call on Time
To open his sealed graves, and render up
The buried hearts and hopes, whose memories cling
About us like a spell, and haunt our dreams;
But there is One who can give back those hearts,
In purer shrines than perishable clay;
And, for the withered flowers of hope, bestow
The amaranths that have their bloom in heaven.

H.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY W. ETTY, R.A.

"Would you like to see her?" said her poor mother.

"Yes, I should much."

The servant took a light, and led the way up a narrow stair-case to a chamber. Tread softly, thought I: it is the chamber of death. A cold white sheet was cast over the coffin,—this was removed, and the coffin-lid was drawn down, and there she lay! — How beautiful, even in death, are innocence and youth! How serenely she seems to sleep! — how silent, how solemn! — A sweet calm is shed over her youthful countenance, that speaks volumes, and says in a language not to be misunderstood, "I am at peace with myself, with all the vain world I have left, with my Maker, and that which is to come."

I thought of that expression of Shakspeare's, that I had before been pleased with, and admired it now still more,

> "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures;"

and as the light of the solitary lamp fell on her beautifully formed nose, and pale, pale cheek, leaving her closed eyes in broad but delicate shadow, it looked like a something carved in monumental marble; her lips, like a full-coloured, but faded rose-leaf, were closed with a placid smile. The Hallelujahs I had heard that afternoon beautifully sung in Westminster Abbey by the chorister boys at the close of the anthem, still vibrated on my ears, and I fancied I saw her enter her heavenly home, while

> "Whispering angels seemed to say,
> Sister spirit, come away."

Eleanor * * * * * * * was the only child of her widowed mother. A most amiable and affectionate disposition was united in her with an unaffected piety. She had made a great proficiency in music, in which she principally delighted, and had studied it closely. It was melancholy to see the vacant instrument, when she, who had so often awakened its sweetness, was asleep in death. But she had general talents of no common order, and was fitted to excel in whatever she might apply them to. In person she was graceful and pleasing, inclining to the tall; and she wore her hair, which was profuse and beautiful, in ringlets falling on her shoulders; she reminded you of some of the early portraits of Raphael, when a youth,—the same gentleness and amenity of expression. Her last illness was brought on mainly by her unremitting attentions to the sick-room of her mother, and she may be said to have fallen a victim to filial affection, at the early age of fifteen.

The morning of the day — a day in January — that she was to be buried, was beautiful. The sun shone as gaily as if it were a holiday, and one it was, I have no doubt, to Eleanor, but sad was that day for her mother. "This day that now smiles so treacherously, consigns to the grave" (might she say) "all my earthly hopes; shuts up in the tomb, all those opening blossoms that promised such happy fruits. Grant me strength, Almighty Father, to support my spirit under this deep affliction, that I may learn to bless Thy chastening hand, that hath not only power to give, but, for Thy own wise ends, and our good, deprives us of that we best love; have mercy upon me!"

As I had felt an uncommon interest in this sad event, and knew the hour of her funeral, I stole into a corner of the church. It was near the close of day, and the sun shed a parting and golden ray of glory through the dome. The hearse drove up and stopped; the coffin, plumes, and pall, darkened the doorway; the venerable ecclesiastic, as he preceded it, repeating that blessed promise of our Redeemer, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; whosoever believeth in me shall never die." The coffin was placed in the aisle, and the service proceeded;—all know how affecting that service is; — it was then removed to the entrance of the vault,—the last sad home of this our earthly tabernacle, — and he continued in a kind, feeling, and impressive manner, with the remainder, "Forasmuch as it has pleased God to take this our sister," &c.—to its close. Young and old were present, and felt its solemnity; the white and silver ornaments again glittered, for the last time, on the eye, as the coffin was lowered into the dark arched door of the vault, and we saw it no more.

Let me entreat of you, my young female friends, who are left behind for a season, that you will, like Eleanor, and the five wise virgins, be ready, having your lamps trimmed, and your lights burning, that you may, like them, when your celestial bridegroom cometh, be found watching; whether it be in the morning of life, at noon-day, in the evening, or at midnight, "*lest the door be shut.*"

Painted by G. Smyth. Engraved by F. Bacon

[illegible]

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THE TWO PATHS.

I.

The paths of life are rudely laid
  Beneath the blaze of burning skies ;
Level and cool, in cloistered shade,
  The church's pavement lies.
Along the sunless forest glade
  Its gnarled roots are coiled like crime ;
Where glows the grass with freshening blade,
  Thine eyes may track the serpent's slime ;
But there thy steps are unbetrayed,
  The serpent waits a surer time.

II.

The fires of earth are fiercely blent,
  Its suns arise with scorching glow ;
The church's light hath soft descent,
  And hues like God's own bow.
The brows of men are darkly bent,
  Their lips are wreathed with scorn and guile ;
But pure, and pale, and innocent,
  The looks that light the marble aisle—
From angel eyes, in love intent,
  And lips of everlasting smile.

III.

Lady, the fields of earth are wide,
And tempt an infant's foot to stray:
Oh! lead thy loved one's steps aside,
Where the white altar lights his way.
Around his path shall glance and glide
A thousand shadows false and wild;
Oh! lead him to that surer Guide
Than sire serene, or mother mild,
Whose Childhood quelled the age of pride,
Whose Godhead called the little child.

IV.

So, when thy breast of love untold,
That warmed his sleep of infancy,
Shall only make the marble cold
Beneath his aged knee,
From its steep throne of heavenly gold,
Thy soul shall stoop to see
His grief, that cannot be controlled,
Turning to God from thee—
Cleaving with prayer the cloudy fold,
That veils the Sanctuary.

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

THE COLLEGIAN OF COIMBRA;

OR,

Death on the Stairs.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

Coimbra, as the reader may know, and if he do not, he may take it upon our authority, is the Oxford of Portugal. Nations, as well as individuals, are subject to vicissitudes, and universities, it would seem, are not exempt from the common lot. Lisbon was originally the seat of learning until the days of King Denis, who transferred it to Coimbra by founding a university there in 1306. It was subsequently restored to Lisbon, whence it was again transferred to Coimbra, by John III. in 1527. We mention these particulars, because it is in Coimbra that we have to introduce our hero, Alfonso de Castro by name, who was a student in one of the many colleges of that city.

In person,—for we suppose we must, according to the custom of the day, illustrate our story by a pen-and-ink portrait,—he was tall, although not quite so upright as he might have been, had a drill-sergeant been added to the professors under whom he studied; pale, and, for a Portuguese at least, remarkably fair; spare, but muscular in form, and with a forehead high and capacious, indicative of intellectual power, and, for aught we, in our phrenological ignorance, can assert to the contrary, of forty other qualities, good, bad, and indifferent. His eye, though not of the orthodox colours, blue, black, or hazel, was full, and wanting in neither brilliancy nor expression. His hair, that is, at the time when the portrait which we saw of him was taken, was dark, long, and utterly innocent of a curl.

So much for his outward man: for the rest, poets, they say, are born such; and if it be possible for a person to be born a student, Alfonso was an instance in point. He was what is figuratively termed a book-worm: what a *literal* book-worm may be like we confess we cannot tell, for in all our book experience, and it has not been limited, we never saw one; to us it is as the wind,—we cannot see it, but we know that it *is;* for we have an Elzevir Justin, staring us in the face at the time of this present writing, drilled through by one of these impalpable *bores* from title page to colophon. To Alfonso, learning was meat and drink, and so it ought to have been, for it frequently cheated him of his dinner. His heart had no mistress but Learning, and to her he was the most unselfish of lovers; he loved her for herself alone, and not for the fortune she might bring him in the shape of fame or profit: he looked not for a single enjoyment beyond the precincts of her groves and temples. In manner, as may be inferred from the bent of his mind to study, he was abstracted and reserved; but when excited by any of those circumstances which occur to interrupt the monotony of a college life, he proved himself to be deficient in neither good sense nor right feeling. Indeed the simple sincerity of his heart won for him the respect and esteem even of the more volatile of his fellow-students, who might be supposed to have little sympathy with his quiet and apparently unsocial habits.

Among his few extra-academical accomplishments may be mentioned a proficiency in fencing, to which he resorted as a healthful exercise, and certainly with as little intention of using his rapier as a lancet, as he had of converting it into a ploughshare. The exercise, however, in which he principally indulged—probably because it combined the advantages of the *utile* and the *dulce*—was a stroll into the circumjacent country in the cool of the evening, with Virgil or Theocritus in his hand; and, on these occasions, it was rarely until the shades of the coming night rendered the page illegible, that he felt admonished of the expediency of turning his steps college-ward.

It happened that one evening, whether by accident or inclination we know not, Alfonso diverged from his usual path, and found himself in a part of the country to which he was an entire stranger. The point at which he had arrived was at no great distance—scarcely a league—from Coimbra; but he had travelled by a circuitous route, and feeling somewhat fatigued, he lay down to rest upon the heath which abounds in that part of Portugal, loading the air with its fragrance. He had not remained long in that position before he was accosted by a man whose garb betokened that he was a grade or two above the peasant of the country, and who, pointing to a pretty vine-covered cottage at about fifty yards' distance, invited him to walk in and refresh himself.

The sense of fatigue and intense thirst had previously disturbed the classic reveries in which, during his evening peregrinations, he was wont to indulge; and thus, although, in an ordinary case, the hospitable stranger might have repeated his invitation until he was tired, without recalling Alfonso from the dreamy realms of imagination, our student frankly and thankfully accepted the offer, and, in a few minutes, found himself in a cool and well-furnished apartment, with a basket of fruit and a cup of wine before him.

When we venture to state that his host had a daughter who would have passed for a divinity with nineteen young men out of twenty, we must beg our readers not to take for granted that our hero fell in love with her; for, truth to tell, and we tell it to his shame, all that he carried away with him to Coimbra, beyond a grateful sense of the hospitality he had experienced, was a notion that he had seen two persons at the cottage, one of whom had a beard, and the other had not.

Nevertheless it so happened that, in four evenings out of the seven, his walks terminated at the abode of Pedro, the only fragment of his entertainer's name which we have been able to rescue from oblivion. Now, we leave it to more profound philosophers than ourselves to account for the frequent tendency of Alfonso's steps to this particular point. That it was not attributable to the damsel's beauty we have said enough to prove; and as to any attraction which the wine might possess, we have good reason to know that, if he had been questioned on the subject an hour after his visit, he could not have told whether his thirst had been quenched in wine or water.

Certain it is that among the inducements, whatever they might be, which led our student to the cottage, a hearty welcome was not wanting; for Pedro, who with an education much above his class, was withal a man of sense, and somewhat of a humourist to boot, was greatly taken by the simple manners of his guest; while his daughter, Anna, was immeasurably tickled by the absurdities, if we may apply so harsh a term on the occasion, into which Alfonso's fits of abstraction were continually betraying him. A sense of the ridiculous—and none could be keener than Anna's—is, however, in the great majority of instances, united with an equal sensitiveness on other points; and thus it was that while she freely indulged her mirthful propensities at the expense of her guest, she was not blind to his many acquirements, sound sense, and frank manliness of feeling which each successive interview tended more fully to develop. Of Alfonso's rank, connexions, or fortune, neither the father nor the maiden knew any thing; nor did they care to inquire.

Pedro saw, or fancied he saw, in the student's simplicity and openness of disposition a sufficient safeguard against any design on the affections of his daughter; and the latter was as little alive to the adoption of any precautions against such a contingency. In fact, we are not sure that she was aware of the precise nature of her feelings towards him. Love, like lunacy, of which some are bold enough to maintain it is but a variety, has this peculiarity, that the patient is not aware of his malady; and thus it was with Anna. However, the time was approaching when the knowledge of her feelings on the subject was in a manner forced upon her; and thus it fell out.

It was early in the morning that the maiden had set out on her road to Condeixa, for the purpose of making some purchases, and had accomplished half her journey, when, in a wild and lonely spot, a man sprang up from the heath, in which he had been concealed, and confronted her in the path. The action in itself, to say nothing of the equivocal exterior of the intruder, was enough to startle her; but there was an energy of character about her which enabled her to command her feelings, and, with as much sternness as could find place on so fair a brow, she demanded the cause of his interruption.

"Do you not remember me?" was his inquiry.

"No," was the reply; for although she had a confused recollection of his features, there was little in his air or the manner of his appearance to render her very eager to trace the acquaintance.

"Have you forgotten the traveller," was the rejoinder, "to whom, when he was fainting by the way side, you gave a cup of wine and a crust, but for which he must have perished on the spot, or only lived to fall into the hands of his pursuers?"

"So trifling an act of duty is not likely to dwell in my memory," said the damsel; "but if it have given me any claim on your gratitude, I pray you to let me pass unmolested on my way."

"It is a sense of gratitude stronger than your generosity would exact," returned the other, "that has thus brought me, at some personal hazard, into your presence. Know you a collegian of Coimbra, whom they call Alfonso de Castro?"

"Alfonso is the only name by which we know him," answered the maiden, a slight blush mounting to her cheek as she spoke.

"We mean the same person," continued the man; "and, if I mistake not, you feel some interest in his fate: is it not so?"

"In so far," replied Anna, with a yet deeper blush, and a trepidation in her tone which her own supposed danger had failed to elicit, "that I should grieve if any harm befel him."

"And would do aught that lay in your power to avert it, doubtless?" interrupted the man.

"Beyond all question, yes," was the hurried rejoinder.

"Then listen to me," resumed the other. "What may be the quality of this young gentleman I know not, nor do I care; but I apprehend that he stands in the path of some greater man than himself, who, with the will, possesses money or influence enough to compass his destruction."

"What motive," inquired the maiden, in a tone of mingled indignation and alarm, "could any one have in seeking the destruction of a youth who would not tread upon a worm?"

"It is not for me," returned the man, calmly, "to assign motives; I only speak to the facts. His life has already been attempted, and that within a hundred yards of the spot on which we stand."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Anna.

"True, nevertheless," responded the stranger.

"When did this happen?" inquired the lady.

"Last week," was the answer.

"We have seen him twice since," was the rejoinder; "and he never breathed a syllable of the circumstance."

"Very likely," responded the man; "he forgot it, as he would forget an earthquake an hour after it occurred, unless it swallowed up his books. Be assured of the truth of what I tell you. It was on the eve of the feast of Our Lady that Alfonso was returning from your father's, and, at the angle of the road yonder, was encountered by one whom I knew to belong to the band by which the country is infested. The youth, I suppose, saw the flash of the other's weapon in the moonlight, and drawing out his rapier in good time, defended himself manfully; but more, as it appeared to me, like one fencing for amusement, than with any idea of injuring his assailant; indeed, I am by no means certain that he thought his antagonist was in earnest. I witnessed the affray unperceived; it not suiting my purpose to take any part in it beyond firing my pistol, which had the effect intended, and the robber fled. Alfonso stood for a few moments, apparently not a little mystified by the adventure; and then, slowly returning his sword to its sheath, pursued his way homewards with as much unconcern as if nothing had occurred."

"But what reason," inquired Anna, "have you for concluding that the robber's attack was instigated by any other motive than a desire of plunder?"

"Because," explained the other, "he was far too experienced a thief to think of finding anything in the pockets of a collegian; and, in the next place, I happen to know that the chief of the band has offered a reward—a moderate per centage, I presume, on the sum he is to receive himself—for the assassination of this young gentleman, who, I conjecture, stands between some rogue and a rich estate. Now make the best use your wit shall suggest of this information, and forget, as speedily as may be, him to whom you owe it. But let what you do be done quickly, for I warn you that the youth is not safe beyond the walls of his college." The man waved his hand, in token of adieu, and dropped into the bed of heath from which he had arisen on the approach of the damsel, who, foregoing her original intention, retraced her steps, and returned to the cottage.

The rector of the college which numbered Alfonso among its students, Doctor Antonio Barbosa, was celebrated, throughout all Portugal, for his profound learning, and an equally profound horror of the sex, which has been most erroneously, as well as injuriously, termed the weaker. Indeed, so great was his dread of what a very ancient and equally ungallant author is pleased to call "the sweetest poison and most desired evil in all the world," that it was generally inferred by those who were imperfectly acquainted with his history, that he was a widower, instead of what he really was—an impregnable old bachelor. The reader will more readily imagine, than we can hope to describe, the consternation of one, who, like many who could not plead the excuse of bachelorhood, had lived in constant dread of a woman for the better half of his life, on finding his sanctum invaded, after a preliminary knock, by a specimen of that variety of human nature. Had the intruder been old or ugly, her presence might possibly have been endured; but the apparition of bright eyes and rosy lips so entirely subverted his nervous system, that he began to cross himself with more fervour than he had ever done at the shrine of the Virgin, invoking, at the same time, the protection, not only of the Madonna, but of all the saints in the calendar, and of St. Dunstan in particular, for he doubted not that the temptation, to which that paragon of virtue was exposed, was about to befal himself. [By the way, we would ask, in a parenthesis, if there be any other version of the celebrated story of the tongs than

St. Dunstan's own, which we cannot help thinking has somewhat the air of an exparte statement.] That Doctor Antonio Barbosa did not incontinently resort to "bell, book, and candle," can only be attributed to the circumstance of those articles not being immediately at hand; while, so great was his trepidation, that he could not call to mind any one of the approved formulæ of exorcism befitting the occasion; and thus, instead of addressing his visitor in stilted Latin, he was driven to the alternative of asking her, in plain Portuguese, what she wanted.

The explanation was given in a tone which elicited from her learned auditor, a mental observation, that if the intruder were really the celebrated individual he conjectured, he had a remarkably fine voice. Anna, for it was no worse a person than herself, briefly stated the danger by which, as she was informed, Alfonso was encompassed, and the difficulty she had experienced in bringing him to such a sense of it as to induce him to take the necessary steps to avoid it: concluding, by soliciting the good offices of the rector, who, she had reason to know, had considerable influence over the student.

Barbosa, who, as the damsel proceeded, became gradually disabused of the notion which had at first taken hold of him, replied: "You have but done me justice in assuming that I feel a more than ordinary interest in the fate of this young man, and there are facts connected with his history which greatly strengthen the probability of the story you have told me. It is also true, or I have greatly deceived myself, that my counsel would have some weight with him; but I much fear that the course I should suggest to him would scarcely meet the approval of one who takes so deep an interest in him as yourself."

"No matter," was the reply, "so it provide for his safety."

"But what if the adoption of my advice should involve the necessity of his quitting Coimbra and its neighbourhood, perhaps for ever?" asked the other.

"Be it so," responded the damsel; "the feelings—and I seek not to disguise the nature of them—which have driven me thus into your presence, are, I trust, of too unselfish a character to permit me to hesitate on the alternative. I know the price of his safety, and am willing to pay it."

"Rara avis in terra!" exclaimed the doctor; "nigroque similima cygno," he was about to add, but a glance at the damsel's neck reminded him that, in whatever particular she might resemble a swan, it was certainly not a *black* swan. Instead, therefore, of the latter half of the quotation, he muttered, "exceptio probat regulam," for, although a bachelor to the backbone in every other respect, he was wedded to his notion of the general unworthiness of the sex; holding the fair Anna an exception, though, as far as we can gather, there was nothing exceptionable about her. The result of the interview was an assurance on the part of Barbosa, that he would instantly summon Alfonso to his presence, and use such arguments as he doubted not would have the effect of removing him from the reach of the danger which threatened him. I must not omit to add, as an edifying instance of the congruity of the practice of sages with their precepts, that, in dismissing the damsel he took her hand, and scarcely crediting the softness of the fingers as evidenced by the contact with his own, he tried it by the test of his lips; a little piece of experimental philosophy, which, despite the grief which sat heavy at her heart, provoked a laugh from the maiden, as she snatched away her hand, and hurried out of the college.

The worthy doctor, although somewhat thrown off his mental equilibrium by the incident which we have narrated, was as good as his word, and forthwith cited our young student before him. Now Alfonso, independently of other considerations connected with the real kindness of the rector's disposition, had ever looked up to him with great reverence as to the finest scholar of the university, and such in truth he was; and thus the young gentleman was in a manner predisposed to a favourable reception of the admonitions which the other was about to bestow on him.

Barbosa had, in the first instance, no little difficulty in impressing the mind of Alfonso with a conviction that he was in any personal peril, inasmuch as the latter professed himself at a loss to conceive a motive for a conspiracy against his life. Now the doctor had a theory of his own on the subject, but for reasons, satisfactory at least to himself, he did not care to propound it to the student, to whom therefore he suggested that his frequent visits to the cottage of Pedro might have awakened the vindictive jealousy of some admirer of his daughter, whose bright eyes, the rector (haud inexpertus) maintained, were not to be gazed on with impunity. "Besides," continued Antonio, "you are now arrived at the age at which your paternal estate devolves to you; and I am somewhat surprised that your uncle and guardian, when he remitted your last quarterly allowance, did not advert to the fact; but since he has not done so, it is high time that you asserted your rights, and repaired to your ancestral home, where doubtless you have long since been expected."

The young gentleman's reply was to the effect that he had spent a great portion of his life in college, and he cared not to spend the remainder elsewhere. What recked he for a rambling old castle, in whose dusty halls and windy corridors he should lose himself twenty times a-day; to say nothing of finding employment for some score or two of retainers who had probably been living at his cost and charges during his minority?

"But, my good friend," remonstrated the worthy rector, "you forget that education is a means, not an end; it being intended to fit you for the world in which every man is required to play his part, and do his duty in the station to which he has been called. Moreover, if study be your object, you may take it upon my authority, that the library of our particular college is not to be compared to that which your father,

—rest his soul!—and his ancestors collected in the castle which is now yours."

Rem tetigit!—The learned doctor, to use a homely phrase, had hit the right nail on the head; and our scholar was finally reasoned into the conviction that it was not only expedient, but imperatively necessary that he should quit Coimbra and repair to his patrimony. Antonio, having thus succeeded in his object, dismissed his young friend by saying, "Now make ready for your journey; but come to me before you depart. You know not exactly the position of affairs at home, and therefore I will provide you with a letter to a certain monk of Mafra, which is within a league or two of your destination. He is a strange odd man, with a dash of mystery in his character; but I have approved him honest. You will need his counsel, and perhaps his aid; and if I have not overrated my influence with him, both will be freely rendered to you; and so, for the present, farewell!"

Now, among all our pretensions, and many of them are sufficiently absurd, we have never set up for a philosopher; and therefore hold ourselves under no obligation to account for the vagaries and inconsistencies of mankind in general, or of our hero and heroine in particular. It is our duty, as a faithful historian, to give the facts as we find them; and among them is the very singular one, that, until Antonio Barbosa had adverted to the circumstance, it had never occurred to Alfonso that Anna had bright eyes; —indeed, I am not certain that he could have affirmed, of his own knowledge and observation, that she had any eyes at all. However, the remark of the star-struck doctor set our student thinking on the subject, but, not arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, he resolved to go over to Pedro's cottage and ascertain the fact for himself. The result of his investigation justified the rector's assertion. Alfonso discovered not only that Anna had remarkably bright eyes, but that her cheek was the fairest, and her neck the most graceful that he ever had seen; and, in the enthusiasm natural to a philosopher on the discovery of a new truth, he told her so. Whereupon the colour on the cheeks of which he had thus expressed his entire approbation, changed from rose to crimson, which Alfonso thought the oddest thing in the world. The next thought that occurred to him was, that it would be infinitely more agreeable to be looking at Anna all day long, than on the ragged walls and stagnant moat of his own castle; then came the regret that the said castle could not be transported to the vicinity of Pedro's cottage. This difficulty he also stated to the damsel, but as he happened to do so in Greek, in which he as frequently addressed her as in Portuguese, he lost the benefit of her opinion on the subject; else she might have contrived to hint to him the more practicable plan of transporting the lady to the castle.

Anna, however reluctant to part from one, for whom, as we have seen, she felt no common interest, was far too anxious for his safety not to hasten his departure before night-fall, and thus Alfonso took his leave much earlier than was his wont. The old man wrung his hand, and invoked a blessing on his head; but Anna spoke not a word, nor was there need, for her eyes were eloquent of grief. Our student remarked her tears, and marvelled—marvelling, however, still more, to find, as he proceeded on his journey, that his cheeks were wet also; and being quite certain that his face had not touched hers, he forthwith plunged into a profound abyss of speculation on the cause of the phenomenon, and the problem lasted him until he arrived at the college gates, which, owing probably to his having returned by an unaccustomed route, he reached in safety.

It was towards noon-day that Alfonso found himself in sight of the celebrated palace of Mafra, in the rear of which was the monastery, an establishment on so large a scale, that it contained not less than three hundred cells. On inquiring at the gate for Father Francisco, to whom he was the bearer of an introduction from his learned friend at Coimbra, he was ushered into a small apartment appropriated to the reception of visitors, where he was soon joined by the reverend father himself. Alfonso's experience of mankind was somewhat limited, it is true, but he thought that he had never seen a man of so imposing an appearance. Francisco was in the prime of manhood, remarkably handsome, with a full, dark, and very expressive eye; while the locks which the tonsure had spared to him, curled in glossy ringlets about his head.

He was tall, very erect, and had the step and bearing rather of a warrior than of a monk.

He received Barbosa's missive with a slight inclination of the head, and having read it, glanced from the letter to the bearer of it, and said, in a milder tone than might have been expected from a man of his deportment, "You are come upon a hopeful errand, my son, and I pray Heaven it may not prove a worse than sleeveless one; but you are weary and faint, it may be." As he spoke he summoned a lay brother, and bade him bring refreshments, to which Alfonso, despite the grave character of his mission, did ample justice; Francisco, the while, appearing to be buried in profound and perplexed thought.

"Another cup of wine, my son," said the monk, kindly, when his guest had finished his meal, "and we will then to the matter in hand." After a pause he continued: "It is far easier to tell you the state of affairs at the castle, whose lawful lord it would seem by this letter you are, than to advise you how to proceed. Your uncle is in possession, professedly as your guardian, and, to do him justice, he has not neglected the property, the charge of which has devolved to him. Whether he will resign it to you is another question; and although he bears a fair reputation, the fact of his allowing you to remain at college after the attainment of your majority, coupled with one or two other circumstances, of which, it may be, few are cognizant but myself, inclines me somewhat to doubt his readiness to give up his trust. However, in our dealings with him it would not be policy to betray our misgivings, and therefore the hazard of an opposite course must be met as it best may."

The monk fixed his keen eye on the countenance of the student, as if he would penetrate his inmost soul, and then inquired "Are you a man of courage?"

A sudden flush on the cheek, and lighting up of the eye, proved that the spirit of a long line of noble ancestors lived in their descendant. The monk, perceiving the emotion he had excited, said in a somewhat deprecatory tone, "Nay; I am answered:—the question might seem impertinent, but it was necessary. Now listen to me: our game, I will not disguise from you, is a difficult one; but, with the firmness and discretion for which I give you credit, it may be played out, and we rise winners from the table. Go at once to your uncle, as if, the term of your minority having expired, it was a matter of course for you to do so. In any case, whether he mean you fair or foul, he will receive you, not merely with courtesy, but kindness. Show no distrust of his sincerity, but accept frankly of his hospitality; for he will neither poison you at his board, nor poniard you in your bed. If there be danger, there is but one shape in which it will assail you, and it is against that I would guard you. If, when you part for the night, he precede you to the door of your chamber, sleep in peace, for no harm is intended you; but if he dismiss you at the foot of the stair, beware! for death is before you."

Francisco paused for a moment, and then continued:

"Now, mark me! for your safety, in the contingency I have mentioned, will depend upon the precision with which you obey my instructions. Count eight steps from the bottom, but tread not upon the *ninth*. Having overpassed it,—no difficult matter to one of your length of limb,—take a firm grasp of one of the bars of the window at your right hand, and, having a secure standing on the tenth step, press one foot upon the ninth, which, with that immediately below it, will recede, leaving an abyss as deep and dark as Acheron. Cast your lamp into the chasm, and make your way to the top of the stair, which terminates in a long gallery, where, for it has an evil name among the servants, you will be secure until the morning, and, in the meantime, measures shall be taken for your deliverance."

"But wherefore," inquired Alfonso, deferentially, "should I set this ingenious piece of machinery in motion, having escaped the danger?"

"That those who set the trap for you, may imagine that you have fallen into it," was the reply.

"And how," asked the other, "will you know whether my uncle has dealt fairly or foully by me?"

"The light, and its sudden extinction, in the tower, in which are the fatal stairs, will be my signal," explained the monk.

Nothing could be more flattering than Alfonso's reception by his guardian, who expressed himself highly gratified by the accounts he had received of his progress at college, as well as by his present appearance; and protested, with a solemnity of asseveration which would have gained him credit with an unprejudiced auditor, that he had miscalculated his nephew's age by a year; or, instead of providing for his continuance at the university, he would have arranged for his quitting it in a manner befitting his rank and possessions. He concluded by giving orders for a banquet in honour of Alfonso's return; and during the feast, which, for the count was a bachelor, was *tête a tête*, conducted himself with so much frankness and good humour, and indulged in so many lively sallies, that Alfonso very shortly repented of the suspicions which he had entertained against his relative, and began to rejoice at his escape from the ordeal for which the monk had prepared him. At length, notwithstanding the entertainment he found in the conversation of his uncle, who was a man of education, as well as a man of the world, our student began to feel the fatigues of his day's journey tell upon his frame, and, on that plea, begged permission to retire to rest.

His uncle, after vainly endeavouring to press another flask upon his guest, prepared to do the honours of the night; and it was then that Alfonso felt something like a palpitation of heart, for he knew that the test of his guardian's sincerity was about to be made. The count preceded his nephew through two or three long corridors, from the silence prevailing in which, the latter concluded that the domestics had retired to rest; indeed his conductor muttered something about the drowsy knaves as he passed along. At last he stopped at a door, which he pushed open, and disclosed a long flight of stone steps, at the sight of which a cold shudder passed over the frame of our scholar; nor were his feelings in any degree alleviated, when his uncle, transferring the lamp to his visitor, said: "Attribute it not to want of courtesy, my young friend, that I do not wait on you to the door of your chamber, but the truth is, I am not so young as I was in your noble father's time; and the damps and draughts of this old building have found their way into my limbs, and I cannot mount a flight of stairs quite so nimbly as I was wont. Good night, my fair nephew,—and may the saints have you in their holy keeping!" As he concluded his pious benediction, he closed the heavy door, and Alfonso, having listened to the receding footsteps until they died away in the distance, prepared, with a sort of desperate energy, for the trial of nerve which awaited him.

It was well for him that he was a prudent youth over the wine-cup, which, it is said, has the effect of qualifying a man's vision rather for the task of multiplication than enumeration. He proceeded slowly up the stairs, counting the steps with great care, and, pausing upon the eighth, he numbered those which he had passed, and then striding over the ninth, took his station on the next above it.

Alfonso had such a share of animal courage as would have gained him a reputation in the field; but it is one thing to brave the perils of battle with the eyes of our fellow men upon us, and the war-trumpet in our ears; and quite another thing to face danger, in a strange and horrible shape, alone, and without the chance of winning either honour or profit by the encounter. It is, therefore, no reflection on our hero's courage to say that he hesitated for a few seconds before he ventured upon the fearful test of his guardian's honesty. At last, raising the lamp, he discovered the little window which the monk had alluded to, and, taking an almost convulsive grasp of one of the bars, he slowly approximated one foot to the fatal step, which he had scarcely touched, when it, and the step immediately below, receded, with a loud report, which reverberated like thunder through the vaults beneath. Alfonso gazed for a brief space on the chasm, but was unable to penetrate its gloom: he heard, however, very distinctly the rush of water, the sound of which chilled him to the heart. Remembering Francisco's instructions, he cast his lamp into the chasm; he saw the light flash for a moment in the stream, and heard, at the same time, the dull, heavy plunge, which indicated considerable depth of water; and, with an exclamation of thankfulness for his deliverance, and a mental blessing on the good monk, he groped his way to the top of the stairs.

It was already past the hour of midnight when Francisco presented himself at the palace of Mafra, and requested an audience of the prime minister of Portugal, the celebrated Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, who, with the king his master, was, at that time, sojourning at that favourite royal residence. The sentinel answered civilly, but firmly, that the marquis was not to be seen at that late period of the night,—indeed he believed that he had already retired to rest. "It is unfortunate," said the monk, with the air of a man not accustomed to be denied even by the favourite,—or, what Pombal in reality was,—the ruler of a king: "nevertheless I must see him;" and, drawing a ring from his finger, he added, "if you will tell him that the owner of this desires an audience, he will not refuse it."

Those who wait at the gate of kings are shrewd guessers at quality, and the soldier saw that he who addressed him was no ordinary person, whatever his garb might imply to the contrary, and accordingly undertook the errand; and in a few minutes returned with the information that Carvalho would see him. The minister, like most men of active minds and important occupations, devoted but few of his hours to sleep, and therefore the monk was not surprised to find him not only dressed, but busily engaged in the perusal of some papers.

He was evidently not pleased at the intrusion; nevertheless, he bowed slightly to his visitor, and said "The matter must needs be urgent which procures me the honour of a visit at this hour."

"It is urgent," was the reply, "or Sebastian de Carvalho knows me too well to suppose that I would thus have intruded on him; but neither your time nor my business will admit of a long preamble;" and forthwith the monk proceeded with his story, to which Pombal listened with the dogged air of a man who could not well help himself; and when the other had finished his explanation, the marquis replied: "I cannot aid you, senhor, in this matter; for were I to interfere personally in one such instance, I should be called upon to settle the right of possession to every acre of land in Portugal. If the young man have suffered wrong, let him appeal to the laws, and he will doubtless have justice."

"None know better than yourself," was the rejoinder, "the rate at which Justice travels in Portugal, and before Alfonso could gain possession of his castle by her means, his head would be as grey as the lichen on its walls."

"But what would you have me do?" inquired the other impatiently; "do you wish me to storm the castle, and eject the usurper by force of arms?"

"I do not ask you to do an impossibility," was the answer; "for I much doubt if there be a regiment in the service which could be brought to the assault, or an officer who would lead them, while there was an old woman with a distaff within the walls to defend them. I say it to the shame of Portugal," he added in a tone of bitterness, which Pombal remarking, he exclaimed:

"Mother of Heaven! it maddens me to think that a man of your mind and spirit should waste his energies among the drones of yonder convent, while courage and talent are so lamentably needed both in camp and cabinet."

"Your regret, Carvalho," sighed the monk, "it may be, is not deeper than his who now laments too late that he has not a wider field for usefulness."

"Usefulness!" echoed Pombal, with a smile, in which there was a dash of sarcasm; "well, we will not cavil upon terms—perhaps we mean the same thing, though I should have said ambition; but tell me, are you sincere in that regret?"

"Can you doubt it?" was the reply.

Pombal looked at him for a few minutes, and then said, "Francisco, I will help you in this matter, heart and hand, in spite of king, and Kaiser, and the court to boot, and that is no trifle, if you will quit yonder fraternity, and, by the acceptance of some office which may befit your sacred function, give me the advantage of your counsel in the cabinet."

"But what plea can I adduce for quitting the convent?" asked the other.

"A plea with which I will shortly provide you," returned the Marquis, "by carrying out a design* I have long entertained, of sweeping this hive of three hundred cells of the drones which infest it. I ask not your reply, for I read it in the lighting up of that eye, which has been too long shadowed by the cowl. And now to the matter of your story, which I can readily believe; for the old count has been bolstering his interest at court lately; and my experience tells me that when a rogue does that, it is generally the preliminary to some new act of villany. Now, what do you require of me?"

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* The execution of this threat is matter of history.

"A warrant for the apprehension of Alfonso de Castro, as a traitor," replied the monk.

"How!" exclaimed Carvalho, "against an innocent person?"

"It will not be the first warrant you have issued of the sort," was the calm, and somewhat sarcastic rejoinder, at which a cloud gathered on the brow of the minister, but it soon passed away, and he remarked with a smile:

"Well, I can trust you with such a document, particularly as I think I can guess at the use you are about to make of it." He drew a sheet of paper towards him, wrote a few hasty lines, and having subscribed them, handed it to the monk, adding, "There, if that should not serve your turn, I will take the matter in hand myself." Thus terminated the interview.

The morning sun had scarcely flung its first beams on the turrets of the castle, before a king's officer was at the gate, requesting, in the name of the Marquis of Pombal, an audience of the count; who, not doubting that his counsel was needed on state affairs, hurried down, half dressed, to receive the message. The officer, who for his tact and intelligence had been selected for the duty, apologized for having disturbed the count at so early an hour, adding, that he was the bearer of a warrant, under the hand of the minister, for the apprehension, on a charge of treason, of one Alfonso de Castro, who, it was ascertained, has arrived at the castle on the preceding evening.

The count, perfectly secure within himself that the said Alfonso would never be seen again on this side of the grave, replied, that his relative had certainly sojourned there for a few hours on the previous night; that, ignorant of his treasonable practices, the count had entertained him as he felt bound by the ties of family to do; but that, unable to prevail upon him to remain until the morning, he had himself dismissed him by a private postern to pursue his journey.

The officer replied, that the count's explanation was perfectly satisfactory, and that, of course, no one who knew his loyalty, would for a moment suspect him of intentionally harbouring a traitor; but, as the information received by the government had particularized the precise part of the building in which the youth had taken refuge, it became his, the officer's, duty, to examine the long gallery,—merely, he added, as a matter of form,—for he had not the remotest doubt of the culprit having departed in the manner described by his host.

The count not only expressed his entire acquiescence in the proposed search, which, with his full permission, he said, might be extended to every apartment in the castle, but even offered to conduct the officer to the gallery in question. The official thanked him for his courtesy, and bade him lead the way; but, as will readily be imagined, the guide chose another approach than the fatal stairs. The door of the gallery was accordingly flung open by the count, who started back, in unfeigned horror and surprise, at the apparition which met his gaze, and which, we need scarcely tell the reader, was the living Alfonso de Castro.

"Sir Count," exclaimed the official, looking first at him, and then at our student, "you feign it well, but I fear me that this will not pass with the king, my master." Then advancing to the other, he added, "Alfonso de Castro, I arrest you, in the king's name, by virtue of this warrant!" and presented a paper to the young man, who read in it—

"Fear not; the bearer will conduct you to your friend, FRANCISCO."

The count had by this time become convinced that Alfonso was veritable flesh and blood, and that, by some unaccountable means, he had escaped the snare which had been prepared for his destruction. To have resisted his capture would only tend to corroborate the suspicions which were already sufficiently strong in favour of his having connived at the concealment of a traitor; and thus, his only resource was vehement asseverations of his innocence to the officer, who replied by recommending him to reserve his defence for the investigation which doubtless awaited him, and hurried his prisoner out of the castle.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the count, he could not have been more astounded than he was at the occurrence which we have briefly described; and his perplexity was equal to his astonishment. Independently of the charge to which he was open, of harbouring a traitor, it was clear that the secret of the stairs was in other keeping than that of his intended victim, who must have been forewarned of the snare; and, therefore, were Alfonso even executed as a traitor, the count would not be safe. But even this contingency he would have risked, rather than resign his usurped domain, had his conscience acquitted him of dabbling in treason—but it did not. It is true, he had disposed of the most feared of his accomplices by means of the fatal stairs; but he knew there was other evidence against him, which, taken in connexion with the fact of the accused party having been found, under very suspicious circumstances, beneath his roof, would doubtless suffice for his conviction; and he well knew the terrible severity with which Pombal visited the crime of treason. It was while he was balancing his fears against his cupidity, that he received a mysteriously couched epistle from a friend who was supposed to be in the confidence of the minister, recommending him to put the sea between himself and "the powers that were," with as much expedition as consisted with his convenience. The count took the hint, and decamped without beat of drum.

The result was, that Alfonso was put in undisturbed possession of his patrimony ; and a very pretty one it was ; yet, strange to say, he did not find himself so happy as he was at Coimbra. He appeared to miss something, though, for a long time he could not tell what. At last, however, he discovered that it was a book—a short fat old quarto—which he had left behind him in his room at college ; and as he happened to remember the precise spot in which he had last seen it, he thought it better to go for it himself, than to depute the task. We ought, however, in common candour, to state that there are two versions of the story ; the other being that the volume in search of which he returned to Coimbra, was neither short, fat, nor old ; that, on the contrary, it was what a bibliomaniac would call a rather tall copy, with a remarkably pretty title-page ; that is, a vignette title-page ;—a combination of beauty and *intelligence*, and differing from the old parchment-bound quarto in another very important particular,—important at least to Alfonso,—it was not *bound* at all. It is said, however, that this point of difference was removed by the bishop of Coimbra, and that our student carried it back with him to his castle.

Dropping, however, an allegory, which to our readers may appear somewhat too professional, we have the gratification to add, that Alfonso returned from Coimbra with Anna as his bride, and that the good Pedro spent the residue of his days with his daughter and son-in-law. The stranger who had accosted Anna on the road to Condeixa, having quitted the evil companionship into which he had thrown himself in a moment of desperation, was, at her intercession, received into the service of her husband, who found in him a faithful and attached retainer.

The worthy doctor, Antonio Barbosa, celebrated his young friend's marriage by an epithalamium in six languages, in which he congratulated Alfonso on the possession of the only loveable woman in the universe, and on the opportunity of studying a problem, compared with which the *pons asinorum* of Euclid is but a child's riddle.

Of the fatal stairs it only remains for us to explain that they were the invention of the count, on whose cranium the organs of ingenuity and destructiveness were very prominently developed; that the secret of their construction had been communicated to Francisco by the artificer employed in the work, upon his death-bed; and finally, that the beautiful contrivance was remorselessly destroyed by Alfonso immediately on his taking possession of his inheritance.

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL.

It lies beside the river; where its marge
Is black with many an old and oarless barge,
And yeasty filth, and leafage wild and rank
Stagnate and batten by the crumbling bank.

Once, slow revolving by the industrious mill,
It murmured, only on the Sabbath still;
And evening winds its pulse-like beating bore
Down the soft vale, and by the winding shore.

Sparkling around its orbed motion flew,
With quick fresh fall, the drops of dashing dew,
Through noon-tide heat that gentle rain was flung,
And verdant round the summer herbage sprung.

Now dancing light and sounding motion cease,
In these dark hours of cold continual peace;
Through its black bars the unbroken moonlight flows,
And dry winds howl about its long repose;

And mouldering lichens creep, and mosses grey
Cling round its arms in gradual decay,
Amidst the hum of men—which doth not suit
That shadowy circle, motionless, and mute.

So, by the sleep of many a human heart,
The crowd of men may bear their busy part,
Where withered, or forgotten, or subdued,
Its noisy passions have left solitude:

Ah, little can they trace the hidden truth!
What waves have moved it in the vale of youth!
And little can its broken chords avow
How once they sounded. All is silent now.

K. Φ.

SUNSET.

I LOVE, at summer day's decline,
To watch the glowing sunset bright,
When gorgeous clouds like armies shine,
Tinged with all hues of burning light;
Calm as a flower droops to the brink
Of some broad river's gentle sweep:
So doth the day's bright monarch sink
Unto his nightly sleep;
And thus, O thus, it seems to me,
The Christian's death should ever be.

J. A. G.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

[illegible]

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY THOMAS MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "ROYSTON GOWER," "LADY JANE GREY,"
"RURAL SKETCHES," ETC. ETC.

I.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
A languid music haunted everywhere,—
Like those with which a summer-eve abounds,
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,
Down sloping-uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,
And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.

II.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
The very air seemed sleepily to blow,
And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:
It was a valley drowsy with delight,
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.

III.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air,
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the steeping sunbeams' glare,
The dreamy river chimed its undersong,
And took its own free course without a care:
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,
Until the valley throbbed beneath their lays,
And echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

IV.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
Sent down to see the Summer-beauties dress,
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
The very flowers seemed eager to caress
Such living sisters, and the boughs long-leaved,
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed bosoms heaved.

V.

One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,
Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
Or looking love askance, and when descried,
Her coy glance on the bedded-greensward keeping;
She pulled the flowers to pieces, as she sighed,—
Then blushed like timid day-break when the dawn
Looks crimson on the night, and then again 's withdrawn.

VI.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
  On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade;
Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
  And half shook down her silken circling braid;
Her back-blown scarf an archèd rainbow made,
  She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

VII.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
  With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
  Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling—
Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
  'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling:
She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

VIII.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
  The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
  As if they on the self-same stem had grown,
So close were rose and lip together twined —
  A double flower that from one bud had blown,
Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,
Where swelled the curving-lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

IX.

One, half-asleep, crushing the twinèd flowers,
Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay;
Still as a lark that mid the daisies cowers:
Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray,
Showed rounded limbs, too fair for earthly bowers;
They looked like roses on a cloudy day;
The warm white dulled amid the colder green;
The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

X.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves for evermore;
Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar
Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks,
Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

XI.

They were such forms, as imaged in the night,
Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue;
When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
Too beautiful to meet the naked view;

Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
Women they were! such as the angels knew—
Such as the Mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
Scared by the lovers' wings, that streamed in sunset red.

HOME.

My early home! oh, how my heart doth lean
With a deep pleasure to that dearest haunt,—
The low white-cot, where woodbines gaily flaunt
Their luscious flowers, and foliage dusky-green!
How beautiful the pear-tree on the wall,
The lilac, sheltering the rustic chair,
The garden, circling round—so trim and fair!
And the broad elm that overshadowed all.
My early home! methinks I see it now:
Blythe hearty peals of laughter round me rise—
Sweet light is shed from unforgotten eyes
That look in mine: warm smiles o'erflush my brow.
How memory of past times the heart subdues!
The sweetness of those dreams the eyes with tears suffuse.

J. A. G.

STORY OF THE KING, THE FISHERMAN, AND THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

There was once, in the kingdom of Marocco, a fisherman named Muntafu, who, abandoning the sea-shore, built himself a house in the midst of a series of lakes, which lay secluded in the heart of an immense forest. The character of the surrounding scenery was extraordinary. A number of extensive sheets of water, separated from each other by narrow necks of marshy ground, covered with reeds and rushes, and flowering aquatic plants, occupied a large space of irregular form, towards which the land on three sides came sloping down covered with trees; while on the fourth, a narrow morass, dotted with poplars and matted thickets, appeared to mark the course of the waters towards the sea. The neighbouring woods swarmed with parrots, green, red, and black, the rose-crested hoopoe, and the white nun; while now and then the Oriental dotterel, issuing from the depths of the desert, would make its appearance among the commoner birds. The lakes, also, lying remote and solitary, formed the haunt of numerous water-fowl, among which the more remarkable were, the tall flamingo, with snow-white breast and rose-coloured back and wings; the pelican alighting here and there in vast flights; the white, the blue, and the starred heron, and the rapid green plover ever on the wing in chase of the clouds of insects which perpetually hovered in the air.

Muntafu, the sole rival of these aboriginal fishers, had selected for the site of his dwelling the summit of a conical hillock, which spread its green skirts on all sides in gentle slopes to meet the waters of the lake, that extended round and defended it from the approach of wild beasts. A boat, usually moored beneath the spreading ilex, enabled the fisherman to pursue his calling, and hold when he desired it communication with the main land. The cottage itself harmonised exactly with the scene, having low drooping eaves, rustic galleries, and a shady porch, where, in the evening, Muntafu's wife sat to watch her children playing on the green, while he himself perhaps, if his day's work were over, would place himself on a carpet beside her, smoking or listening to one of his sons reading a chapter from the Koran. A she-goat with her kid was usually seen browsing on the slopes of the hillock, or threading her way through the narrow interspaces between the copses which dotted the lower parts of the islet.

The eldest of Muntafu's children was a daughter, now about thirteen years old, and withal so fair and beautiful, that her parents, with a vanity which affection rendered pardonable, bestowed upon her the name of Shemselâb, or the Sun of the Lakes.

It was not unusual with Muntafu to carry on his occupation at night, when, placing a lighted brand on the bows of his boat to allure the fish, he usually succeeded in taking great numbers, which he disposed of next day in the villages beyond the precincts of the forest. One evening, while engaged in his wonted manner, he was overtaken by a violent storm of rain and wind, which being past, the sky again immediately cleared up, and he continued to let down his nets, and fill his boat as usual. While thus employed, he was startled by the voice of a man calling to him from the shore; and, proceeding towards the spot, beheld an emir, or person of great distinction, mounted on a horse magnificently caparisoned. The stranger demanded of him whether he knew the way to the palace of the sultan, and would for a reward guide him thither. Muntafu replied that he was perfectly familiar with the road to the palace, but that by night he could not be induced, even by the command of the sultan himself, to attempt the passage of the marshes, lest he should become the cause of his prince's death.

"And what has the sultan done for you," inquired the stranger, "that you should care a dirhem whether he be alive or dead?"

"Why," replied Muntafu, "he has conferred favours on me."

"What favours?" demanded the stranger.

"The greatest of all," answered the fisherman, "since he governs the whole kingdom with so much wisdom and justice that every man without fear enjoys what belongs to him; and even I, humble as I am, can regard myself as lord of my own cottage, which I quit when it suits me, and return to when I please."

At this the stranger smiled, and again renewed his offer of a considerable reward if Muntafu would undertake to conduct him to the palace. But the fisherman respectfully persisting in his refusal lest they should both be swallowed up in the morasses, the horseman accepted his hospitable invitation to pass the night in his cottage. He accordingly entered the boat, and causing his beast to swim alongside, they made their way across the lake.

For some time the stranger appeared to be absorbed in thought, but in truth was silently admiring the very singular prospect that presented itself on all sides; for the moon, which was just beginning to rise, cast its soft light over the tops of the forest, and through various breaks and openings upon the broad surface of the water. In the distance thick woods begirt the whole shining expanse, seeming to divide it off by an impenetrable fence from the rest of the world. It was now the time for the wild beasts to be abroad, and the stranger congratulated himself upon his position when he heard the roar of the lion re-sounding through the woods, mingled with the barking of the jackals, the sharp, shrill cry of the lynx and the ounce, and the low sepulchral howl of the hyæna.

Presently they reached the cottage, which was neat and roomy: a large fire, rendered necessary by the peculiar chilness of the night, blazed upon the hearth, around which the family were sitting awaiting the return of the fisherman. Among them the stranger immediately took his place, where he dried his garments that had been thoroughly soaked by the storm which had overtaken him in the forest, and soon began to experience the cheering influence of coffee and a pipe, together with what was far more new and apparently pleasing to him—the unaffected cheerfulness and kindness of his host and his family. Some of the fish, which Muntafu had brought home with him, were fried by his wife for the supper of the stranger, who appeared however to be a person of no mean appetite, for having cleared what was set before him, he demanded of Muntafu whether he could not favour him with a little butcher's meat.

To this the fisherman replied that his wealth was small, but that possessing a she-goat and a kid, he would immediately kill the latter, and cause it to be dressed for supper. To the great delight of his guest he was not long in keeping his word, and while the mistress of the house was dressing and roasting the kid, the visitor entered into animated conversation with his host.

"By the Prophet's beard," said he, "I experience a better welcome from you, my friend, than the sultan met the other day from the inhabitants of a neighbouring town."

"What, did they dare to treat the sultan disrespectfully ?" cried Muntafu.

"Oh! not at all,—they only acted according to their character."

"And what did they do ?" inquired the fisherman.

"You must know," answered the guest, "that not far from hence is a place, which from the disposition of its inhabitants, has for ages been denominated the City of Misers. Their sordid avarice and close-fistedness are unbounded. They will make a pilau of a pebble, and agree with persons who buy dates of them to return the stones, which they pound in a mortar, and bake into bread for their slaves. Nay, they have been known to slip off a few beads from their chaplets, that they might without detection cheat the Prophet of a dozen or two of prayers. Through the town of these people, the sultan lately passed, and as he appeared to be in an indulgent humour, they collected in a circle around his horse, and besought him, as a particular favour, to change the name of their city. He promised to comply with their request, and said he would pass the night with them in order to enjoy an opportunity of discovering the fallaciousness of ordinary report. To prove the great munificence of their characters, they slaughtered a certain number of superannuated rams, the delicate flesh of which they placed before the sultan, rather sparingly roasted, in order to save fire, and served up with as little expense of condiments as possible. The rice of the pilaus was as hard as beads, and the kabobs were as tough as the fragments of an oilskin. The sultan, however, did the best honour to their cookery his teeth would allow, and the matter might after all have ended pleasantly, had they not, to put their reckless generosity beyond dispute, invited his majesty to breakfast with them next morning. On this occasion, the custom of the place required that they should set before their guest and his attendants, a number of skins and vessels full of milk, the latter to be consumed on the spot, the former to refresh them on their journey. But the sultan's retinue being rather numerous, and the good people having a whole night to reflect upon the matter, a council of the elders of the place was called together, in which the awful consumption of milk was taken into consideration, and it was proposed that to diminish the expense, the milk should be diluted with water. One party indeed argued that doubtless his majesty would discover the cheat, and depart from them in much anger, if he did not come to the resolution to cut off a few of their heads for the affront they had put upon him. But the majority being of opinion that as sultans are seldom remarkable for quickness of understanding, and that as the quantity of ram he had swallowed over-night would doubtless make his majesty thirsty, they might venture to water the milk, which was accordingly done. Next morning, however, as soon as the sultan had sat down to breakfast, he discovered the contrivance of the elders, and, laughingly exclaiming that, 'what was bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh,' he got up and departed from them, leaving the name of their city unchanged."

As the stranger proceeded with his narration, which he did with infinite glee, the young family of the fisherman, among whom we ought particularly to mention Shemselâb, gathered round him, admiring his handsome countenance, and the splendour of his dress. And, in truth, he was a person worth looking at. Tall, well-formed, about thirty years of age, with large eyes, and a fine black beard curling round his chin; he would, even in the beneesh and trousers of a peasant, have attracted attention; but habited as he was, it is matter of little wonder that those simple children should gaze at him in a paroxysm of admiration. His turban, of scarlet, green and gold, was adorned with clusters of jewels, and, over a vest of azure with gold flowers, a violet tartan, and trousers of crimson velvet, descended a yellow caftan and dark pelisse edged with sable. Perhaps, however, the long cashmere round his waist most attracted the attention of Shemselâb, who threw back her izar to admire it. The stranger's gaze now rested upon her face, where the whiteness of the lily seemed dashed with the hues of the pomegranate, while her eyes, mild and lustrous, lighted up a countenance beaming with intelligence.

By this time the kid was roasted, and the stranger, forgetting all other matters, applied himself with so much vigour to the task of demolishing it, that his share at least equalled that of the whole family of the fisherman put together. He then resumed his stories and anecdotes, and so bewitched the ears of his listeners, that it was not until past midnight that even the children dropped to sleep, while Muntafu, with his wife and eldest daughter, remained wide awake until the song of the blackbird and the thrush silenced that of the nightingale, and morning threw its ruddy beams in through the cottage windows.

"And now," cried the stranger, taking his hospitable host by the hand, "are you ready to be my guide to the sultan's palace? Remember, I have promised you a reward, and I shall there be in a condition to pay it."

"I thank you," replied Muntafu, "for the intention; but, though poor, I remember the precept of the Prophet, which ordains that no disciple of Islam shall accept of reward for performing the duties of hospitality. I will therefore be your guide, as I have been your host, for the mere pleasure of obliging a servant of the Prophet."

"Very well," observed the stranger, with a smile, "upon that point we will not dispute."

He then took his leave of the family, went forth with Muntafu, and traversed, in the same manner as the night before, the channel which divided the islet from the main land. He had just stepped ashore, and was preparing to mount his horse, which had likewise experienced the fisherman's care during the night, when suddenly a large company of hunters richly appointed, but jaded and covered with mud, issued from among the trees, and on perceiving him, rushed forward, exclaiming,

"The sultan! the sultan!"

It now appeared that the guest of Muntafu was no other than Al Mansoor, sovereign of Marocco. The honest man remembering the free and easy manner in which he had treated him, now felt somewhat abashed; but the prince expressing thanks for his hospitality, and observing that he could now dispense with his guidance, rode off with his attendants, without presenting his kind entertainer with the value of a para for his services. Muntafu, however, felt too much flattered by the circumstance of having entertained the great Al Mansoor at his cottage, to allow the idea of reward or recompense to enter his mind, and returning in haste to his family — who from the door of the cottage had been witnesses of what had taken place— informed them of the name and rank of their guest.

Shemselâb, who had been extremely interested by the air and manner of the stranger, spoke frequently of this incident in their simple history, which with the true Oriental disposition towards building castles in the air, she confidently believed would lead to something extraordinary. But as days, and weeks, and months succeeded each other, without effecting any change in their condition, she at length learned to look back upon the visit of the sultan as though it had been a dream.

When a whole year had elapsed, Muntafu encountered on the borders of the lake a very different personage from his former guest; that is to say, one of those wandering derwishes, whose whole wealth consists in their khirkheh and chaplet, and the long iron-shod naboot with which these holy men generally go armed, in order to defend themselves against dogs and wild beasts. The derwish accosted the fisherman, informed him that he had lost his track in the forest, and inquired the way to the nearest caravanserai.

"There is none," answered Muntafu, "within less than half a day's journey. Tarry, therefore, with me this night, and to-morrow, with the blessing of God, I will conduct you to the next town, where from the great and wealthy you will meet with better entertainment than I can offer."

The derwish at once accepted his invitation, and entering his boat, was rowed rapidly towards the islet. On landing, Muntafu took the holy man by the hand, and led him with much respect into his cottage, where each member of the family vied with the others in their kindness and attention towards the derwish. Shemselâb, however, seemed to exceed all the rest in her reverence and assiduity, and at length entered into conversation with him, asking many questions respecting the lands he had visited, and the great princes whom he had seen.

"And tell me, derwish," said she, "whether in all your journeyings you have beheld a prince wiser, braver, or more fortunate than the Sultan Mansoor."

"Child," replied the derwish, "there is no wisdom but in God, whose favour also renders men fortunate or otherwise. And with respect to bravery, it is a quality so common among the children of Islam, that scarcely any are found wanting in it. It is not for me, moreover, to weigh the merits of princes, as in most cases I must, like you, form my judgment on the uncertain ground of report."

"But we judge not from report," replied Shemselâb. "Sultan Mansoor, about a year ago, passed a whole night in this cottage, sitting where you now sit, eating with us, and drinking with us, and entertaining us all night with his wonderful stories."

"It must be a dream," replied the derwish, turning with an inquiring look towards the fisherman.

"Nay, what my daughter relates is true," replied Muntafu, who then informed him circumstantially of all that had taken place.

When he had ended, the derwish expressed much surprise, and addressing himself to Shemselâb, observed, that however wise she might suppose the sultan to be, she could not at least pretend to praise his generosity, since he had allowed a whole year to pass without exhibiting the slightest token of gratitude for the very hospitable manner in which he had been received and entertained.

"Nay," interrupted Muntafu, "in this the sultan more especially displays his generosity, since at my earnest request he has suffered me to enjoy the satisfaction of having served him without reward. Had he paid me the price, it would have been like a transaction in the bazaar, where one sells and the other buys, and there is no obligation."

"Verily," replied the derwish, "your heart is noble, and it irks me, that Al Mansoor should remain in ignorance of your character, which if he understood, he would doubtless exalt you to the rank of an emir."

At this the fisherman laughed, and said, that the sultan was necessarily surrounded by too many great and wise persons, who much better than he deserved such exaltation, to allow of his thinking of him. "There is nevertheless one favour," said he, "which I should be glad to obtain of him."

"And what is that?" inquired the derwish.

"It is, that for one day in the year he should leave his palace, forget all affairs of state, escape from all the cares and troubles of the world, and come unattended, as before, to enjoy merriment and tranquillity in this obscure spot. I would spend the whole year in inventing amusement for him, and Shemselâb should relate stories, and Ismael should chaunt select passages from the Koran."

"And do you know many stories, child?" inquired the derwish, addressing himself to Shemselâb.

"I have read various histories, and traditions, and narratives," she replied, "and my memory is good; and to amuse my brothers and sister, I repeat what I have perused, using my own language that these little ones may the better comprehend me."

"And would you be able to relate without embarrassment before the sultan, such histories as are stored up in your memory?—for otherwise you know no story can be very entertaining. Suppose now, you try your powers before me, a humble stranger, that you may discover whether the presence of a person, not belonging to your family, be calculated to derange your ideas, or break in any way the thread of your narrative."

Shemselâb then, without reply, leaned her head upon her hand, and was thoughtful for a little while; after which, without the slightest hesitation, or break, or pause, she related the story of King Berber's dream, in which, through the assistance of a female slave, a young fruit-seller rises to be wezeer of the Sultan of Egypt.

The events described were new and wonderful in themselves, and deeply interested the derwish. But he was far more struck by the grace and ease of Shemselâb's manner—the quickness and judgment she exhibited in delineating various characters, and the wisdom of the remarks and reflections which she interspersed through the narrative.

"This, indeed," said he, when she had concluded, "is very extraordinary. Living here, in the midst of woods and lakes, and too young to have gained much by experience, even had you passed your days in the precincts of courts and cities, you exhibit a knowledge of mankind that surprises me. Tell me," he continued, "who it is that has been your teacher, and what are the books you read?"

"My teachers," answered Shemselâb, "have been two—my father and my mother; and my books, such as may be purchased in any town of the Muslems. The Thousand-and-One Nights, and the traditions of Islam, and the histories of the Caliphs, and of the Sultans of Egypt, with the lives of many saints and derwishes, whose wisdom I envy, and whose holiness I would gladly emulate."

The derwish then entered into conversation with the fisherman himself, after which they all retired to rest. The little chamber occupied by the derwish, receiving the earliest beams of the sun, he was stirring betimes, and as he appeared desirous of proceeding on his way, Muntafu bore him company to the neighbouring town, where at the door of a caravanserai they parted.

It may easily be supposed that from the solitariness of the spot, in which he lived apart from the world, Muntafu was troubled by few visitors. The family therefore thought and spoke much of such as came, and their arrival was invariably regarded as an occasion of rejoicing.

Since the visit of the derwish, another year had now passed, when Muntafu, proceeding to the neighbouring town to purchase something for his family, was accosted in the crowded street of the bazaar, by a man in the habit of a hajji, who, after looking him very earnestly in the face, inquired if he had heard the news.

"What news?" demanded Muntafu.

"Why this," replied the pilgrim: "that the great

Al Mansoor, having conceived extraordinary indignation against a certain fisherman who dwells among the lakes somewhere in this neighbourhood, will, to-morrow, proceed to his cottage, and destroy him utterly, with all his family, pull down his dwelling, and strew salt upon the ruins. Observing you to be in the garb of a fisherman, I imagined you might know him, and tell him the news, and thus enable him to escape the destruction that is impending over him. That is all I have to say, and peace be on you!"

He was about to turn away, but Muntafu took him by the arm, and said:

"Friend, I am the fisherman of whom you speak. But you have, doubtless, been imposed upon. The sultan does not commit injustice towards his subjects; so be perfectly at ease upon my account. The sultan has eaten bread and salt with me, and will not harm one hair of my head."

"Did not politeness restrain me," replied the hajji, "I would call you a fool, for putting your trust in sultans. But I have warned you; and your blood be on your own head."

After which he slipped among the crowd, and disappeared.

Muntafu, when he had bought what he wanted, set out on his return towards his cottage, reflecting a great deal upon what had been said to him by the hajji.

"After all," thought he, "it is possible that the sultan may design me some injury, though I can by no means conjecture the cause. If I fly, however, he will easily overtake me, and the mere attempt to make my escape, will confirm whatever suspicions he may entertain against my character. I will therefore abide where I am, for God is great; and it is very possible the hajji may be a wag, who had no other intention than to amuse himself by alarming me."

Still, though he reasoned thus, and like every other good Musselman, believed firmly in the doctrine of predestination, he was unable to banish all uneasiness from his mind, and reached his cottage in a far gloomier mood than he had indulged in for many a year. This his wife immediately observed. Taking her therefore aside with Shemselâb, he related to them what had happened to him in the bazaar. At first, they both felt some apprehension, but the daughter soon recovered her presence of mind, and entreated her father to regard the hajji as a madman, and take no heed whatever of his warning. They, notwithstanding, spoke of little else that evening, and it is suspected, that although they retired as usual to bed, not one of the three enjoyed much sleep. Certain it is, that they were all stirring next morning betimes, and casting ever and anon anxious looks towards that part of the forest in which the sultan's retinue might be expected to make its appearance.

Scarcely was the sun an hour high, when their anticipations were realised. The shrill blast of a trumpet first resounded through the forest, and immediately afterwards a large body of horse appeared, at the head of which it was easy, from the magnificence of his robes, and the royal ornaments of his turban, flashing in the sun, to recognise the Sultan Mansoor.

It must be owned that the hearts of the cottage inmates beat violently at the sight. The hajji now appeared to them to have been a prophet, and each secretly thought how much better it would have been to attend to his premonition.

"Here," said they within themselves, "is evil come upon us, and evil too, in some measure, of our own seeking, since, had we attended to the warnings which without doubt were given us by the direction of the Prophet, we might by this time, perhaps, have been beyond pursuit. There is, however, no strength or power but in God, the High, the Great! That must be accomplished which is written; and if we perish, there is this consolation, that we perish together, and no one will be left to lament the death of dear companions."

Meanwhile the sultan appeared to be making his dispositions, that no one might escape. His troops spread themselves along the borders of the lake, galloping hither and thither, while their flashing scimetars glittered brightly, and the quick tramp of their horses' hoofs sounded terribly in the ears of the fisherman and his family. At length an officer of the king's household advanced to the brink of the lake, and summoned Muntafu, with his wife and children, to the shore, in order that they might appear before the Sultan Al Mansoor.

As disobedience would have been madness, the fisherman hastened to obey the mandate. He first placed his little ones, four in number, in the boat, kissing each as he lifted it in. He then gave his hand to Shemselâb and his wife, while Ismael, with the thoughtless courage of boyhood, leaped boldly on board, and seized an oar, as if impatient to be among the crowd that surrounded the sultan. Muntafu's eyes were somewhat moist, but he restrained his feelings, and with the aid of the hardy, and highly venturous boy, quickly cleared the space dividing him from the sultan. As he drew nearer and nearer, the consciousness of innocence gradually restored his courage, and on stepping ashore he assumed an erect gait, and manly bearing, and advancing towards the prince in a respectful, but firm tone, demanded his majesty's pleasure. The other members of his family, whose confidence now utterly forsook them, threw themselves at Al Mansoor's feet, and implored his clemency and pardon. The great officers of the household immediately closed round them, while the captains of the guard, the black eunuchs of the palace, and the public executioners, took their station with drawn swords, a little in the back-ground, opposite an opening in the circle. As all present were ignorant of what the sultan designed to do to the fisherman, the interest they felt was intense. Some supposed him to have committed some dreadful crime, and that they should presently be witnesses of his punishment; others conjectured that he had lodged some complaint against themselves, (particularly the governor of the province, conscious of much extortion and misrule) and that this was the moment of their exposure and disgrace, while others formed other conjectures, without having any ground whereon to build them.

At length the sultan put an end to all their disquietude and uncertainty, by ordering his chamberlain to advance, and invest Muntafu with a dress of honour, after which he informed him that he had appointed him governor of the district, with all the towns and hamlets it contained.

"And this," said he, "I do, because of thy virtuous and disinterested character; and because thou didst twice hospitably entertain me, and thrice resist all temptation to speak or believe evil of me. For, know, that I was the derwish who a year ago passed the night in thy cottage, and that it was I who in the guise of a hajji, accosted thee yesterday in the bazaar, and counselled thee to effect thy escape. Hadst thou taken my advice I should have believed that thy conscience condemned thee for crimes not in my power to discover, and thou wouldst have been suffered to remain in the station in which Providence had first placed thee. But now thou hast proved thyself to be both wise and good, and I advance thee accordingly, nor, if thou do well, shall thy exaltation end here."

He then ordered a horse richly caparisoned to be brought forward, on which he caused Muntafu to mount, after which his wife and children were placed on mules with sure saddles and magnificent housings, and in this manner were they paraded through the forest and the towns, and the villages, until they arrived at a spacious castle, named Casar El Kebir, which being the property of the sultan, he bestowed on Muntafu, and recommending him to be as wise and moderate in his government as he had been in his cottage, he departed towards his capital, leaving with the new governor an aged sheïkh who was to explain to him the precepts, and the laws, and the rules, and the forms.

And thus was Muntafu exalted to be Governor of Casar El Kebir.

The fisherman finding himself in this high station, lost none of the humility or the other virtues which had distinguished him in his poverty. He conducted himself towards all men with the utmost justice, mildness, and moderation, insomuch that the rich hastened to erect themselves dwellings in the neighbourhood of his castle, and the poor followed them, and many markets, and bazaars, and shops, and warehouses were also built there, so that, in a year or two, the place became a town.

The sheïkh whom Mansoor had left to be the councillor of the new governor, instead of being envious of his prosperity, and a maligner of his virtues, despatched from time to time trusty messengers to the palace, faithfully describing the wisdom of his rule, and the happy fruits of it, which already appeared in the face of the whole country, where every man seemed to feel additionally secure of his possessions, and in consequence waxed more zealous in his loyalty to the sultan.

But the happiness of this world is frail at the best. While Muntafu was thus sedulously employed in promoting the welfare of all around him, his own peace of mind suffered from a domestic wound: his daughter, Shemselâb, who was unto him as a wezeer, skilful in interpreting the law, and conversant with the traditions and sayings of the Prophet, appeared to be smitten by an incurable disease, in which she languished for a while, and then took to her bed, and awaited patiently the angel of death. Nevertheless it seemed to her father that she understood the cause of her own complaint, but refused to reveal it, though he entreated her with tears to do so, being confident that it would be in his power to discover and apply a remedy.

While matters were in this state, a learned hakim arrived from Egypt, who understood the secret virtues of plants and minerals, and could subdue the violence of most diseases that affect the children of Adam. Muntafu brought him to his daughter; and he looked at her, and knew at once that her disease was in the mind. Therefore, taking her father apart, he said to him: "Know, that your daughter's malady is not one that can be cured by medicine. She is in love. You have therefore only to obtain for her as a husband the object of her affections, and all will be well."

"It is impossible," answered Muntafu, "since she has never conversed with any man she could love."

"Bethink you," answered the hakim.

"I do bethink me," said the governor, "and affirm as a truth for which I can vouch, that from her infancy she has held conversation with no man save myself, the aged sheïkh my councillor, and the sultan."

"Still," replied the hakim, "I am confident as to her malady. I have travelled through Egypt and Roum, and Persia, and India, so that my experience in those matters is great, and I cannot be mistaken."

"Nevertheless, in this instance," answered the governor, "your science is at fault. Other secret cause of grief my daughter may have, and would that I could discover it! but love it cannot be, or we should, ere this, have found some traces of its existence."

"Nay," replied the stranger, "there is perhaps no one among the hakims but myself who could have detected the truth; but for the correctness of my opinion I will answer with my head. Question her earnestly, and she will confess."

"I have questioned her," answered the father, mournfully.

"But not," replied the hakim, "with the vehemence which extorts the truth. Tell her, your life is bound up with hers, that you will die with her, leaving your children fatherless, and your wife a widow. Then take your seat by her bedside, and make a vow to the Prophet, that you will never more taste of food unless she reveal to you her secret. This will succeed; and if not, it is better that she should die than live. With your permission, I will conceal myself in the chamber, and witness the fulfilment of my prediction. My profession binds me to secrecy. Follow my advice, and to-morrow your daughter will be well."

Muntafu, ready to adopt any plan which promised to save the life of his child, undertook to follow the directions of the hakim, who was, as he desired, concealed in the apartment—large and airy, and commanding over the town a distant prospect of the sea. Muntafu took his station by the bedside of his daughter, while two of her younger sisters remained also with her, the one at the bed's-head, the other by her side. He then spoke exactly as the hakim had commanded him, and covering his face with both hands, to conceal his tears, uttered the solemn vow to the Prophet.

At this Shemselâb, who loved her father with the deepest possible filial love, was grievously shaken, and exclaimed :

"Oh! my father, you have wrung from me a secret which I designed to carry with me to the grave. It is a proof of my weakness, and of the little value of that boasted wisdom which I have learned from books. And now, that I may release you from your vow, and that your days may be many and prosperous, learn that my foolish heart has ventured to raise its affections to the sultan. With your wonted goodness therefore forgive me, and let me die in peace."

Saying this, she covered her face with the linen of the bed, and her whole frame trembled, as though her last moment had arrived. Upon this the hakim, whose presence had for the moment been forgotten, approached the bed, and throwing aside the large plain pelisse in which he had been enveloped, discovered himself to be the sultan, and said:

"Be of good cheer, Shemselâb. It is rarely that love and wisdom such as yours are to be found. I make you, from this moment, my sultana, and your father my wezeer, and the chief of my emirs. Quit, therefore, this bed of grief, and deck yourself for the nuptials which shall this day be celebrated."

Shemselâb's complaint now passed away like a cloud. She entered the bath, and adorned herself with the richest dresses and jewels, and became the queen of Al Mansoor, who did unto her father as he had promised, and they lived together in happiness for many years, and their names are still mentioned among the Muslems, as patterns of affection and fidelity.

A PHANTOM FACT.

It is the common vice of bards,
Who scan by feet, and write by yards,
To make their stories so pathetic,
They blanch the cheek like a cosmetic!
Beyond the reach of 'crowner's' jury,
They set small store by human life;
And, lost in their poetic fury,
They ply the poisoned bowl or knife,
Until so numerous indeed are
The broken hearts, with murders linked,
It grows a marvel to the reader
The human race is not extinct!
We speak advisedly,—for we
Who write these lines, have writ before,
And feel some trifling charge may be
Of such like sins at our own door.
But being now of milder mood,
And past the hey-day of our blood,
We snatch a soft and gentle pen,
To tell the how, the why, and when,

A rural swain—his hamlet's boast,
Brave William Pye—gave up the ghost!

A dauntless youth was William Pye
To any common danger nigh;
With cudgel or with fist he stood
Unrivalled in his neighbourhood;
And—with such merits something rare—
He bore a blameless character.
But William had his tender part,
As all must have, who have a heart;
And he who could ward off the blows
So well from body, head, or nose,
One vulnerable point confest,
And owned a wound deep in his breast,—
A wound, inflicted by surprise
From Sophy Lee's bright, dancing eyes.

Poor William languished for a time;
Grew—what he ne'er had been—pathetic;
And, if he had known how to rhyme,
He might have even turned poetic!
But, as it was, he wooed the maid
In his own way; and while he paid
His court, with ribbons, caps, and laces,
Before her watchful parents' faces,
He took his change behind their backs
In kisses, that were awful smacks!
And, as it is well known that gifts
Are to a suit most useful lifts,

Though Sophy always looked demure,
William was still no hopeless wooer.

One night, 'twas dark, and very late,
When out for Sophy's house he set:
No moon, no star was in the sky;
Behind his back the wind was high;
The leafless trees were grim with frost,
And three lone fields were to be crost;
Fields, ill reputed for a crime
Done in them in some former time.
There was, indeed, another way,
But too much to the right it lay
For Sophy's house—and so that "but,"
Made William take the shortest cut.

The first lone field was nearly past,
When something white a glimmer cast,
And seemed along the path to creep—
Perhaps a cow—perhaps a sheep,
Thought William—if he thought at all
Of what seemed nothing wonderful;
When suddenly, without a sound,
The white thing rose up from the ground
Some dozen feet into the air;
And, having paused a moment there,
Again descended on the sod—
Which really seemed extremely odd!
I won't say William felt a fear,
But yet he thought it very queer:

No sheep nor cow could leap aloft
So high, nor fall again so soft;
And if it were some monstrous bird
Its flapping wings must have been heard.

And now a stile was to be crost—
But where's the stile can stop a ghost?
Over, with ease, it lightly bounded,
Leaving him more and more confounded;
Then in mid air it sprang again,
And seemed behind to drag a train;
Then to the earth again it dropped,
And then it ran, and then it stopped;
Yet still, as near as near could be,
It kept the self-same path as he.
In vain he tried to trace its shape;
It seemed to have no shape at all:
Now it was huddled in a heap,
Now stretched at length—now large, now small;
Now long and slender as a stick,
And now, as clearly, short and thick:
One moment he could safely swear
The thing, be what it might, was square;
Until he the next moment found
It as decidedly was round:
So strange the form—so dark the night—
William devoutly wished for light!

Thus they proceeded near a mile,
When the ghost reached the second stile;

And there, with sudden pause, he stopped!
The wind at the same instant dropped;
A deathlike stillness reigned around,
And William felt his pulses bound
To watch the phantom from afar,
Perched right upon the topmost bar!
Stock still he stood, and scratched his ear,
Then cautiously he drew more near:
There sat the thing, for good or evil,
But looked like neither man nor devil!
Yet, when another step he took,
Again its shapeless members shook;
Again bold William paused and gasped—
And then, by desperation manned,
He sprang upon the ghost, and grasped
—A *muslin apron* in his hand!

Loud was the laugh, and high the glee
That night, 'twixt him and Sophy Lee:
That very apron she had lost,
When she the fields at twilight crossed;
And grief had filled the maiden's breast,
For 'twas her favourite one, and best.
But William swore to keep his trophy,
In spite of all the frowns of Sophy,
Till she should give him in exchange
(A bargain that seemed very strange)
Her pretty self!—I don't know how
'Twas managed, but he kept his vow;

For, ere he went away that night,
Whispers grew low, and blushes bright;
And then there was a talk of rings,
And marriage banns, and such like things;
And hands were joined, while, as they pressed them,
With tearful eyes the parents blessed them;
Till, with his victory contented,
The stubborn youth at last relented;
And, having now fulfilled his boast,
Brave William Pye—gave up the ghost!

G. W. L.

THE WOOD.

There is a beauty in the mighty woods,
Where silence sleeps, unstirred by earth's rude riot:
The air heaves with a motion soft and quiet,
That soothes the spirit in its wildest moods.
List! from the thick-leaved boughs the lonely dove
Breathes out a low sweet song, that seems to borrow
Its softest tones from memory of past sorrow,
Touching all hearts, as 'twere the voice of love!
How lovely too, yon sky,—its bright blue dome
Is seen through openings of the mingled trees;
The sunlight pierces their intricacies,
Brightening the flowers amid their dusky home;
Like *Hope*, that white-winged angel, making glad
A human heart, long desolate and sad.

J. A. G.

Painted by L. [illegible] [illegible]

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MARY OF SCOTLAND.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Queen of Scotland, lovely hapless Mary, as one of our truest poets truly calls her, is still an object of spite or of sympathy, when religious controversy awakens in the North. Her sorrows have given pathos to many a song; her beauty has furnished visions of loveliness to many a painter; her weakness has helped many a preacher to a dark text, and her conduct has perplexed many a sagacious historian. A complete collection of all the various opinions which men have written respecting her would form a curious chapter in human history; nor would those which are spoken be less instructive. I had lately an instance, and a dramatic one—that oral opinions of the character of Mary are to the full as contradictory as those in the historian's page: and as the actors in this little controversial drama are, as I may say, still present to my sight, and their words fresh in my remembrance, I shall try to draw the one, and record the other.

Five years ago, I went in quest of health, during the summer months, to the western coast of the lowlands of Scotland. The langour induced by a close city gave way to the fresh mountain-air and the sea-breeze; and I was soon able to scale cliffs, visit romantic ruins, and let my voice be heard in the circle, when matters of interest were discussed.

I was quite unknown; but as I crossed no one's opinion, as I took my seat in the kirk duly on Sunday, and paid my way punctually, I was allowed to pass current like a Spanish dollar among British crown-pieces. I enjoyed to the full the advantage of being unknown in the land.

"Hout, skirl away, lass," said an elderly dame to a girl who stinted her song when she saw me approach; "skirl away, lass; it's only the unco man that naebody minds." The song was resumed. A little farther on I saw two women washing linen in the open air—trampling it in large tubs, amid foaming suds of soap and water; one of them—the youngest, dropped her kirtle lower, and seemed disposed to step out of the tub when she saw me. "Hout, Jenny, woman," said her companion, in a reproving tone, "wad ye lose the fine freeth for an unco man—here the day and awa the morn,—and what the waur will he be o' the sight of twa white feet?"

"Atweel, that's true," said Jenny, renewing her labours, and regarding me with a laughing pair of large blue eyes, as I strolled past without seeming to see them.

"He's nae Patie, that ane, lass," said the eldest—"he'll na be won wi' 'straught bare legs that whiter are than snaw,' as Allan Ramsay the poeter says."

"Houts! what can ye expect o' an unco man," replied the other, raising her voice so as not to escape my ear; and laughing till the rocks rung again.

The rocks which bordered the little bay, (for this was on the sea-coast) were still echoing with their mirth, when I paused in my stroll to look at a sort of tower, or castellated house, very old, very lofty, and very narrow, which, shaping itself to a very sharp steep rock, that formed its foundation, looked seaward, like a bird about to take flight at the approach of the tide, now leaping and foaming among sandbanks, sunken ships, and jagged crags.

"What tower is that, and who lives in it?" I inquired of a rustic whetting his scythe beside a fine field of grass and clover.

"It's no muckle of a tower, yon," said he, "but an' it had been as big as Criffel, or the Mull o' Galloway, it behoved to bow when gracious John Knox turned his engines against it."

"John Knox!" I repeated; "I never heard before that he had recourse to powder and ball: did he make these holes?" I asked, pointing to a part of the building which had evidently suffered from artillery.

"Where's yere een, man?" said he of the scythe; "these are but scarts of the claws of time; but it was na wi' artillery either that gracious John gade to wark;" and he began to apply the strake to the scythe-blade.

"And how did he go to work, then?" I inquired.

"Did ye never hear, man," said the Galwegian, "how the walls of Jericho fell?"

I admitted having read of that miracle.

"Take yersel by the hand, man," exclaimed he, brandishing the strake, but not using it: "few o' you Englishers gang to the book which contains that intelligence, I trow. Weel, ye see gracious John heard—for he fand out a' things—that neither shot nor steel would sae muckle as play scart on Carswaddo Castle. 'Let me till't,' quo' he, 'I bring a weapon from the divine armory—let me till't;' and till't he came on the lang eleventh of June—year of grace fifteen hundred and seventy-nine, and stood before it and preached! I forget the text, but wha can forget the effects o' his terrible sermon. The pithiest of sermons now are but parrich, and new-milked milk, till't. As he preached, the tower began to totter, and ere he had half done, a blaud dropped out of the side next the sea." I shook my head, expressing doubt. "Weel man," continued he, "if ye winna believe me, will ye believe yere ain een; gang yere ways round to the eastern side, and there ye'll see the place—built up now—but wide enough ance to drive a cart o' corn through—sheal baans an' a'."

"And what harm had the tower done to John Knox?" I inquired.

"What harm, man? I marvel that ony ane that gangs till a kirk should speer," he replied, tartly; "did it no give shelter and harbourage to that upset and down-thrusten limmer, Queen Mary, daughter of the bloody stock o' Guise, when she fled frae the fight o' Langside? Have they no' to this day, in the castle there where it stands, the very bed in which she lay—a four-posted ane, a' fringed and bobbined about, wi' curtains of needle-work, whereon are depicted her bloody cruelties to the saunts of Scotland—headings, hangings, burnings, and confinings—evils which she brought on the righteous, and wrought them in wi' her ain needle? She was other than a gude ane."

A fisherman, hitherto unseen, suddenly raised his head above the ledge of rocks that hemmed in the little bay from the land, with a wet haave net, and a fine salmon in his hand, and said, with a deep rough voice; "I marvel, John Coulter, that ye can tell an unco man sic liesome tales. Naebody ever said peese-mum to Carswaddo Castle, save and except Oliver Cromwell, who sailed into the bay wi' his fleet, and cried, 'Fire away, lads!—if we canna win this tower, we canna win Scotland;'—fast, fast they fired, but sae they might; the gude grey whinstone and the gude Earl o' Mar, withstood their malice. The castle never was ta'en, and never will, and sae said the master that built it, an' that was Michael Scott: but there's a better assurance than that:—the blessed Saint Mary held her hands about it, and hauds them still."

The man of the land regarded the man of the sea with a look, in which fear struggled with the spirit of contradiction. "Aweel Gilbert," he said, "if ye dinna ken the rights on't, naebody kens; mair be token when other men's nets come toom to land yours come fou. The sea's kinder t'ye than it's to others; —and what luck have ye had to-day?" looking into his basket,—"guide us, sirs! twa new run salmon, an' the win' i' the east! They're weel guided that God guides. I'm saying, the lady o' the tower will gie a braw penny for thae twa fish: her stomach winna permit her to taste ought on a friday but the thin of the salmon, and a drap o' mulled wine."

The fisherman gave his net a hitch farther on his shoulder, and began to ascend the steep winding way which led towards the castle.

"Aye, my lad," muttered the mower, "it's baith weel and ill to be you—weel, because ye enjoy the fattest and fairest fish o' the sea, and naebody that wishes to thrive daur cross or contradict ye—and ill, because the time will come when ye maun answer in flesh and in spirit for the way ye have acquired yere knowledge, and the use ye make on't. But the body's no a bad body for a' that; he whiles leaves a fish at my door-step; but easily come and easily gane—this is a queer world."

I came to the same conclusion before honest John Coulter had concluded his *aside*, which was half meant for my ear, and followed old Gaffstick the fisherman, whose skill had brought upon him the reputation of knowing more than was either scriptural or lawful. I had two reasons for this: I desired to know more of one who, I could see, was an original; and I hoped through him to obtain admittance to the castle, which I had heard contained some rarities, the greatest of which was the lady who owned it. He seemed to guess my wishes, and lingered till I came up with him. He was one of those figures which artists love; short, stout, had a rock in his gait, with hands as hard as a partan; cheeks as brown as the sea-sand; eye-brows lowering, and puckered with looking in the teeth of the blast; a forehead, on which time had written the wrinkles which belong to seventy years, and eyes large, and dark, and lighted up with a strange fire, when he spoke, which, in that land of imagination, was regarded by many as uncannie.

"So," said he, when I came closer, "ye wad like to have a crack wi' a carle that naebody counts cannie, and ye wad like to see the nick-nackeries of an auld wife who eats fish on fridays?"

"Indeed would I, my friend," I replied; "for the man who has the skill to catch fish when his neighbours catch none, has wisdom which they want: and a woman may eat fish on fridays, and be good and generous for all that."

Old Gilbert stood stock still, eyed me from head to foot, and said, "Ye'll no be of thae parts, friend; for all folk round about wad gaur ye believe that I worship the foul fiend, and that our lady, as I call her, of the tower, worships stocks and stones, and kneels to a picture of Mary Stuart, as if she were ane o' the three Marys of the Book of Grace:—ye'll no be o' thae parts, friend?"

"I am not," I said; "but though ye may catch salmon when the wind is in the east, without being a sorcerer, I marvel how ye continued to be of the old church, when all your neighbours are of the new."

"Not all of the new, sir," said the fisherman, "there's what Simon the Cameronian calls a broken remnant of the scarlet woman's train still in the land."

He gave his net a higher hitch, and took a longer stride, and seemed resolved to say no more on the subject; nor did he till nigh the gate of the tower. "But it was na a common matter, sir, that kept me in the train of the scarlet woman as they call her: it was all but a miracle, for we Gaffsticks are a stubborn race; a lamb of our breed winna loup the dyke like the lave, and when ane o' us is drowned they seek us up the water. Weel, ye see, when my mother gade to the grave, and I was a wild chap o' some twenty years or so, the kirk fowk came about me.—'Have ye nae regard for yere soul?' said ane. 'Will ye continue to worship idols?' said another. 'Will ye gar the poor priest take yere sins on his shoulders when your ain back's braid enough to bear them?' inquired a third; while a fourth whispered, 'Will you continue to love an auld woman, though her kirtle be o' scarlet, and sae mony sappy lasses in the country side?"

"That counsellor must have worn a snood Gilbert," said I.

"Aye, sir," answered he, "but she did na wear it lang; a truer-hearted lass never coost a kirtle owre her head,—never looked out o' fifteen-hunder linen: she bare me five brave sons, and three fair daughters,—gude cause hae I to praise her. 'Sibbie,' said I, for her name was Isabel; 'I am nae great clerk, and baith Rome and Reformation may be wrong; but as the thing that's best for us must come from the best airt, if ye'll come wi' me to the bay to-night, I'll settle't to yere satisfaction. She didna ken, as she lang afterwards told me on her death-bed, what I meant, but her faith she said was strong in me; for we Gaffsticks were accounted a wise face. Sae down to the bay we went, when the tide was setting in full swing, and taking my twa nets, and placing them in the water, I said to the one, 'yere the General Assembly,' and to the other, 'yere Saint Mary, as ye baith ken what's best for a poor man's house; whichever o' ye does best for me I'll believe in and follow.' 'That's sound doctrine ony how,' said Sibbie. Weel, sir,—the General Assembly caught fient a fin; while bonnie Saint Mary grippit three salmon fish and a dinman."

I was amused with Gilbert's reason for his adherence to the old faith, and said, "So then ye remained in the ranks of the scarlet lady?"

"In troth did I, sir; but speak lowne," said he in a whisper, "if ye talk about scarlet to the lady o' the tower, or ca' her madonnas idols, ye'll may-be have some difficulty in finding yere way out o' her tenement again, for her castle was built on the auld principle, and contains chambers of durance, forbye a hall of judgment, and that knowe in the left was where the gallows stood. But our lady, as we call her, is a mighty good body, for all that, and buys every fin of new run salmon that my nets catch; and now we are within reach o' her arm, and ye maun do the needful for yerself, for though she loves my salmon, she does na love the sea savour that's about me; and I am nae permitted, save on a saint's festival, to set a foot in the grand hall, or look at her grand pictures of the apostles and the virgins, and higher still, of Him that walked on the sea." He rung the gate bell as he spoke, and then whispered, "Beside the saints, it wud be just as weel if ye say naething anent the pope; as little against the pretender, though sair her house has suffered by him, and above a' things ca' Queen Mary as bonnie as ye like, but if ye say she was a wanton flaff of a body, as some folk of this land say, the sooner ye make yere way out of our lady's presence and power the better.—Willie Glendinning," said Gilbert to an old servant-man who answered the bell; "here's a new run salmon for our lady, and here's an unco man that wad fain hae a look at the marvels of the castle; he's a Southron by guess, but though he gangs to the parish kirk, he aye sits in ane of Carswaddo pews. Na, na, sir," turning the back of his brown hand on a piece of coin which I offered him, "I sell salmon beside bannok flukes, but I deal in nae other article."

"He's an unco prik-nickitie, precise body, auld Gaffstick," said Willie Glendinning; "and no counted cannie, and has queer ways o' his ain in raising money, else he wadna refused the half-crown whilk ye offered; if ye leave it wi' me, I could aiblins find a way o' gauring him take it. But touching the marvels of the castle, yere come in a grand time, as the lass said to the sow when she coupit the kirn; for by and attour the pictures of high men, and holy women, and saints, and angels nae less, and of Mary herself, the loveliest of a', there's a grand picture spleat and span new of the battle of Langside, shewing how heresy prevailed, for the soldiers of the true church couldna fight for wondering at her majesty's beauty;—it's a grand thing, and a true thing, and that's best of a'."

While saying this, Willie led the way to the hall of the castle, the high and narrow windows of which furnished that subdued and gloomy light which painters love; and here it was required, for the fortunes of the house, descending as they had been for three hundred years, seemed to have influenced the pencils of the artists. The lords and earls of the line looked haughty and sorrowful, while the ladies, though they trailed their starry trains as goddesses through the thistles and brambles of this lower world, wore the like air of melancholy: nor was the head of Queen Mary herself untouched with that sentiment which is more allied to misfortune than to happiness, and which the Italian sculptor observed in the face of her unfortunate grandson. But the picture which forced itself most upon me, was that of a lady neither very young nor very lovely, but whose face was impressed with that heroic spirit which triumphs over form and colour, and raises expression nigh to the stars.

"If the head o' Queen Mary had been as wise a ane as that," said my conductor, whispering, "she might have keepit Scotland and conquered England to boot. That's a face to be loved; the face of Mary was ane to be worshipped, at least sae thought Elizabeth, who hagged it frae her shoulders to hinder the southron from committing idolatry."

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Wha is it? Man, ye ken little that's worth knowing," said Willie tartly, "if ye have to speer that:—she was the messenger o' mercy, who in the year of sorrow seventeen hunder and ten and five loosed the bolts of London Tower, and loot Lord Maxwell free; and that's our lady coming, her ain daughter;—I ken her step among ten thousand;" as he said this he retired a few paces, and stood with his eyes on the floor.

The lady, whom her rustling silks, as well as the words of Willie, intimated the coming of, now entered the hall: she was very old, but walked erect: she had once been lovely,—her eye was still bright,—her air commanding, and her looks had that shade of sorrow which belonged to her race. It was now necessary for me to say something. "Madam," I said, "the beauty of these paintings will excuse a stranger, I trust, for desiring to see them."

She half started, for she seemed not aware of my presence till I spoke, but recovering her composure in a moment, said, as she acknowledged my bow, "Men seldom come here but to scoff at these shadows on the wall,—to mistake their meaning, and to misinterpret my motives for gazing till my eyes are filled with tears at that Scottish princess, the loveliest of her race, and the last of her faith;" and she glanced proudly, while she spoke, on her lineage, bearded and unbearded.

"Madam," I replied, "I for one can look at these fine pictures, and thank the skilful hand for preserving the forms and faces of the brave, the fair, and the unfortunate, for our admiration and our sympathy. I love to look on the miracles of art,—while I look I can scarcely regard them as wholly dead and silent."

"Take heed, sir," she said with a haughty smile, "lest you carry your love of art a little farther, and be suspected of worshipping them."

"Indeed, Madam," I ventured to say; "there is some danger, for these are works of a high order. I nearly escaped last summer a cooling in the dungeons of the castle of St. Angelo at Rome, for asking, when I saw some pilgrims kneeling and kissing the great toe of a bronze St. Peter,—'why don't ye kiss the toe of the Apollo, a much handsomer figure?'"

Old Willie Glendinning, when he heard this, muttered something about my running away with the harrows, and left the hall; but as the castle bell at that moment rung, it was perhaps to notice its summons rather than to escape from the sharp answer which he expected my words would provoke. He soon, however, reappeared,—marshalling into the hall an old woman, whose face was sour, sharp, and eager,

—who had a staff in one hand, a silver-clasped Bible in the other, and whose silver hair was confined by a plain hood of black silk, pinned below the chin. She was followed by a young man,—a rustic dandy of the first water: he wore two kinds of vests, three kinds of neckcloths, while in his bosom, half shewn, half hid, lay a link of long bright hair, ravished from the neck of some fair ewe-milker, and fastened to his collar by a piece of narrow blue ribbon. At the distance of a pace or two, came a tall old man as upright as a poplar, and as easily agitated, for he accompanied every glance around with a shake of head and hand; nor did it escape me that he had a small ebony cross suspended about his neck; while his shirt, in the bosom of which it lay all but concealed, was of that rough coarse linen, called harn, and intimated either poverty or penance. His palmer look struck me the more from the long and polished staff which he held in his hand, the profusion of white and shining hair which fell on his shoulders, and the calm quiet eye with which he looked at the place and the pictures. The lady of the castle regarded the Cameronian dame, for such she was, with looks of displeasure, while the old man measured the hall with long, slow steps, and seemed to notice nothing.

"These are grand things, dame Corsack," said Willie Glendinning; "belted earls and ladies that courts and country sides have bowed to."

"Painted shadows—painted shadows, William," she replied, "and there's a shilling for showing them, whilk is oure miekle for sic a sight; but I behoved to come for the sake o' this foolish bairn, Gideon, the son of the gracious Gideon Candlish of Louponagain. He has been at Edinbro', and his head's a perfect gallery of paintings, and naething wad serve him but that I maun, instead of biding the afternoon sermon, come off to Carswaddo, and get him a sight of its painted miracles, as he calls them. There now !—glower your fill, Robin my man, it will be long before ye make the shilling out o' them that I have given for the sight."

The son of the gracious Gideon glanced at lady, and lord, and princess, and at pictures of the order called historic, representing miracles of the saints or embodying passages in Scripture, with that air of lofty presumption and supreme indifference which belongs to this critical age.

"Yes," said he, "splashes of colour: but where is the brightness of Titian?—decent drawing; but where is the sublime outline of the great Michael?—calm expression; but where is the divine sentiment of Raphael?—daubs—daubs, madam; but what can ye expect in this wilderness?"

"Heard ye ever the like o' that now?" said dame Corsack. "O William man, this lad's a dungeon o' knowledge—he's sae wise that nought can please him, and sic a genius that he only believes in himself: he'll be a light to the land yet."

As dame Corsack made this confession of faith respecting the son of Gideon, the folding doors of the upper end of the hall were opened, and we were admitted into what is known by the name of Queen Mary's Chamber, an apartment panelled with carved oak, and hung with paintings representing the chief circumstances of her history, from the sad hour of her birth, when her dying father cried, "Alas, for Scotland and its long lineage of princes!" till the sadder hour when she laid her head on the block at Fotheringay by the command of the cruel Elizabeth. Two pictures particularly claimed my attention; one, where Mary sat Queen among the nobles of France, full of youth and hope; and the other, where she stood and looked on the strife of Langside, where her cause was lost for ever. To the latter, as a new picture, the attention of the visitors was directed—the lady of the castle standing aloof, listening and looking—the palmer regarding all with staid tranquillity of mien which spoke of passion and speech under full command. The son of the precious Gideon ran his eye contemptuously over the picture of Mary and Langside. Dame Corsack seemed the only one who felt any interest in the scene, or had any real feeling for works in which both fine art and genius were shown.

"Oh sirs," said she, "I can hardly think the hand cannie that limned these life-like things: och! fowk were baith burnt and drowned in this land for works wi' less of witchcraft in them. Eh, sirs, but art is a wonderful matter; ane wad maist think that the dame of Endor who called up Samuel was only a better kind of portrait-painter."

The old man with the long hair and the long staff turned his quick gray eye on the speaker, and said, "Art is indeed a wondrous thing. I have often stood and gazed on a picture till the canvass seemed touched with life, and I imagined that the grave had given up the dead—that the headsman's axe had not yet smitten its victim — that beauty yet wore the crown, and the sign of the cross was still respected in the land."

"I have ye now," said dame Corsack, sharply; "ye are ane of the worshippers of bits of wood, and crumbs of stone, and patches of paint,—gae awa wi' ye! O man, wad ye prefer that crowned and sceptered Delilah—that scarlet witch that maist threw her cantrips oure the godly John Knox—that brazen rose-and-lily looking limmer?" and she shook her hand tremulous with anger at the figure of poor Queen Mary. "There, where she sits smiling among her mounseers—wad ye prefer her, I say, to the word that is written, that he that runs may read?"

Something approaching to a smile dawned on the face of the palmer—for so he may be called, though he had no right to the name—as he answered gravely, "Alas! dame, we have all our superstitions—we are will-worshippers every one. The Catholic worships the man—woman if ye will—of Rome; the Episcopalian worships the majesty of Britain with cathedrals in its gift—the Calvinist worships John Knox, who pulled all the cathedrals about his ears, and buried religion in the rubbish—the Cameronian worships the Solemn League and Covenant, and regards it as the sole passport to paradise—I worship the loveliness which the genius of art calls to the canvass—and dame Corsack, though no idolater, has visions in her sleep of this handsome son of the precious Gideon of Louponagain."

"It wadna become a soul's weal-wisher like me," said the dame in no very wrathful mood, "to quarrel wi' a heathen, or what is waur, wi' ane who hauds up the train o' the scarlet Jezebel o' Rome as she gaes flaunting through the streets of her capital in carnival or rather carnal time. I disdain the scandal. I have nae visions of handsome youths, and if I hae, who can help dreams—and o' Gideon here too, and I who might maist be his mither! Ye hae nae cause to laugh, Gideon; your ain mither was nae chicken mair than me when she was made Lady Louponagain. But I'm no to be fooled by grave faces out of my opinion; that Queen who looks sae lovely in the picture there, saw her subjects led to the slaughter, and the blood of the godly rinning like dykewater, and cared less for it a' then she did for a spring of Davie Rizzio's fiddle."

"So this is what British artists call historical painting!" said the son of the precious Gideon, eyeing the picture to which I have alluded through a glass which was united to the same ribbon whence dangled a lock of plaited hair. "The scene is without character; the trees are all of one stem and leaf; the herbs are all of one blade, while the men with which the landscape is peopled are all of one stamp—Calvinist cannot be distinguished from Catholic. That priest should have taken to the sword instead of the cross; that fellow in the dark armour should have fought like a devil, and Mary herself ought not to stand screaming there, but ride to the field like an Amazon—she was not so afraid of powder, as Darnley can witness."

"Oh! sirs," exclaimed dame Corsack, "disnae he speak like a very professor; the root of the matter is in him; he should have come when John Knox was in the land, and the harvest of the cause lacked reapers."

The palmer gave a calm sarcastic glance at the Cameronian dame as he said, "Indeed, good woman, the fields of the church lack ploughers and sowers now, as well as reapers. Great changes are come and coming on the land; every man is pope to himself, and stands infallible in matters of religion: ignorance opens the Bible, and presumption holds forth in the high places. The parliament is against the church, and while it has let loose against the law that great ban-dog called privilege, it has called on that iron man of authority, of whom Spenser sings, to thrash the corn of the church and measure it for an unholy market. Nay, look at your own favoured land, dame, and behold the change which love of reform has wrought; the once godly corporations of Dumfries have sold their seats in the church—nay, have sold their Bibles: you should cry, as of old, for the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

"Words of a true member of the church of Rome," exclaimed dame Corsack; "sad truths mixed with audacious falsehoods. Is the Word the waur because the souters and weavers of Dumfries have denied or sold it? or is it less true that the Moabitish woman on the wall there was dyed in sin and blood aboon the head-band o' her kirtle, because sign-post daubers have steeped her in the hues of heaven, and raised her in beauty among the angels? And is this the picture the haill country is making a sang about, and that I have left a glorious discourse on Carsefairn hill-side to come and behold? Winna they let the woman pass out of douce folks' minds, and no be aye raising recollections of her sin by painting up her beauty?"

"The artist," said the palmer, "has indeed represented a creature sweet and beautiful—unfortunate and afflicted. There Mary stands, a terrible instance what frail things royal birth and supreme loveliness are in a contest with Heaven's holy will; the vain painted clay is struck by God's, not man's thunder, and is in the way no more—"

"Ye have said sufficient, sir," said dame Corsack, evidently moved—"sufficient to prove that I am wrong, and Providence right; she was a beautiful vessel, but a vessel prepared for destruction. We are all frail, and Mary was one of the frailest, only because she was one of the loveliest. There's nae standing in flesh, as the glorious Donald Cargill was wont to say, and for which see his sermon on that humiliating text, 'All flesh is grass.'"

The lady of Carswaddo, while this was passing, stood at the door of the hall like one loth to depart; a smile every now and then dawning in her face, and thoughts of a scornful or sympathising kind darkening or lighting up her brow. As I turned from the pictures, and with a bow was about to leave the castle, she said, and in a tone that all might hear, "You have just now heard something like what I am doomed to hear daily, and which my ancestors too heard, with what feelings I leave you to guess. This is a controversy which threatens to endure while woods grow,—while water runs,—while the Thistle is the cognizance of Scotland."

"It will be immortal then, I fear," I ventured to say.

"No, not immortal;" she answered, "for truth will triumph at last, as surely as the tide comes back to Carswaddo bay, and light gets the better of darkness. Is that lovely and most unhappy queen pure or impure—is she bright as morning or black as midnight? is the question which religious rancour desires should be solved. But who can solve it save God and his saints? Mary should be judged by the manners and feelings of her age; by her education in a foreign court, and by the singular difficulties of her situation. She lived in days of secret violence and of open bloodshed: in the school of John Knox the amenities and courtesies and charities of life were neglected; in the court of France, where she passed her earlier days, craft and dissimulation were fostered as the choicest flowers in the royal garden."

"Hear to her!" muttered dame Corsack, "she speaks truth now—out of the eater comes forth meat,—out of the sour comes forth sweetness."

"The nobility of this land," she continued, "among whom that fair young creature was unhappily flung when but eighteen, would not rob her church without ruining her; while John Knox and his heretic crew sold our bodies to slavery, under pretence of saving our souls."

"Woman!" exclaimed our Cameronian dame, in high wrath, "the godly John Knox was a soul's weel-wisher, and worth a' the saunts of your calendar, and their name is legion; says John, says he, 'Our best works are but filthy rags: Mary's beauty is one of Lucifer's baited traps, and her voice when she sings her sangs, wad wile the lark frae the sky when the adder gapes for it.' But under this castle roof I'll abide nae longer; the topmost stane of it will ere long be clodded into the valley; and I protest there's a cloud wi' thunder in it, sailing thither frae the east."

"Foul Cameronian hag!" exclaimed the palmer, "will ye insult a lady under her own roof? — A tar-tree and faggot—if strength resided in the church — should be your portion."

A bell now rang violently; the tread of menials was heard in the castle; Glendinning entered as his lady retired, and said with no gentle voice, "Awa' wi' ye!—make yourselves scarce; that's the dinner bell, and grace maun be said before the meat's touched, and the tables have to be placed, and a'. Canna ye look on bits o' paint and on the resemblances of men and women, without talking of heretic preachers?"

As we reached the open air, old dame Corsack shook her Bible at the tower, and said, "The false William of Orange vowed when he came owre and heard of your masses and misdeeds, that he wad make the highest stane the lowest o' you,—but foul fa' his rotten heart!

—he was told that the race that held ye was weel liked in the land; sae he only threw the tapmost stane into the moat, and said he had kept his royal word."

Glendinning now said to me aside, "A mass winna eat ye, and a catholic cross winna kill ye; our lady, as ye seem to ken when to haud yere tongue, wad be glad if ye wad gie her your company at table,—there's nane but her and the priest."

"Aye, awa back, and eat and drink with the idolatrous woman!" exclaimed dame Corsack, "I see it in yere ee, yere ane of the southron, whose appetite is their god: gae back to her superstitious soups and savoury patties; ye'll get the white o' the salmon, and eat it to Roman sauce. As for me, I'm owre long here, —that cloud's a black ane, and there's thunder in't."

TO SARAH.

Sing me a song, love,
Of long vanished years,
On which we look back
Through the mist of our tears.
Alas for our sorrow!
Those tears will fall fast,
As they rise to our vision
Who people the past:
The lost, the true hearted,
The fair and the fond,
Who have passed to the grave
And now beckon beyond. H.

FAREWELL.

πόθῳ δ' ὑπερποντίας
φάσμα δόξει δόμων ἀνάσσειν
ὀνειρόφαντοι δὲ πενθήμονες
πάρεισι δόξαι, φέρουσαι χάριν ματάιαν
βέβακεν ὄψις, οὐ μεθύστερον
πτεροῖς ὀπαδοίς ὕπνου κελεύθοις.

Farewell ! that glance so swift, so bright,
Was lightly given, but not in vain ;
For, day by day, its visioned light
Must burn within my brain ;
And this shall be our sole farewell :—
Let silence guard, with calm control,
The grief my words were weak to tell,
And thine unable to console.

II.

Let silence guard — alas ! how long
The stillness of the heart shall be,
Taught to conceal the secret wrong
That should be told to thee.

Oh! hear me, ere the hour be past,
That stands between me and my fear;
And mock not at my words, the last
These lips may frame for thee to hear.

III.

Farewell! a darkness and a dread
Have checked my heart and chilled my brow;
And there are tears which must be shed —
Oh! deeply, wildly, but not now.
While thou art near, I would not weep:
They come,—they come, the lonely years,
Whose wings of desolation keep
Enough of time for tears.

IV.

Think not this bitterness can cease,
When these first throbs have burst their way;—
Alas! this parting is like peace,
Beside the pangs of dark delay,
That round my spirit move and brood,
Day after day a gloomier host,
Encompassing the solitude,
Whence thou art longer lost.

V.

I had strange visible thoughts when last I
slept:
The crowded pangs of passion sunk and crept
Into the woof of a delirious dream:
A vision of cold earth and silent air,
Though it had that which might methinks redeem
Death from its darkness,—thou wast there,

As thou art always when the speed,
Of the keen stars is full and free;
Their light along mine eyes can lead
The glory of thy memory:
My slumber must be death indeed
When it forgets to dream of thee.

VI.

And yet it was a strange dim dream:—
I drifted on a mute and arrowy stream,
Under the midnight, in a helmless boat
That lay like a dead thing cast afloat
On the weight of the waves; I could feel them come,
Many and mighty, but deep and dumb;
And the strength of their darkness drifted and drew
The rudderless length of that black canoe,
As the west wind carries a fragment rent
From a thunder-cloud's uppermost battlement.

VII.

And this black boat had one expanded sail,
All woven of wan light, narrow and pale,
It clove the dense illimitable shade
Like a sheet of keen white fire; the wind, that made
Its motion, became luminous, and glowed
Through its transparent folds, in silence taking
Glory, and giving life; then failed and flowed
Back to the gloom; with many a moan forsaking
The bosom of that sail so wildly woven,
By whose swift path the lifeless night was cloven,
As by a whirling spear, beneath, the river
Repeated its white image,—a faint quiver
Of lifelike undulation rose for ever

Through its pure warp, like crystal waves that wake
Beneath the pale path of the water-snake,
When the green fire-flakes through the kindled ocean
Flash from the swiftness of his sunlit motion.

VIII.

And thus I drifted, impotently sent
Down the dim strength of that wild element:
No memory behind, nor light before;
No murmur from the wave, no voices from the shore:
That shore was indistinct and desolate,
Though I could see, between me and the sky,
The black boughs of broad trees, on which the weight
Of leafage was all quiet, dead, and dry;
And they did twine themselves above my head
In clasped contortions, even as if the death
Had wrung their sapless strength, and visited
Their withering leaves with agony: beneath,
Broad weeds, in many an intertangled fold,
Heavy with dew, hung motionless and cold,
Clogging the arrowy waves with their green mass,
Mixed with moist threads of wild and sunless grass,
Whose passive undulation I could feel
Quiver beneath the boat's retarded keel.
And ever from above, the branches through,
Together fell the dead leaves and the dew:
The dew upon my brow fell chill and mute;
The leaves upon the wave, as on a lute
The fingers of a child, and where they smote,
The waters uttered an irregular note,
Subdued into strange music, as the feet
Of mourners fall in a deserted street.

IX.

And thus we drifted on—my boat and I,
Until there passed a thrill along the sky,
As of a silent wind; it clove the gloom
Asunder as our souls shall cleave the tomb:
Day dropped from its wide wings, the heaven, unveiled,
Grew glorious in the west, and I beheld
That twilight lay behind me; and, below
The paleness of its presence, there did glow
Far chains of kindling mountain peaks, which flung
The splendour from their brows, like morning dew
Dashed from an eagle's wings; their ravines hung
In purple folds from heaven: the windless blue
Of deep wide waters slumbered at their feet,
I saw the beauty of their peace repeat
An indistinct and visionary shore,
Whose glory, though untraced, I felt, or knew
Had been familiar once, though never more
To mingle with my soul; the lustre grew
Faint in the arch of heaven; the bright wind slept,
The darkness came upon me, and I wept:
Again—again it wakened, and anew
Gleamed the far shore, faint odours came and crept
Over my senses; the dark current kept
The souls of the crushed flowers in unison
With its own motion, yet they died away.
I saw the closing shadows, fast and grey,
Sink back upon the hills, but not for ever;
Thrice did the force of that far twilight sever

The cumbrous clouds; and thrice my moonlike
sail
Glowed with new glory; thrice the hills did veil
Their sides with purple fire; but its third close
Was swiftest, and the place whence it arose
Grew cold in heaven, as human hearts with pain—
I watched for its return, and watched in vain.

X.

And I was left alone, but not below
The boughs of that thick forest; for the flow
Of the strong tide had borne my bark within
A silent city, where its surge could win
Refuge of rest, in many an arched recess,
Pierced in the wide walls of pale palaces;
Grey dwellings, echo haunted, vast and old,
So lifeless, that the black waves iciest beat,
Felt like warm kisses to their marble cold;
So shadowy, that the light, which from the sheet
Of my fair sail passed down that river street,
Could scarcely bid the domes it glided by
Strike their wan tracery on the midnight sky.

XI.

And this was past, and through far opening meadows,
That pinnace by its fire-fed sail was guided
Where sparkled out star-flowers, among the shadows
That dwelt upon their greenness, undivided.
A sickness came across my heart—a stress
Of a deep, wild, and death-like happiness,
Which drank my spirit, as the heaven drinks dew,
Until my frame was feeble; then I knew

Beloved, I was near thee. The silence fell
From the cold spirit of the earth ; I heard
The torpor of those melodies, that dwell
In the gladness of existence, newly stirred ;
And the roused joy of many a purple bird
Sprang upwards, cleaving, through the burning foam
Of the dawn clouds, a path to its blue home ;
Till, as its quivering extacy grew strong,
It paused upon its plumes,—the shower of song
Falling like water over its wide wings.
The leaves of the thick forest moved like strings
Of a wild harp ; a sound of life did pass
Through the fresh risen blades of the pale grass,
And filled its hyacinthine bells, and grew
Thrilling and deep within their hollow blue.
Even the black motion of the waters glowed
With that new joy—they murmured as they flowed ;
And when I heard the inarticulate sense
Of all things waked with that strange eloquence,
I knew thy spirit made them sing and shine,—
Their gleaming beauty was but flashed from thine ;
It passed into my soul, and did renew
That deathfulness of deep delight. I knew,
Beloved, I was near thee. I saw thee stand
On a white rock above that mighty stream,
Motionless, with the mien of mild command,
Worn but by the most beautiful ; the gleam
Of thy bright hair fell o'er thy quiet brow,
With such keen glory as the golden East
Pours on the drifted clouds that float and flow
Round some pure island of moon fallen snow ;

And on thy parted lips, the living glow
Was gathered in one smile—how calm, how slow,
How coldly fixed, how infinitely fair!
Its light fell quivering through the midnight air,
As the swift moonbeams through a kindling sea,
Beaming it fell, oh! wherefore not on me?
I saw it wake the night-flowers at thy feet,
Even till their odorous pulses breathed and beat;
It fell on the cold rocks, and on the free
Unfeeling waves,—oh! wherefore not on me?

XII.

And yet thine eye was on me; undesigned
Fell, as it seemed, that glance so coldly kind,
With just as much of mercy in its ray
As might forbid its light to turn away—
To turn from him to whom that glance was all
His hope could promise or his grief recal,
Whose loss must leave such night as can reveal
No farther pang on earth for him to feel.
And yet it dwelt on me,—how dark, how deep,
That soul-like eye's unfathomable sleep!
So sleeps the sunless heaven of holiest height,
When meteors flash along the calm of night,
Rise through its voiceless depths of kindling blue,
And melt and fall in fire suffused with dew.
On me, on me,—oh! deeper, wilder yet—
Mine eyes grew dim beneath the glance they met;
My spirit drank its fire as weak winds drink
The intense and tameless lightning, till they sink,
Lost in its strength: it pierced my soul, until
That soul lay lost, and faint, and deadly still,—

Lost in the mingled spasm of love and pain,
As an eagle beaten down by golden rain
Of sunset clouds along the burning sky:
Oh! turn away, beloved, or I die.
Thou didst not turn; my heart could better brook
The pride, than pity, of thy stedfast look;
Steeled to its scornful flash, but not to see
Its milder darkness melt and melt for me.
I had not much to bear; the moment's spark
Of pity trembled, wavered, and was dark.
It left the look which even love must fear,
Which would be cold, if it were not severe.

XIII.

Those black resistless waves my bark that bore,
Paused in thy presence by the illumined shore—
Paused, but with gathering force and wilder tone,
They rose, foamed, murmured, thundered, and dashed on—
On, in the lonely gloom, and thou the while
Didst gaze with that irrevocable smile,
Nor heed the clasped hand and bitter cry—
The wild appeal of my vain agony:
One cry, one pang, it was enough to fill
My heart, until it shuddered and was still—
Mute with the grief that deadly trance forgot—
Cold, as thy spirit that regarded not:
A moment more, the water's voice was thrown
Like laughter in mine ears,—I was alone.

XIV.

Alone, alone, and I was calm, nor knew
What quiet it could be, that did subdue

All passion and all pain, with its deep stress.
Mine eyes were dry, my limbs were motionless;
My thoughts grew still and shadowy on the brain;
The blood grew waveless in the heart and vein;
I had no memory, no regret, no dread,
Nor any other feeling, which the dead
Have not, except that I was cold as they
Can be, and know not of it. Far away
The waters bore me through long winding caves
Of sunless ice, among whose chasms the waves
Gurgled in round black pools, that whirled between
The splintered ice-crag's walls of ghastly green,
Shattered and cloven in dreadful forms, whose height
Cast fearful streams of strange and lifeless light,
Veiled with worse horror by the quivering ray,
Like dead things lighted by their own decay;
And round their summits grey wreathed clouds were twined,
Which were still torn to pieces, without wind,
And tossed and twisted in the soundless air,
Like tortured thoughts, rebellious in despair.
And through their gloom I saw vague forms arise,
Living, but with pale limbs and lightless eyes;
And some were cruel in their mien, and wild,
And some were mournful, and a few were mild,
And some were—what mine eyes could not behold—
And some were beautiful; but all were cold:
And those that were most ghastly ever grew
Into a stronger group of life; the few
Who were, or pure, or beautiful, did hide
Their faces in each other's breasts, and died;

And quivering fire rose upward from their death,
Which the foul forms that lived drank in like
breath;
Making their own existence mightier: none
Remained but those I could not look upon;
And in that fear I woke. The moon was set,
Dawn came; oh, would that it were darkness yet!
Day only drew me from that dream of ill,
To make me feel how much it could fulfil—
Scattered the trance, to make the truth succeed,
And bid the lost in sleep be lost indeed.
Far o'er the earth the beams of beauty shine;
The eyes of hope may welcome them,—not mine.
Hark! as the kindling splendours broader break,
The thousand voices of the earth awake:
The sounds of joy on other lips may dwell;—
That dawn hath but one word for mine—farewell!

XV.

Farewell! but not for ever—now
The marks of pain are on my brow;
Once more we have to part, and thou
Shalt marvel in thy pride to see
How very calm that brow can be.
Once more! then through the darkness deep
The stream of life may swirl and sweep;
I shall not fear, nor feel, nor weep;
My soul, upon those billows rolled,
Shall only know that it is cold.

XVI.

That vision told, how much of truth!
For as I saw the day-beam break,

Behind me thrice on vale and lake,
So, thrice along the hills of youth,
Thy form my path has crossed;
It left the light too brief to bless,
Too deeply loved, too darkly lost,
For hope, or for forgetfulness.

XVII.

Yet thou shalt come the seal to set,
That guards the scroll of pleasures past;
One joy, one pang, is wanting yet,—
The loveliest, wildest, both the last.
I see thee come with kindling cheek,
And wildering smile, and waving hair,
And glancing eye, whose flash can speak
When lips are cold and words are weak.
And what are these to my despair?
But things to stir with sobs the sleep,
That should be dreamless, deadliest deep,
From each imprisoned pang to melt
The fetters forged in vain;
And bid the ghastly life be felt,
We can but feel by pain;
To make the soul they cannot save
Heave wildly in its living grave;
And feel the worms that will not cease
To feed on—what should have been peace.

XVIII.

Yet come—and let thy glance be dim,
And let thy words be low;
Then turn—for ever turn—from him
Whose love thou canst not know;—

And reck not of the faithful breast,
Whose thoughts have now no home—nor rest—
That wreathed, with unregarded light,
Thy steps by day, and sleep by night.
Then when the wildest word is past,
And when mine eyes have looked their last,
Be every barrier earth can twine,
Cast in between my soul and thine,—
The wave, the wild, the steel, the flame,
And all that word or will can frame:
When God shall call or man shall claim,
Depart from me, and let thy name
Be uttered in mine ears with dread,
As only meaning—what is dead—
Like some lost sound of long ago,
That grief is learning not to know;
And I will walk the world as one
Who hath but little left to feel;
And smile to see affection shun
The moveless brow and heart of steel:
Thou in thy pride alone shalt know
What left them lifeless years ago;
Thou mayest recall the pang, the hour,
That gave my soul that pain of power;
And deem that darkened spirit free—
Ay—even from the love of thee.

Μόνοτροπος.

September, 1839.

[illegible]

[illegible]

NOON.

Let those extol the rosy morn who choose
Wade, ankle-deep, through herbage dank with dews;
But be it mine to court the noontide hour,
And listen to the fountain's fitful plash;
And mark the sun through summer foliage flash;—
Not in the shade of some vine-woven bower,
Where spiders 'most do congregate;' but hidden
In my snug chamber where few guests are bidden;
While through the casement balmy breezes come,
And fragrant freight from many a blossom bring;
And then there saileth by, on weary wing,
The heavy bee humming his 'harvest-home:'
There sit I with my friends; and who are they?—
My book, my old arm chair, and faithful Tray.

H.

THE TOMB OF SOLOMON.

A Jewish Legend.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

THE desolation of Judea by the Babylonian conqueror was complete; the triumphs of art and the beauties of nature were swept away together; temples and palaces mouldered into ruin. The desert extended its limits, and seized on the fertile fields, which skilful vigilance had hitherto preserved from its encroachments. One spot, in which the struggle between barrenness and fertility was not yet quite decided, seemed peculiarly sad; it stood on the verge of the wilderness, like an outpost of civilization,—contrasting its pictures of loveliness and life with those of desolation and death; but the powers of ruin had stormed its outworks, and made a lodgement in its citadel; the canals by which it had been irrigated, were choked with sand; its fields, once brightly green, offered to the view only a few tufts of brown and parched grass; most of the trees by which it had been shaded were withered at the roots, and the remains of deserted nests shewed that even the birds had abandoned this sterile waste.

A solitary palm tree, planted near a half-choked water-course, some stunted rose bushes, and unpruned vines, marked one spot to which the destructive agency of the desert had not yet reached. The ruins of a mansion had protected it from the drifting sand which lay piled against the shattered masses of masonry, threatening at the next storm to force a way over this last barrier. A miserable shed, of withered branches, had been erected within the ruins, and a faint murmuring sound from its interior showed that it was a human habitation. The tones suited well with the scenery: they were the wailings of a harp, when music seems as if it were expiring on the quivering strings, accompanied by a feeble voice, singing one of those dirges of a heart-broken nation, of which such affecting specimens are found in some of the Psalms, and in the Lamentations of Jeremiah. It is not easy to preserve the wild orientalism of such strains in a translation; but some notion of their character may be formed from the following paraphrase:

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how desolate art thou!
The tyrant's chain of slavery is printed on thy brow;
Thy faithless friends have joined the foe, thy gallant sons are gone;
A wretched widow art thou now—childless—deserted—lone.
How long, O Lord, how long?

Her princes are like hunted deer, by furious blood-hounds prest,
And, sinking in the chase, they find no refuge and no rest;
Bent to the earth her elders sit, with ashes on their head,
And those who fondest were of life, are envious of the dead.
How long, O Lord, how long?

The monsters of the ocean's deep, the wild beasts of the wood,
Will listen to their young ones' cry, and haste to bring them food;
But Judah's daughters, cruel grown, forsake the craving child,
And, like the stupid ostrich, leave their offspring on the wild.
How long, O Lord, how long?

The infant's tongue is parched with thirst, his lips are closed and dry,
But no one to his misery will cooling draughts supply;
The hungry children call for bread; alas! they call in vain,—
Each is too deeply sunk in grief to feel another's pain.
How long, O Lord, how long?

Our fathers' sins, our own misdeeds, have wrought this cruel woe;
Jehovah, long our nation's friend, is now our nation's foe;
His just revenge hangs heavily, a chain about the heart,
Corroding and consuming us in every vital part.
How long, O Lord, how long?

A brief interval of silence followed, and the singer emerged from the hut; she was a crone in the very extremity of old age, but her figure, though emaciated, was erect, and her step, though feeble, was stately. She clambered up on some fragments of the wall, and gazed intently over the desert, but no moving object could be seen on its dreary expanse.

"He comes not," she exclaimed; "he comes not, though the sun is now sinking fast, and his steed must be wearied by the chase." She paused for a moment, and glancing at the scene of desolation around her, continued to think aloud: "Desolate is this once happy home, but still more desolate is my wounded spirit. All is gone—family and country, name and fame; hope for the future, and vengeance for the past. I have no longer friends—I have no longer enemies; the grave has closed over both; love and hatred rest together in the tomb. The life of Hadassah is a tale that is told—a tradition of times gone by—a story to frighten children. I have survived myself; the power so dearly purchased remains unexercised—the spell acquired at such awful risk remains unspoken. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher,—all is vanity." Again she glanced at the desert, and fixed her eyes on a moving speck at the extreme verge of the horizon; it approached, and grew larger, developing the outline of a hunter or warrior urging his steed with fiery haste. A gleam of pleasure kindled in Hadassah's eye, but it gradually faded as the stranger drew nigh. He was a youth, in his earliest prime, but his form was bent, either from sickness or fatigue; his quilted linen head-dress was cloven, and stained with blood; his robes were loose, and similarly discoloured; he clutched the mane of his overwrought steed to keep himself steady in the saddle, and when he had almost reached the ruins, he reeled, and fell to the ground. Hadassah hasted to his assistance; she raised his head in her lap, and staunched the blood which burst afresh from a wound in the forehead as she lifted him. In a few minutes he was so far recovered as to stand up, and totter towards the hut, followed by his not less exhausted steed, and the feeble Hadassah. When he got under shelter, he threw himself upon the ground, and lay for some time without sound or motion.

The old crone exerted strength beyond her years to give him relief; she bathed his throbbing temples with water; she placed cooling fruits in his parched mouth; she removed his cloven cap, and applied some unguent to his wounded temple. By degrees his native powers began to rally against fatigue; he essayed to speak, but Hadassah made a sign that he should first take some rest, and, in the meantime, she proceeded to attend to the horse, exhibiting activity and skill such as could not have been expected either from her age or sex.

Night had fallen ere her toils ceased; the young man slept heavily, while Hadassah stationed herself by his side, watching him as a mother does an infant. The moon was high in heaven ere he woke and became aware of the presence of the watcher. "Hadassah," he feebly exclaimed, "we must fly from this place ere the morning dawns,—the avenger of blood is on my track; I have slain one of our tyrants in the very midst of his followers."

"Said I not, rash man, that the hour of vengeance was not yet, and that the sword should sleep? Why hast thou disobeyed my behest? Behold the consequence: thou canst not fly—I will not; and this our only shelter is to be made good against the fierce warriors of Babylon, by a wounded boy and a feeble woman."

"Mother," he replied, "I have known no other mother, and I have ever shown thee the obedience of a son. I went to the field to procure venison for our food; my bow brought down a noble hart, but when I went to secure my prey, a troop of Babylonians came up, seized the game, and dragged me before their chief for disobeying the edict which forbids the use of arms to the sons of Israel. He reviled, he struck me; his followers seized my bow and quiver; my steed, unwilling to be touched by strangers, ran away—they pursued it, and left me alone with their chief. Again he spurned, and struck me; my sword was still by my side; in an instant it was drawn, and the tyrant fell. My gallant steed came immediately to my call, closely followed by the Babylonians: I sprung on his back ere they could close with me, and fled. A score of arrows were sent after me, and as I turned to watch the pursuit, one grazed my temple. The chase was long, and my escape was scarcely to be hoped. Some of the pursuers followed almost within sight of these walls. Fly, Hadassah,—if I cannot be concealed, let me at least die alone."

"Sadoc," replied the crone, "I dare not leave thee: since the time when I found thee here, a helpless, deserted infant, abandoned in the hurry of flight by parents too terrified to think of thee, our destinies have become united; a spell that I dare not name has bound me as thy slave. Sleep, boy; the powers of another nature shall guard thy safety." Sadoc obeyed her, and was soon wrapped in the slumber of happy boyhood.

When his heavy breathing announced that he again slept, Hadassah traced a circle on the floor, which included the boy and herself; she then placed a chafing-dish on its extreme verge, and threw upon it some grains of an odoriferous gum, muttering prayers or charms, and raising her voice as the gums kindled on the burning coal. The words as they became audible, ran thus:

In a tomb, to man unknown,
Slumbering on his golden throne,
Undecaying, undecayed,
David's royal son is laid:
Still the sceptre of command
Glitters in his icy hand—
Judah's sceptre—empire's sign
To descendants of his line,
Who shall, in a fated hour,
Grasp this mystic wand of power,
And with it shall all inherit
Empire over man and spirit.
Till that hour, the wizard ring,
Worn by the sleeping king,
Graven with the mighty spell,
Potent over earth and hell,
Hides the tomb from mortal sight;
Save when by the inner light,
Freed by lore from all control,
Secrets open for the soul.

Such a fearful power is mine;
I have read the seal and sign.
By that sacred spell and token,
By the name that ne'er was spoken,
Spirits! leave your airy home,
At my summons come ye, come!

As Hadassah spoke the last words, she threw a handful of incense on the censer, which shot up into a pillar of bright flame. Misty forms hovered in the air, but of no defined shape, or palpable substance; the soul rather than the senses felt a consciousness of their presence; there was a sound of voices, but a sound so like the imaginings of music that steal upon us in silence, it seemed to leave it doubtful whether fancy was not investing her own suggestions with a semblance of reality. It seemed to say, "Hadassah, we have obeyed."

"From your homes in the clouds have ye seen the Babylonians approach this retreat?"

"There are horsemen abroad on the desert; they may be here with to-morrow's sun."

"Knowest thou the cave of safety where we may be concealed until this peril be past?"

"In the mountains of Gilboa is the gloomy cleft that impends over the valley of Endor. There is a watcher by the dark water, known to Hadassah in other days; he reads secret events in the shadows that float over the mystic lake. There is safety for Hadassah with Abiathar."

The sorceress for a moment seemed utterly overcome; the name smote upon her brain like a spell, which summoned into life and vigour buried thoughts, extinguished feelings, and decayed recollections. Mastering her emotions, however, by a strong effort, she exclaimed, "Bear us thither." There was a rush of wind like the wildest gust of the hurricane, and the hut was left deserted.

When Sadoc woke in the morning, the strange scene that met his eyes led him for a moment to fear that his brain was wandering. He lay in the recess of an immense cave, or rather cleft in a rock, the entrance to which was overgrown with wild vines, bushes, and brambles. Opposite to him Hadassah was crouched beside an aged man, the very personification of feebleness and senility; they conversed together in whispers, and occasionally glanced at the recess to see if the sleeper gave signs of awakening. Sadoc half rose, and the old man tottered across the cave and stood beside him. "Art thou refreshed, my son, or feelest thou yet the fatigue and wounds of yesterday?"

"Stranger!" replied Sadoc, "I feel health and strength again in every vein; but I would know where I am, and how I came hither."

"My son, thou art now on the mountain where the first monarch of Israel sealed his apostacy, and paid the penalty of his transgression with his life and crown. The spirits of air, summoned by the word of power, have borne thee hither to learn the source of thy country's wrongs, and the means of her redemption. Repose and refresh thyself this day; at night thy task begins; may its end be more prosperous than mine!"

The day wore its slow length tediously away. Abiathar and Hadassah carefully attended to his wants, and even anticipated his wishes; but they avoided conversation, and refused to answer the many questions which the strangeness of his position suggested. The sun at length approached the close of his daily course; Sadoc was led by his two attendants to the entrance of the cleft, and while they watched the sinking luminary, Hadassah lifted up her voice, and wept aloud. "The hour is approaching when we must part, child of my affliction," said she, "and it is uncertain whether these aged eyes shall ever behold thee again. For thee I have ventured to exercise once again the forbidden arts, purchased by a long life of misery. For thee must the sorcery witnessed by Israel's last king be practised on the self-same spot where the grave yielded up its dead to predict the ruin of a king, and the loss of a kingdom. The star of Judah's destiny is above the horizon; when it touches the zenith, thou shalt know thy country's fortunes and thine own. Rise, Abiathar, let us be going."

The aged pair tottered through the cleft, followed by Sadoc, and began a perilous descent into the valley by a winding path, which seemed no better than a goat-track. Their progress was slow and painful; Sadoc was filled with wonder when he saw two such feeble beings steadily holding their course by a way where he, with all the skill and agility of youth, could scarcely follow. They reached the depths of the valley, and found themselves by a rocky basin kept constantly full by a stream which trickled from the hill. The pool thus formed seemed of great depth; it was dark as the steel mirrors which were wrought by the workmen of Damascus, and the water overflowed from its sides so slowly, that its surface seemed ever placid and unruffled. Sadoc knew that he stood by the lake and fountain of Endor, celebrated, in a thousand Jewish legends, as the haunt of the elementary spirits, held in subjection by the seal of Solomon. He was silent with awe; his companions were agitated by deeper feelings; they quivered with mortal agony, and the sighs that burst from their bosoms seemed as if they were rending their heart-strings. No word was spoken until the dark unvaried colour of the lake was tinted with the gleam of a single star, which appeared alone in the limited portion of sky intercepted by the rocky side of the dell. No sooner did its reflection appear on the verge of the basin, than Abiathar and Hadassah arose and alternately commenced their invocations in low tones, but perfectly distinct:

ABIATHAR.

Star of Judah! wan and pale,
Fondly yet we bid thee hail!
Once, in majesty of light,
Thou didst reign the queen of night;
Nations bowed before thy rays—
Wondering millions hymned thy praise;

As, upon the Red Sea's coast,
Thou didst guide the exiled host;
As, through Sinai's desert sands,
Thou didst lead thy chosen bands;
As, o'er Canaan's vanquished hordes,
Thou didst gild the conquering swords.
When for thee, on Gibeon's hill,
The sun in mid career stood still,
And the moon obedient shone
O'er the vale of Ajalon;
When Sisĕra's myriads came,
Thundering on their steeds of fame;
Light of Judah! then thy stars,
In their courses, smote his cars,
Broke his arms, and rent his shield
In Harosha's glorious field:
Star of Judah, hail!

HADASSAH.

Eye of Judah! nought lies hid
From thy never-closing lid;
Thou canst pierce the awful gloom
Round the secrets of the tomb;
Thou hast seen the mystic deep,
Where the ancient monarchs sleep,
Sprung from Cain's gigantic line,
Holding each the potent sign,
To their lovely mothers given
By the erring sons of heaven.
With them sleeps another one,—
David's wise, but fallen son;
Wielding that more sacred spell,
Which no tongue may dare to tell.
Kindle thou our inner light;
Be to us the source of sight;

Let thy piercing power prevail—
Star of Judah, hail, all hail!
Star of Judah, hail!

BOTH.

Veil that hides the silent world,
Be thy shadowy folds unfurled;
Underneath our nation's star,
Show what were, and show what are;
While he shines the spell is ours,—
Hear and answer, mystic powers!
Star of Judah, hail!

Shadows passed over the surface of the water, and gradually shaped themselves into a picture which seemed as it were to paint itself on a dark surface. An immense vault was revealed, in which the treasures of a world seemed accumulated; the sides were studded with the richest jewels; the floor was spread with the most costly carpets; the roof was so distant, that its form could not be discerned. On twelve golden thrones of immense size slept twelve gigantic figures, monarchs of the antediluvian world, clothed in royal robes, with crowns on their heads, and ivory wands in their hands. On a thirteenth throne there lay an old man of ordinary size, holding a sceptre of pure gold, garnished with rubies, and carbuncles, and having a pile of volumes at his feet. After a time two figures—a youth and a maiden, seemed to glide into the vault, and noiselessly approach to steal the costly sceptre. But when they were about to grasp it, the slumbering monarch laid a skinny finger on the head of each, and Sadoc saw that a consuming fire was kindled in the brains of both; they withered into the haggard forms of Abiathar and Hadassah. A rapidly changing panorama of misery followed; the daring pair were driven by the curse through a land wasted by fire and sword. They sought death in their anguish, but were doomed to live. They were separated. Hadassah was seen hunted by a crowd which pursued her with hootings and execrations; the crowd itself was suddenly assailed by Babylonian cavalry. There was a confused picture of a massacre, and a conflagration; children were abandoned by their parents to perish under the hoofs of the enemies' horses. Hadassah seemed to wander amid the scenes of destruction with the pride of gratified revenge. A mother, pursued by a Babylonian soldier, shot by; she flung away her infant to facilitate her escape; the ruffian seized the child, and was about to hack it with his sword in cruel sport, when it was rescued by Hadassah; the Babylonian, however, made a blow at his prey, and Sadoc knew that the mark was on his shoulder. The child grew to be a youth amid scenes of cruelty, tyranny, and oppression; and Sadoc saw the faint reminiscences of boyhood assume terrible distinctness before him.

Suddenly the scene changed to a great city; he saw a domestic circle which his heart yearned to join; a smiling maiden rose, and beckoned to him, pointing to a vacant seat which seemed to have been reserved for him. Her face was at once familiar to him and unknown. Suddenly a band of soldiers burst into the apartment, and the scene, at the same instant, reverted to the sepulchre of Solomon and the antediluvian monarchs. Sadoc beheld himself between Abiathar and Hadassah kneeling before the throne of Solomon. The slumbering monarch seemed to awake, and place a signet on his finger, which was graven with cabalistic characters. At the same moment he felt as if a burning iron had been fixed upon his hand. He made an exclamation of pain, and the vision vanished. He stood beside the pool of Endor, dark and silent as before, but the mystic signet was upon his hand.

"Thou hast much to do, my son," said Abiathar "and the time is short. Once in my youth I hoped to be the redeemer of Israel, but selfish ambition rather than patriotism urged me to the task. The princess Hadassah, my affianced bride, joined in my high aspirations, and favoured my dreams of visionary greatness. We sought by unhallowed arts to win the sceptre of our common ancestor Solomon, that we might, like him, rule over men and demons. The guilt has brought its punishment; we have power, of which we are weary; we have knowledge, of which we are ashamed. Yet one passion survives amid the wreck of feeling,—love for the land of our birth, and the nation whose fate is typified by our own. Sprung, like us, from a royal house, we hoped that thou mightest restore our fallen race, but to thy hands the sceptre is denied; it must pass from Judah into an alien hand. By thee must the destined inheritor be discovered;

wait here yet to see if his star will rise and direct thee where thy country's deliverer may be found."

Sadoc obeyed, but the watches of the night went by, and no star glimmered in the rocky basin; at length, just at sunrise, a dim picture was revealed; he saw himself borne down in fight, and rescued by a stranger, on whose turban a figure of the sun was embroidered in gold. "Behold the man!" exclaimed Abiathar; but ere Sadoc could take full cognizance of his features, the vision vanished.

Hadassah then approached him: "My son, the ring which thou hast obtained will enable thee to penetrate the secrets of human thoughts; thou shalt hear their words, and thou shalt also know their designs; for, by an inner sense, they shall speak to thee with their souls. Alas! too soon shalt thou learn how great is the distance between the heart and the lips."

Sadoc soon had a proof of his new power. Abiathar informed him that the sun appeared to be the planet presiding over the destinies of the inheritor of Solomon's sceptre, and that therefore he must seek him in an eastern country; but Abiathar's heart added vain repinings that this task devolved on a stripling, who would thus, without any merit of his own, win the favour of a most powerful monarch; and it said that it would keep secret the tenure on which the ring was held, in the hope that the youth might violate the conditions, and be thus stripped of his power. Sadoc spoke to the thoughts. "Tell me," he said, "the condition attached to the ring." Abiathar's heart answered, "Curses be upon thee!" His tongue said, "Power is thine, so long as it is not made subservient to evil passion, and no longer;" the heart added, "He has wrung the truth from me: would I could tear it again from his bosom!"

Hadassah saw by the gloom which gathered on Sadoc's brow, that he had discovered some inconsistency; she invited him to descend the valley, where she told him that he would find a steed with suitable equipments ready for his service. The party went down slowly, and in silence, until they reached the turn where the vale of Endor winds into the plains of the Philistines; here they found a warrior's complete harness laid by the side of a powerful horse, carefully picketted, but unguarded. "Sadoc," said Hadassah, "we part here; thou goest to fulfil thy destiny; pray that we may not meet again. In the dark watches of the night, 'the daughter of the voice' spoke within my soul, and announced that my presence must ever bring thee misfortune." Abiathar harshly interposed. "Away, young man!" said he; "thou knowest the road that leads to the river Euphrates; turn neither to the right nor to the left, until thou hast reached its waters, for there Providence shall raise thee up a guide!" Sadoc took an affectionate leave of Hadassah, saluted Abiathar coolly, and, springing on the horse, was soon speeding, with all the ardour of enthusiastic youth, over the plains.

Evening was closing over Babylon, and the lovely villages which clustered the banks of its mighty river, and the sides of its extensive canals. From one hamlet belonging to a small colony of expatriated Jews, the melancholy song of the exiles bewailing their beloved Zion was rising softly on the air; from all the rest the joyous sounds of the pipe, the tabret, and the timbrel ascended, mingled with bursts of merriment, and the shouts of rustic jollity. A traveller approached the western bank from the desert, and listened to the varied sounds, as if anxious to catch some direction for his future guidance. Melancholy seemed to attract him rather than mirth, for he turned to the side whence the notes of lamentation came, and entering the hamlet, joined a small assembly, collected to perform the sad service which the exiles substituted for the evening sacrifice.

When the psalm was concluded, a leader of the congregation came forward, and courteously addressing the stranger, proffered the rites of hospitality. Sadoc accepted the offer; he informed his host that he had come from Judah, and countless were the questions asked him respecting the state of the hapless land, as he went towards the house to which he had been invited. Frequently he had to repeat that the spirit of the nation was broken, that few hoped, and none looked for a deliverer, and that the exiles in a foreign land were happier than those who were virtually exiles in the land of their nativity. He was at length led into the house of Zerubabel, for such he discovered was the name of his host. He entered the hall, and started with astonishment to find himself in the midst of the very family circle he had seen in the fountain of Endor. It was a group of females; two were aged and bowed down to the ground, wearing sack-cloth, with ashes on their head; two more were in the bloom of youth, but they were closely veiled and seemed silently to reverence the sorrow manifested by the elders.

"Emma!" said Zerubabel, "here is one of our brethren come from the land of our fathers;—though this is the anniversary of the calamities that have fallen upon our house, arise and bid him welcome." The mourner instantly obeyed; but the second lady remained motionless as a statue, as if every sense and feeling were absorbed in bitter remembrance. As the rites of hospitality were performed, all feelings of strangeness wore away; he had many tales to tell of the cruelty of the Babylonians, the tame submission of the Jews, and the apostacy of those who by descent should have been the foremost to vindicate their country's wrongs. He spoke of Jerusalem with all the fervour of a youthful patriot, indulging in the aspirations for its deliverance which the ardour of hope inspired. He soon discovered that the younger part of his audience shared his enthusiasm, and Sulima, the daughter of his host, more than once involuntarily exclaimed, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The silent mourner, as he continued to speak, seemed to awake to consciousness; she listened more and more attentively as the young man declared that he hoped with his good sword to strike one stroke for freedom, and rally the sons of Judah round the ancient standard of the house of David. At a pause in the conversation she arose, and flinging back her veil, displayed to the astonished Sadoc features that seemed to belong to a tenant of the tomb. A sallow skin covered fleshless jaws, there was no colour on the lips, no lustre in the eye; the forehead was ploughed deep with furrows, and the few hairs scattered over the temples were of silver whiteness. She spoke in a deep sepulchral voice, painful from its monotony, sounding as if all emotions had been concentrated into one overwhelming sense of bitterness.

"These," said she, "are the dreams of a dream, and the shadows of a shade. Can valour rescue Israel? Who is so brave as was the princely Abiathar, the pride and the hope of Judah, who fought but to conquer, who conquered but to save? Could wisdom rescue a fallen land? Who could compare with the royal Hadassah, the heiress of the intelligence, as of the lineage, of Solomon,—my sister, my more than sister, the very lode-star of my heart? Abiathar's sword was broken; the ingrate multitude whom Hadassah's voice had roused, turned to rend her when the first moment of calamity checked their mad career. And to me, who shared their hopes as I did their love, what memorials have they left but a ruined house, a widowed and childless heart, and a dishonoured name?"

Sadoc was startled by an appeal to which his heart found more than one echo: he told how he had been educated by a person who had borne the name of Hadassah; he told how she had saved him when abandoned by his parents, and described the scene of conflagration and massacre as he had seen it in the liquid mirror. The agitation of the mourner became too great for control; "Speak once more," she exclaimed: "on the right arm of the infant I abandoned on that fatal night was marked the lion of the tribe of Judah!" Sadoc's arm was bared, and he displayed the sign.

"My son!"

"My mother!"

There are periods of life in which time glides so noiselessly and silently along, that we take no notice of its flight. Sadoc had been domesticated in the dwelling of Zerubabel, whose family, he found, was, like his own, connected with the royal house of David. He had learned that his father and his father's younger brother had apostatized; that the former was dead, but that the latter, Jotham, held high rank in the court of Babylon. He had become passionately attached to the aspiring and high-minded Sulima, but there were moments when his heart turned instinctively to the softer graces of her sister Hannah. His mother, the lady Miriam, seemed to dread the influence which Sulima acquired; she more than once compared her to the daring but unfortunate Hadassah, and Sadoc's seal often revealed to him that, while the words of patriotism were on the young maiden's lips, the feelings of selfish ambition were warm at her heart. These warnings were unheeded, for similar corruption had commenced in his own.

It was night: Sadoc slept on his couch; he dreamed of the land of his birth, and its continued sufferings; tumultuous voices mingled with his vision; they became louder, shriller, nearer, and he awoke. He awoke to find that the tumult was real; the cries of the Babylonian soldiers, the shrieks of a terrified household rung wildly in his ears; hastily seizing a weapon, he rushed from his chamber, but at the entrance was astounded to meet the form of Hadassah. "It is too late," said the sorceress; "Sulima and her sister are captives to the minions of the tyrant; they may not be redeemed by a single arm. But follow them to Babylon; seek the house of the powerful Jotham; intreat him to give them protection, and should all other means fail, look firmly in his face, and adjure him by the vow he plighted beside the fountains of Endor. Ask no explanations; I will guard thy mother, the lady Miriam. Away! follow the spoilers into the city, and see whither the victims were borne."

The licentious idolatry of the Babylonians required that troops of unfortunate victims should be employed as dancing-girls and musicians in the temples, to stimulate the depraved passions by immodest exhibitions. They were the slaves of the priests who lived on the wages purchased by the degradation of these unhappy females. Doomed to lead a life of vice in youth, and neglect in old age, these hapless beings were mocked with reverence while their beauty lasted, and dismissed to penury when their charms began to fade. No one voluntarily entered on such a career, and the Babylonian armies were almost constantly engaged in collecting fresh victims. Sadoc followed the troop that led the sisters to the temple of Astarte; it was at the remotest extreme of the city, and ere the prisoners were placed within the enclosure, the sun was high in heaven. Mingling with the crowd that stood before the gate, Sadoc learned that the sisters were divided; Sulima had been sent to the royal harem,—Hannah remained in the temple. After many vain efforts to gain access to either, he turned with a heavy heart to the palace of Jotham.

It is difficult for the miserable to win their way to the presence of the powerful; for seven successive days, Sadoc stood before the gates of Jotham insulted and spurned by the menials. At length, as the minister came forth to pay his daily visit to the palace, he forced a passage through the crowd, and seizing his robes, exclaimed, "Hear me, by the memory of thy vow at Endor!" Jotham started as if he had trodden upon a serpent, but mastering his emotion by a powerful effort, he desired the young man to wait his return, and ordered his attendants to treat him kindly.

After the lapse of some hours, Jotham returned, and Sadoc was admitted to his presence. He told his tale, as it has been already related, and dwelt on the fact of their near relationship, as one who, feeling intensely the first flushes of the domestic affections, is unconscious that in others they may have long been frozen by cold, calculating ambition. Jotham heard the account with characteristic caution; he cross-examined the youth on every part of his statement, and maintained the semblance of incredulity long after he was perfectly convinced. But Jotham's heart was also open to Sadoc: it said, "Here are unexpected means of deliverance. Belshazzar is infatuated with this new Jewish girl, whose coy resistance increases the fervour of his passion. She likes me not; if she becomes his queen, my tenure of power ends. The queen-mother also dreads her sway; if we aid this mad boy to take her away, he will effect the safety of us both."

Possessing such a key to Jotham's purposes, Sadoc easily prevailed upon the minister to favour his escape with Sulima; but nothing that he could urge induced the minister to bestow a thought upon the case of Hannah. His heart said, "Is the youth mad to meddle with such a nest of hornets as the priests of Astarte?" His tongue declared that the affairs of religion did not belong to his department of the state. Sadoc ceased to press the point, and soon forgot the gentle Hannah, in the anticipations of his interview with Sulima.

At night the lovers were brought together in the palace of the queen-mother Nitocris. Sadoc proposed instant flight, but was alarmed to find that the heart of Sulima spoke of reluctance; there was a debate between her love and her ambition; her hope of Sadoc's future eminence,—her certainty of Belshazzar's present splendour. Love prevailed, but not without difficulty; they were led from the palace by the attendants of Nitocris, allowed to pass through the gates of the city, and supplied with horses for their escape by the provident care of Jotham.

They fled towards the north, where insurgent hordes were arming against the tyranny of Babylon, and where the name of the Medes had already become formidable. The shelter of the mountains was in sight when they became aware that they were pursued, and urged their jaded steeds to flight. At the entrance of a wild jungle Sulima's horse stumbled and fell. Sadoc sprung to the earth, drew his sword, and boldly faced the pursuers. Though overmatched, he made a desperate resistance; at length he was borne down, and the spear was at his breast to pin him to earth, when a band of strangers, bursting through the thicket, fell upon the surprised Babylonians, and soon drove them to flight. Sadoc and Sulima were carefully tended by the youthful leader of the conquering horde; he gave them fresh steeds, and led them through the jungle to a distant hill, where they found a rude encampment. There was something in the air and manner of his deliverer which seemed familiar to Sadoc: the golden sun which ornamented his turban was the cognizance of the person Sadoc was commissioned to seek, and the second sign of rescue seemed further to confirm the indistinct conjectures of the Jewish fugitive. It was singular also that this half recognition was mutual; the leader of the strangers, who proved to be Cyrus, a young prince of Persia, gazed frequently on Sadoc, and seemed as if he laboured to recal some indistinct reminiscence connected with his features. At length he said, "Wanderer of the desert, your form singularly accords with a vision of my youth; I dreamed that such an one gave me the ancient sceptre of Jemsheed, and commanded me to assume the empire of Asia!" Sadoc, in reply, related his vision by the pool of Endor, and showed the mystic signet which he wore on his finger. "The hour is come, and the man!" exclaimed Cyrus: "while yet an infant, the impress of that signet was made upon my arm by an unknown personage of venerable aspect, who charged my terrified attendants to inform my parents that my destiny should be decided by the possessor of the signet."

In the mean time they had reached the camp; a separate tent was prepared for Sulima; Sadoc and Cyrus went together into a retired spot to converse freely respecting the strange circumstances by which they had been brought together. Their discussion was protracted to a late hour of the night; Sadoc took off the ring that Cyrus might examine it, but it grew so intensely hot in his hand, that it fell upon the ground. A dense mist arose from the spot where the ring had fallen, and enveloped them both; they felt as if carried out of the body, and whirled away through the shadowy world of spirits. Sadoc was conscious that they had entered the vault of the antediluvian kings, and were approaching the throne of Solomon. A voice of indescribable sweetness spoke; "The hour is not yet for the sceptre to be wielded by the house of David; to other hands must it be given, for times and seasons, until the end comes. Take it, Prince of Judah, and give it to him who shall restore thy people." The skeleton figure of Solomon arose, and placed the sceptre in Sadoc's hands. "Receive it, son of Jemsheed," continued the voice: "do justice, love mercy, walk humbly; but on the day that thou becomest a tyrant, the sceptre shall be torn from thy grasp!" Sadoc gave the sceptre to his companion; at the same instant the ring was restored to his finger, the vision faded away, and the two companions found themselves reclining as before; Cyrus still retaining the sceptre in his hand.

The brilliant career of Cyrus, and the administration of his wise vizier are matters of history. Babylon was stormed; its polluted temples were levelled with the ground; Hannah, rescued from a fate worse than death, accompanied her kinsmen, when the Jews were restored to their native land. The lady Miriam was laid in the tomb of her fathers, while every tongue yet blessed her son, the gracious prime minister of Persia, who had heaped assistance and favour on the restored exiles.

Uninterrupted prosperity produced a sad effect on Sadoc and Sulima. She bitterly reproached her husband for not retaining the sceptre, and thus acquiring empire himself; and when he appeared to disregard her complaints, she joined in a conspiracy with the Babylonian Gobyras, to subvert the Persian dynasty, and open the way to a new empire by the murder of her husband and his master. Sadoc had avoided his wife's society to escape from her reproaches; he was sitting in a sleepy meditative mood in his private chamber, when a gentle tap at the door aroused him.

The door opened, and he beheld Hadassah, whom he had long forgotten, and believed to have been numbered with the dead. She put her finger to her lip as if to warn him to silence, and motioned him to follow her. She led him through many devious windings of the royal palace, in a wing of which he dwelt, to the entrance of a room dimly lighted, in which the conspirators were assembled. He heard their plots, but was soon aware that the friendship between the traitors was hollow; for the heart of one, whom he recognized as his uncle Jotham, calculated the chances, whether it would be more profitable to continue the enterprize, or to betray the plot. In the midst of the debate, Sulima entered by a side door, and Sadoc heard her plight her faith to Gobyras, and receive his in return, on condition of murdering her husband while he slept. His emotion would have betrayed him had not Hadassah again warned him; she led him back to his chamber, and disappeared.

Sadoc acted with the promptitude that the occasion required; he armed his most faithful domestics, sent secret orders that the royal guards should be summoned and mustered, and, escorted by a sufficient party, sought the presence of Cyrus. The conspirators had just begun to disperse when they were seized by the king's officers, and hurried away to separate dungeons. Fame flies fast; the arrests were made late in the night, and yet before morning every body in Pasagarda knew that a dangerous conspiracy had been detected, and that Jotham, one of the conspirators, had revealed all the particulars of the plot. Justice was scarcely less prompt than fame; ere noon-tide the leaders had fallen by the hand of the executioner, and the wretched Sulima shared their fate.

From that day Sadoc's character was changed; he became moody, restless, and discontented. The only person in whom he reposed anything like confidence was Jotham, and he could not have had a more perilous adviser than this old courtier, who had grown grey in the corruptions of the Babylonian court. The ambitious spirit of conquest which Sadoc had so often soothed in the breast of Cyrus, was now flattered, and fanned into a flame. The unprincipled invasion of Scythia was the result of Sadoc's advice; the remorseless cruelty with which it was conducted received his sanction. When the son of the gallant Tomyris was made a prisoner, and the mother applied for his redemption, Sadoc not only dictated a refusal, but, with his own hand, wrote an insulting letter to the queen. He was about to seal it, when a rustling noise made him turn round, and he once more beheld Hadassah. Her lips moved not, and yet words of her heart entered into his soul. "Apostate and ingrate!" she said; "to woman thou owest all,—thy life, thy knowledge, thy greatness,—and yet to woman, in her purest feeling and deepest affection, thou art giving the deadliest sting. But to such purpose the sacred signet shall never be applied." The ring was snatched from his hand, and, ere he recovered from his amazement, Hadassah had disappeared. Nearly at the same time, a rush in the camp announced the approach of Cyrus, and Sadoc was forced to meet the king. He related the loss of the signet to Jotham, who made very light of the matter; he asserted that it must have fallen as Sadoc hurried to the royal presence, and ordered search to be made; he treated the alleged appearance of Hadassah as the vision of an excited imagination.

Cyrus was seated on a royal couch, surrounded by his brilliant warriors, decorated with the spoils of a thousand fields, and glittering with all the gorgeousness of oriental pomp. Beside him stood Sadoc, in rich robes, scarcely inferior to those of royalty; he cast a glance at the sceptre which he believed mystically connected with the ring, and seeing that it was safe, felt disposed to believe Jotham's explanation correct. In front of the throne stood a group of captives, clad in the skins of wild beasts, bound and guarded; their plain and scanty dress forcibly contrasting with the magnificence by which they were surrounded. The youngest of the group had a single feather in his coarse cap, the usual cognizance of a Scythian chief; he looked with a calm smile of disdain at the gaudy show of the Persian soldiers, and seemed to await the sentence of his conqueror with firmness. Once only he showed signs of impatience when the fetters clanked upon his limbs, and reminded him that he had lost his dearest inheritance—freedom. After a pause, a herald stood forth, and proclaimed, "Once more thou art summoned, rash boy, to place thy neck beneath the feet of thy master, and to kiss his footstool." The youth made no reply, but stood erect, folded his arms, and cast round him a look of defiance.

The proclamation was repeated thrice, and each time the royal executioner took a step nearer, and waved his sword with an air of impatience. When the herald had spoken for the last time, Cyrus raised his sceptre, and the head of the youthful Scythian rolled at his feet. He heeded it not, for, to his surprise and consternation, the sceptre at that moment was wrested from his grasp.

Wisdom seemed to have departed with justice from the Persian councils. Cyrus, still encouraged by Sadoc, led his armies farther and farther into the Scythian deserts, until famine began to decimate their bands, and the dread of complete starvation compelled a return. This was the moment for which Tomyris had waited; she gave the exhausted Persians no respite by day or by night; her light cavalry hovered along their line of march, showering their arrows on the weary battalions: at every halt harassing attacks were made which led to no decisive result, but which effectually destroyed rest and sleep. The Persians were defeated before the final battle was fought. They had almost reached their own frontiers, and were already beginning to felicitate themselves on their escape, when Tomyris, assembling all her forces, bore down on the exhausted invaders, and, in a single charge, made their glittering host a helpless mass of confusion. Mercy was neither asked nor given; the Scythian sword reaped the full harvest of death—prince and people fell in one undistinguished mass, and left to their conquerors the task of relating their wretched fate.

The ring and sceptre are still in the hands of Solomon, and await the time when a prince of the house of David shall be divinely brought into the mysterious tomb, there to receive the means of restoring Israel, and building the bulwarks of Zion.

THE EARLY TIME.

The early time! the loved—the long gone by!
The light that gladdened the young heart all day—
The dreams that flitted past the spirit's eye
Through the long night-time,—where, O where are they?
Dark clouds have shadowed our once gorgeous sky;
Hope's scattered roses lived but to decay,
Like those we gathered, in the fields away,
To twine about our young brows playfully.
The early time! when childhood smiled at age,
When tears were seldom shed, unless for joy;
And the glad spirit knew not it must wage
A hopeless war against time's fearful rage:
Alas! the past we crave—whose lapse we chide,
Was but the childish toy we broke—then threw aside.

J. A. G.

FLOWERS.

BY J. A. GIBSON.

A thousand wild flowers have their birth,
In many a lonely haunt of Earth,
Where foot of man hath rarely stirred,
Where human voice is seldom heard,—
The richest, loveliest spots of ground,
That ever care-worn man hath found:
Where Nature, like a laughing child,
Looks always beautiful and wild,
Without a thought, without a fear,
That Art will rudely enter there.

There's many a beauty-haunted glade,
Belted with depths of forest shade,
Where the thick foliage, backward rolled,
A flowery circle doth enfold;
All open to the broad blue sky,
And fair clouds slowly floating by,
Alluring spirits of the air,
To stay their flight and sojourn there,—

To wile a few of day's bright hours,
On a soft couch of Earth's fair flowers.

And there are valleys green and still,
Crossed by a brook, or small sweet rill;
Tall silent trees, from either side,
Darken the faint waves as they glide:
The sounds that wake the silence deep,
Seem low-voiced whisperings of sleep;
But for the air's cool heaving breath,
Life might be thought a dream of death.
These silent haunts, so fair and lone,
A thousand flowers have overgrown.

Wild flowers—bright flowers—at Spring's clear shout,
From the dark womb of Earth leap out:
A thousand more to life arise,
'Neath Summer's deep voluptuous skies;
And through the solemn Autumn's reign
Bloom on the hill, and skirt the plain;
Bright stars of earth, of all rich hues,
Fed by sweet winds and silver dews,—
Sweet daughters of the sun and air,
That bloom and fade without a care.

Bright flowers! in lonely spots that lie,
To bloom awhile, then drooping, die,—
What though no kindly human face
Sheds light around their dwelling-place,

Nor gentle fingers garlands fair
Gather, to deck their loose-blown hair,—
Their life is glad,—their haunts are sweet ;
Soft winds and light-beams on them beat ;
And near them birds and murmuring bees,
Make music with the rustling trees.

Wild flowers ! how much that's deep and wise
About your still existence lies !
Oh ! I, like you, would bide afar
From the rough world's unceasing jar,—
Where Nature, with her open book,
Teacheth the eye aright to look ;
And leading through her fair haunts show
Much that the heart still pants to know.
A life thus spent,—so calm and sweet,
Might make us grieve with death to meet.

THE DEPARTED LIGHT.

Thou know'st the place where purple rocks receive
  The deepened silence of the pausing stream ;
And myrtles and white olives interweave
  Their cool grey shadows with the azure gleam
Of noontide ; and pale temple columns cleave
  Those waves with shafts of light (as through a dream
Of sorrow, pierce the memories of loved hours—
  Cold and fixed thoughts that will not pass away)
All chapleted with wreaths of marble flowers,
  Too calm to live—too lovely to decay.
And hills rise round, pyramidal and vast,
  Like tombs built of blue heaven, above the clay
Of those who worshipped here, whose steps have past
  To silence—leaving o'er the waters cast
The light of their religion. There, at eve,
  That gentle dame would walk, when night-birds make
The starry myrtle blossoms pant and heave
  With waves of ceaseless song ; she would awake
The lulled air with her kindling thoughts, and leave
  Her voice's echo on the listening lake ;

The quenched rays of her beauty would deceive
Its depths into quick joy. Hill, wave, and brake
Grew living as she moved: I did believe
That they were lovely only for her sake;
But now—she is not there—at least, the chill
Hath passed upon her which no sun shall break.
Stranger, my feet must shun the lake and hill:—
Seek them,—but dream not they are lovely still.

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THE WALL-FLOWER.

Thou lovely, yet most solitary flower!
That makest a home 'mid ruins dark and old,
Giving a beauty, with thy gorgeous gold,
To broken pillar or decaying tower—
A flush of life upon a dying brow!—
When on the dark night shines the moonlight cold,
I seek those sacred spots, where warriors bold,
And high-born dames have passed long time ago.
The mighty changes of a thousand years
Sweep, with a sudden whirl, athwart my brain:
I muse, with pensive heart and gushing tears,
On death's and time's strong power, and life's short reign,
Till the wind stirs your leaves with tuneful breath,
As 'twere hope's soothing voice, that speaks of life through death!

J. A. G.

THE PIRATE'S GRAVE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

> Hath now the abyss
> Beneath us yawned and sent a demon forth
> To haunt me thus?—It was no dream—'twas he.
>
> AHASUERUS.

THE Christmas fire burned brightly in the polished grate of the library at Trevallyn Hall, diffusing through the spacious apartment a cheerful blaze, that rendered the introduction of candles unnecessary. Their appearance, indeed, would have been an unreasonable interruption to the absorbing interest of the conversation, in which the two gentlemen who occupied the high-backed, brocaded easy-chairs on either side of the hearth, were engaged.

A striking resemblance in features bespoke the near relationship between these individuals, yet there was a singular contrast in their habits, manners, and bearing. Sir Harry Granville, the junior of the twain, was a sprightly young man of fashion, pertaining to the court of Queen Anne. When I have said this, my readers will be aware that he was, as a matter of course, attired in periwig, point-ruffles, and cravat; and that his suit of cut velvet, and satin waistcoat, were adorned with all the tags and embroidery which the bad taste of that era prescribed. The elder gentleman, his uncle, regardless of all remarks on the singularity of his appearance, still adhered to the picturesque costume in which Van Dycke has depicted the gallant, but unfortunate cavaliers, though nearly half an age had passed away since gentlemen in England conformed to that mode. It was a fashion that well accorded with the dignity of his deportment, and the energetic expression of his lofty brow, on whose broad expanse the iron signet of care had been sternly impressed.

Although the younger son of a ruined family, George Granville was, at the period of which I speak, the possessor of great wealth. How it was acquired no one knew. His career was supposed to have been an eventful one, and he had the appearance of a person who had suffered great hardships and vicissitudes. He had never married, and there was an air of mystery and reserve about him, which awed and displeased the vulgar, and had given rise to many wild reports respecting the tenor of his past life.

It was to this very subject that the conversation had been sedulously directed, on this particular evening, by his youthful companion, who, at length, asked one of those downright questions which are so difficult to parry, especially when the querist is an object of affection.

The colour went and came in the sun-burned cheek of the elder Granville, as he listened, in perturbed silence, to the urgent entreaties of his beloved nephew, to be intrusted with a secret which had hitherto been inviolably preserved.

The veteran started from his seat, and laying his hand on his nephew's shoulder, said, "It is enough—Harry, you have prevailed; albeit to retrace, as you would have me, the events of my past life, is an effort so painful, that it is almost like a voluntary re-endurance of all I have suffered. You have, however, given me conclusive reasons why the effort should be made; and in two days from this time, I will put you in possession of a narrative which will, I trust, afford you the satisfaction you desire."

On the evening of the second day after this conversation, Sir Harry Granville received a sealed packet, consisting of several closely written sheets of paper, in his uncle's hand. He opened it with trembling expectation, and read as follows:

You are aware, my dear nephew, that your father and myself were reduced to great difficulties, in consequence of the sequestration of the family estates, after the death of your brave grandfather at Roundway Downs. You also know that we were, in common with too many of those who had been sufferers in the cause of loyalty, left to pine in poverty and neglect, after the happy restoration. Your father, for some time, flattered himself with the vain expectation that his sovereign would, one day, take measures for the restitution of the property of which his faithful servants had been dispossessed. In this hope he, for some years, continued to wear on, in poverty and obscurity, a life of blighted expectation. That hope, you are too well aware, was never realized.

How is it then, you ask, that I am not only in possession of the family estates, but revelling in wealth which has enabled me to restore yourself, the orphan representative of the house, to your legitimate station in society? You even go so far as to hint that my reserve on this subject has occasioned a suspicion that my riches were acquired in a manner not wholly consistent with the honour of the family. You are uneasy on this point, I find; and it is in consideration of those estimable feelings of delicacy, my dear Harry, that I proceed to the relation of those events which led to my change of fortune.

Early in the year 1670, I accepted his majesty's commission as second in command on board the Royal Gloucester, and with the little squadron of which she formed a part, sailed for the South Seas. The object of our expedition was maritime discoveries in the old track of Sir Francis Drake; and we were especially commissioned to destroy that formidable horde of pirates who, under the command of the terrible Rowland Armstrong, infested the South Seas, and were most destructive to the lives and properties of all who had hitherto attempted to establish a commercial intercourse with the natives of those rich latitudes.

After we had weathered Cape Horn, the Royal Gloucester received considerable damage from heavy gales, which separated her from the rest of the squadron, and drove her out of her course. To increase our distress at the moment, we discovered that she had sprung a perilous leak; a large vessel, of warlike appearance, hove in sight, and bore down upon us, evidently with hostile intentions, and fired a gun to bring us to. We immediately manned our decks, and hoisted British colours; on which the other vessel displayed the black flag, and fired a broadside.

You may believe we did not tamely permit our sovereign's flag to be thus insulted by a villanous pirate; but the Royal Gloucester had been much damaged during the late gales; and when I tell you that it was Rowland Armstrong himself with whom we had to contend, you may imagine how little hope we had, under such disadvantages, of opposing successfully the superior force and able seamanship of such an antagonist. Our only chance, we plainly saw, was to cast all on one gallant venture, and board our formidable adversary; but fortune fought against us; for, at the very moment when our furious attack upon the pirate's deck had caused a temporary disorder among her crew, a fatal ball struck the Royal Gloucester between wind and water, and she almost instantaneously filled and sank. Thus was I, with a remnant of the boarding party whom I had headed, left without retreat in the midst of foes, to whom the generous feelings of honourable warfare were unknown; and after a few minutes' fierce contest, found myself the last survivor of my band on the enemy's deck.

"Leave him to me, my friends," exclaimed the ferocious chief, as his crew attempted to bear me down by numbers; "leave him to me. I trust my single arm can tame the gallant!"

My headlong fury was vainly opposed to the superior force of this tremendous adversary, and after a short, but fierce conflict, I sank bleeding beneath his powerful arm. To my infinite amazement, however, it pleased him to spare my life. By his order I was carried to a cabin, where my wounds were dressed, and I was supplied with every comfort which my situation required, and, after a few hours' repose, I was honoured with a visit from the redoubtable chief himself.

He entered my presence with the air of a conqueror, seated himself opposite to me, and fixing his fierce eyes on mine, seemed as if he meant to look me into submission. For my part, more provoked than intimidated by his bearing, I scorned to lower my eyes beneath his insolent glance, and returned his gaze with equal disdain.

His person and habiliments were both strikingly imposing. He was attired in a rich Spanish dress of black velvet, which set off to infinite advantage a figure of uncommon majesty, and his breast was guarded by a light steel cuirass, inlaid with gold and gems. As to his face, I believe he was a handsome, dark-complexioned man; but no one on whom he had once fixed his eyes, could pay much attention to his other features. In those eyes fierceness was combined with beauty to that degree, that when they expressed hatred or revenge, you would have thought the Evil One himself looked through their malignant brightness.

For some minutes we surveyed each other in silence, when Armstrong, finding it was not in his power to impress me with the awe he wished me to feel, commenced conversation by addressing me with an inquiry as to the state of my wounds, and my general bodily health, not only in a tone of friendly interest, but with the ease and politeness of a man of high breeding; and then, with more insinuation of manner than I had, from his haughty deportment, believed him capable of assuming, began to cross-question me respecting the destination of the Royal Gloucester, and whether there were other ships in her company when we reached those latitudes.

I was too well aware of his drift to afford him any information on a point of such importance. In fact, I enjoyed his perplexity; and to let him see that I understood his meaning, I regarded him with a sarcastic smile, and preserved an obstinate silence. When he observed this, he drew a pair of pistols from his belt, cocked them, and laid them on the table before him. "Now," said he, "I am about to repeat my questions; I mean to have them answered, and answered to the point; dare to trifle with me, and you die where you sit, for, the next instant, I shall send a brace of bullets through your brain!"

"Fire away then!" said I, "and spare yourself the trouble of useless inquiries on a subject on which I will give you no satisfaction."

He raised his arm, and took deliberate aim at my head, with such an expression of fiend-like malice in his eyes, that I felt every drop of blood in my body curdle; but whatever were my sensations in that moment of horror, I preserved too much self-command to betray the slightest emotion; and flashing back his glance, I fixed my eyes on his, with unshrinking firmness. I verily believe I looked him into shame of his purpose, for instead of pressing the trigger of the fatal weapon, he lowered his arm, while the deadly meaning of his eyes changed to an expression which, in any other person, I should have considered that of manly frankness. "You are a gallant fellow," said he, extending his hand to me with a smile: "Be my friend, and supply the place of my lieutenant whom you killed on our deck yesterday. You are worthy of becoming a pirate."

To this proposal I replied, by thanking him for the noble preferment he designed me, with an air of provoking irony. "But," continued I, "however strange it may appear that a gentleman of rank and family, and bearing King Charles's commission withal, should decline the honour of becoming a salt-water thief, such is my ill taste. You must seek a lieutenant better qualified for holding so distinguished a post."

The brow of the pirate became dark as midnight at a rejoinder which had the effect of rousing all the demon in his soul. He rose to quit the cabin, and there was something more truly appalling in the portentous calmness with which he said, as he left me, "I give you twelve hours to determine whether you will accept the post I have offered you, or experience the vengeance you have dared to defy," than if he had retorted my imprudent raillery with the most frightful menaces.

I had heard it was a practice among these sea-robbers to allow their unfortunate captives but one hour to decide whether they would become their associates in their lawless trade, or perish by a cruel death; and that the hour-glass, displayed among other terrible insignia on their sable flag, was a symbol of this custom. The pirate chief had, it is true, extended this time; but so far from considering that as a favour, I regarded it as an aggravation of the tortures of suspense. Agitated alternately with rage and despair, I shook, with frantic violence, the iron bars that guarded the windows of my prison; but they yielded not to the efforts of my distraction, and suddenly recollecting that it would be of no avail to me if they did, I flung myself sullenly on the floor, there to await my fate.

Fatigued by the conflicts I had suffered, and the exhaustion occasioned by my recent loss of blood, I felt a sort of prevailing drowsiness stealing over me. It was in vain that imagination pictured to me all that the dark to-morrow might bring forth; my feelings grew numbed and obtuse; my mind ceased to respond to the pangs of thought; and with that strange apathy which makes the Indian sleep at the stake, and the condemned on the eve of execution, I sank into the profoundest slumber.

From this unnatural sleep, I was roused by an uproar on deck. I listened attentively, and heard a mingled confusion of oaths and execrations, and then angry responses in the deep tones of the pirate chief, but nothing intelligible met my ear except the clashing of swords. I sprang from the ground, and approached the window of the cabin. The night was exceedingly dark, the sky seemed to hang low like a heavy black arch, yet, at the same time, the sea glowed with a strange refulgence fitfully playing and gleaming over its surface, and, for some minutes, I vainly endeavoured to account for such an unusual appearance.

My uncertainty was not of long duration,—a hollow rushing sound,—a dense and suffocating heat, combined with that terrific redness reflected over the waves, brought the dreadful conviction that the ship was in flames. The commotion on deck now grew outrageous, and, in the midst of it, the long boat and pinnace were lowered, and the crew descended into them with strife and imprecations. By the portentous light of the flames, I saw the boats put off and stretch into the main ocean, leaving me enclosed in my prison, a helpless prey to the fierce element by which I was surrounded.

Had they left me alone in a foundering ship, I should possibly have felt a stern satisfaction in their departure, but human nature shrank from the prospect of a fiery death. To be surrounded by a circle of flame, a living, breathing creature of enduring flesh, anticipating all the inflictions of the fire before it could approach near enough to end my tortures—the thought was horrible. Again I shook the bars of my prison with frantic vehemence, and cast a longing look on the boats now fast receding from sight.

In this moment of agony, amidst the increasing roar of the flames and the crash of falling timbers, I could distinguish the dash of oars close by the burning vessel. In another moment I saw a boat glide under the cabin windows, rowed by one man. Impelled by the desperation of my situation, I broke a pane of glass, and stretching forth my hand, implored for succour.

The boatman rested on his oars for a moment, then suddenly disappeared on the other side of the ship. Some seconds of fearful suspense followed. I listened with intense interest. Was it deception, or did I hear the sound of approaching footsteps? I had scarcely asked myself the question, when the cabin door fell in with a violent crash, and through the eddying smoke, I dimly saw the figure of a man who waved me to follow him.

How I made my way through the flames to the deck I know not, for I was completely stupified by the dense suffocating atmosphere through which I had to pass ; but when recollection returned, the first sensation of which I was conscious, was the pleasure of breathing the free air ; the next was surprise at finding myself alone in an open boat with Rowland Armstrong.

For some moments he plied the oars with desperation, and in truth he had good need; for, the fire having reached the guns, they began to discharge their shot in all directions. When we were out of the range of this involuntary cannonade, Armstrong rested on his oars, and watched with intense interest the progress of the flames as they climbed from mast to rigging, till the ship, from hull to top-gallants, was one fiery mass. At length the expected explosion took place, and the powder contained in the vessel rent her massy frame to atoms, sending blazing beams and timbers whirling into upper air.

"Ah! there the fire touches the magazine!" exclaimed the pirate, "and my brave bark is scattered to the four winds of heaven. Perdition seize the drunken mutinous villains who fired her! Farewell, my gallant Defiance! For many a year have you reigned queen of this ocean. I have ranged the South Seas over as your chief, and never lowered your black flag to mortal man."

From this and other soliloquies of the kind, I gathered that the catastrophe had been occasioned by a mutiny among the crew, who had seized some liquor by force, and, in piercing the casks, the fumes of the rum took fire, and the flames spread over the ship. The mutineers, then taking to the boats, made their escape from the burning vessel, leaving the captain her sole possessor.

On this part of my narrative, I forbear to dwell. It would be too painful to detail to you the tortures of lingering famine, and fiercer thirst which we endured while we remained floating on the boundless deep, with the tropical sun rolling flaming over our heads. On the evening of the fourth day, the iron frame of the pirate yielded to the hardships we suffered, and he sunk into the bottom of the boat in a state nearly resembling death. Fortunately the weather was fair, and our little sail scudded swiftly before a fresh breeze.

On the morning of the fifth day, the rising sun discovered a group of little islands before us. To one of the nearest of these I directly steered. Rowland Armstrong, who had for some hours reclined in the boat, in a state of apathy, now raised his head, and after surveying the coast with strange emotion in his countenance, made signs for me to change my course and make for another island. Without paying any regard to an intimation, which, under our circumstances, I considered as perfectly insane, I steered the boat into the creek of a river that ran sparkling into the sea. After following its course for about a mile up the country, it at length began to cut its way through a sod of emerald verdure, shaded by the most beautiful trees, whose branches, loaded with fruit of various sorts, almost touched the crystal waters. I abandoned the oar to snatch them as we glided beneath their umbrage, and liberally supplied my fellow-sufferer with a share of the welcome spoils.

Greatly refreshed by this delicious banquet, he once more raised his towering form from the recumbent posture in which he had lain for so many hours, and sitting up in the boat, looked wildly round him; then turning hastily to me, he exclaimed, in a tone of haughty command, "Put about instantly, and leave this cursed place."

Neither approving of the order, nor of the manner in which he felt disposed to enforce it, I told him flatly, "that I did not consider myself bound either to obey or to oblige him, much less to attend to a prejudice so capricious as that he was pleased to entertain against this fruitful and beautiful place, which, by the especial mercy of God, we had been permitted to gain."

At these words he became furious, and not contented with venting his displeasure in language worthy only of a pirate's use, he attempted to wrench the oars from my grasp, saying, at the same time, "Villain! do you presume to control me in the use of my own boat?"

"Remain in undisturbed possession of your boat," I replied, "and after I shall have gained the bank, steer her whithersoever you will, even though it should be to a place which you have too frequently upon your lips for it to be very wide of your final destination; but on this spot we separate, for I have not the slightest ambition to become the partner of your voyage thither, as that is a port to which I trust very few of his majesty's loyal subjects are bound, however free it may be to pirates and Roundheads."

In uttering these words, I had inadvertently touched a chord relating to some passage in the early part of Rowland Armstrong's life. His lip blanched and trembled with rage as he replied, that "a captain who had fought under the colours of the brave Blake, so far from considering the epithet of Roundhead as a term of reproach, gloried in the name."

My vehement loyalty being piqued at the exulting manner in which he avowed as a boast having borne the commission of the traitor Blake, I replied, with much of the hot-headed spirit of my party, that "I might have guessed, from his present honourable employment, where he had served his nautical apprenticeship; "for," added I, "Blake's Roundheads have supplied the seas with salt-water thieves, as plentifully as Cromwell's trooping rascals have our highways with cutpurses."

"And do you imagine," said the pirate with an expression truly satanic in his countenance, "that taunts like those shall remain unpunished?"

"You fancy yourself on the deck of the Defiance, and surrounded by your ruffian crew," I replied, "or you would not presume to insult with threats a man who is at present your superior in personal strength."

"Ha!" exclaimed he, drawing a loaded pistol from his belt; "is not this weapon as powerful in the hand of a babe as in the grasp of a giant?"

He presented it as he spoke, but at the very moment that his vengeful finger pressed the trigger, it dropped from his nerveless hold, and discharging wide of the mark, its report was reverberated by a thousand echoes, and answered by the discordant screams of innumerable wild sea-birds, which that sound had disturbed in the desert solitudes of the island. Rowland Armstrong staggered forward at the same time, and would have fallen over the edge of the boat into the deep water, had I not, with impulsive humanity, received his fainting form in my arms.

The ashy hue of death was on his features, his teeth were clenched, large cold drops of moisture chased each other down his sunburned cheeks; and I should have imagined that a most extraordinary fit of insanity had ended with his dissolution, had I not felt the strong convulsions with which his powerful frame trembled, and seen, by the heaving of his breast, that he still laboured for breath with frightful violence.

Long and death-like was the swoon in which he lay, while I continued to sail up the river, in the hope of meeting with some fellow creature in a place which I thought far too lovely to be entirely destitute of inhabitants. At length the stream, taking a winding direction, brought me in front of a verdant savannah, which sloped down to the water's edge, and was skirted by rich groves, in the form of an amphitheatre. This beautiful eminence was crowned by an edifice which resembled a fairy fortress rather than any human abode. I paused for a moment, in admiration and delight; then pushing hastily for the shore, moored the boat, and having laid Rowland Armstrong on the turf, I hastened towards the little fort, where I doubted not of being able to procure assistance for my suffering companion. As I advanced, I was struck with the silence and loneliness of the spot, the long grass of which bore no vestige that a single footstep had for years disturbed its luxuriance.

Supposing the path I had chosen was not that of common approach to the building, I proceeded somewhat cautiously, till I gained the rude portico, where I paused for a moment, and listened, but in vain. No martial hum, nor sound of mirth or business intimated that aught living was within. Determined at all events to rouse its inhabitants, if inhabitants it had, I knocked so long and loudly that the echoes of my strokes were returned from all the neighbouring rocks and woods; but they disturbed no living creature, except some huge macaws and parrots, which flew, with shrill discordant cries, as if displeased at my intrusion, from the battlements of the miniature fort; but after the rushing of their flight had subsided, silence again prevailed. I repeated my efforts to gain admission, and knocked with redoubled energy, till the portals, yielding to my violence, creaked on their rusty hinges, and suddenly expanded. I entered without hesitation, and proceeded uninterruptedly, into a large rude apartment, which had evidently been used at some time or other for a guard-room. On the walls hung carabines, pikes, and pistols, and had it not been for the rusty state of these weapons, I should have judged that I acted imprudently in entering so unceremoniously what appeared to be neither more nor less than a buccaneer's den.

It was, however, very evident, that for some cause the place had been totally deserted. The long tables and benches—its sole furniture—were covered with dust, and the stone walls and floor overgrown with lichens. On the spacious hearth, half-burned blocks and embers, which had apparently been extinguished for years, still remained, and the whole place bore the most striking marks of desolation, and of having been hastily abandoned.

As I repassed the low arched doorway, something came in contact with my person, and fell heavily to the ground; on turning about, I discovered it to be a black velvet Spanish cloak and sombrero, adorned with a jewel, and a rich plume of feathers. Having lost my own hat, and feeling withal somewhat chilled by the heavy dews, I incontinently invested myself with this dress; and musing on the singular incident by which I had become possessed of it, I proceeded to the water's edge, where I had left the pirate. He had recovered from his swoon, during my absence, and was sitting in an upright posture, surveying the surrounding objects now fast fading into twilight, with a look of gloom and horror. On my near approach he started from the ground, and in a voice that resembled a shriek, exclaimed; "On this spot I might indeed expect to see you, Granville; but this is not your accustomed hour."

Ever since we had entered the island, I had suspected the pirate of labouring under mental derangement; therefore this strange salutation appeared far less extraordinary than the circumstance of his addressing me by my family name, with which I had not the slightest reason to believe him acquainted, and ere I could ask an explanation, he had relapsed into another death-like swoon. With some difficulty, I succeeded in raising him from the earth, and conveying him into the little fortress, where I laid him on one of the settles in the chimney corner, and busied myself in rekindling the long-extinguished fire, and seeking a supper of sea-fowls' eggs, with which the island abounded.

The shades of evening early darkened the rude grated casements of the gloomy apartment, but the fitful flashes, which the blazing embers and brushwood threw up, partially supplied the place of the failing light. I was watching the broad wavering shadows cast by their flickering beams on the dusky walls, and indulging my imagination in fanciful speculations as to the former inhabitants of this mysterious place, and was already far gone in a mental romance of my own creating, when I was roused from my reverie by a deep groan from my companion, who had once more raised himself from his recumbent position, and was regarding me with the fixed gaze of horror. I rose, and was about to approach him, but he waved me back with a repulsive motion of his hand, exclaiming at the same time; "Did I not see the deep waters close over thee, and dost thou still rise to trouble me?"

I regarded the pirate with the astonishment which his wild words had inspired; but before the rising inquiry could pass my lips, he cried out; "Merciful powers, preserve my reason! And are you there also?"

I followed the direction of his eyes, and imagined I saw—imagined, do I say? Even at this distant period my cheek blanches, and my frame shivers with an involuntary thrill of horror, as I recal my feelings when I perceived, in the gloomy shadow of an opposite recess, an appearance bearing so close a resemblance in dress, height, and all other particulars to myself, that had I not known no such article adorned the rude apartment, I should have pronounced it to be my own reflection in a tall mirror. It was but the vision—or, if you will, the delusion—of a moment. How it entered I know not, and of its departure I had no other token than that it suddenly ceased to be present to my startled gaze, and the spot which it had occupied remained vacant. "It is gone!" I exclaimed with a deep respiration, throwing off, as I spoke, the sombrero I had hitherto worn, when Rowland Armstrong, gazing stedfastly upon me, cried with a ghastly smile; "I know you now, and though you bear a strange resemblance to him, I never should have mistaken you for his apparition, had I not seen you in the very dress that Beaufort Granville was wont to wear."

"Beaufort Granville!" I exclaimed in increasing astonishment: "How is it that I hear the name of my gallant kinsman so familiarly pronounced by lips like thine?"

For some moments the pirate continued to contemplate my features with absorbing interest, evidently of a most painful nature; at last he spoke, but his words appeared rather to proceed from a habit of thinking aloud than from any intention of expressing what was passing in his mind. "His kinsman!" murmured he; "it must be so. This then accounts for my strange relentings at various times when I had vowed his death. And did not Beaufort himself, this very morn, rise from the deep blue waters that rolled so many fathoms over him, and, by his awful gestures, forbid me to shed the blood of another Granville?"

"Of another Granville!" I exclaimed. "Ruffian, you were then the murderer of my noble relative, whose fate has ever remained an enigma to his friends!"

"Were I to deny," he said, "that Beaufort Granville died by my hand on the very spot where you would this morning have found a grave, had he not risen, pale and dripping from the bosom of the stream, to arrest my purpose, you would know I lied,—for, answer me truly, did you not see him also?"

"I was at that instant too much engaged by your attempt upon my life to be very clear in my observations," I replied; "yet, at the moment you swooned, I certainly did remark a thin grey shadow hovering on the bosom of the stream." The pirate groaned, and murmured something to himself in an inarticulate tone, and I resumed: "As Beaufort Granville's nearest of kin, I demand of you an explanation of the circumstances which led to his murder."

"Seek not," he sullenly replied, "to awaken my remembrance. Suffice it to say, that the loyal and high-born Beaufort Granville, on experiencing unmerited neglect from the restored family, became a pirate, a sea-robber, like the infamous Rowland Armstrong."

"Tis false!" I replied. "Beaufort Granville never allied his name with deeds like thine."

"We were not only associates in what you are pleased to term my hellish way of life," he rejoined, with a gloomy smile, "but the most attached of friends. How we became acquainted it is unnecessary to say; but that we were both induced, in a moment of desperation, to embrace the calling of a pirate, with a view to retrieve our broken fortunes, is most true. In many points the character of Beaufort Granville nearly resembled my own. Ay, you may curl your lip, and smile contemptuously if you will. I was not, when I first became a pirate, the lawless ruffian you have found me; but it was the natural consequence of that mode of life, to stifle every generous and noble emotion of the heart. In the commencement of my piratical career, I shrunk from its attendant crimes, and from the wretches assembled under my command, with the feelings natural to a gentleman and an officer; and it was only when in company with Beaufort Granville, my friend and coadjutor, that I may be said to have known a moment's happiness during the first years that I became a rover. Still we were Roundhead and Cavalier, and men who had embraced opposite sides in the great national struggle, with all the fury of party spirit; but, in the beginning of our compact, we had mutually agreed to avoid the subject of politics, and had we adhered to this resolution, Beaufort Granville had not paid with his life for the bitterness of his taunts; and I should have escaped the remorse which has always pursued me since the murder of my friend."

He paused, choked with the excess of his emotion, and glaring half fearfully round the gloomy apartment, continued: "We were, after a peculiarly fortunate cruize, returning to this island, which, you may easily comprehend, was our head-quarters—the safe and unsuspected retreat where we concealed our ill acquired wealth. Wishing to bestow our share of the booty in security, before the crew landed, we proceeded alone in the boat up the creek. Our conversation was at first more than usually friendly and confidential; but, by degrees, a stern expression stole over the fine countenance of Granville, and, after a time, he sunk into a gloomy reverie; on which I told him I was surprised at his indulging in sadness at a moment when he was on the point of obtaining the object of his exertions, namely, sufficient wealth to redeem his patrimony from its present possessors.

"His brow darkened as he heard me, and he replied by pouring forth a torrent of invectives against 'the vile traitors and robbers,' as he styled them, who were revelling in his right, and whose lawless invasion of his property had forced him into a way of life from which, as a gentleman and a cavalier, he turned with disgust and horror. I bore with his petulance, for I was aware that his was a galling case, and by way of soothing him, observed, that if the life of a pirate were so distasteful to him, there would be no occasion for his continuance in it, since the next good prize would enable him to return to his native land loaded with Spanish gold. To this he replied with great heat, that, 'he loathed wealth so acquired, and would never return to England after having stained his honour and degraded his name by the base trade of a sea-robber!'

"I then reminded him 'that he had gone no farther than I, for we had equally put ourselves within reach of the law;' but he retorted, with a contempt I had not deserved from him, 'that our cases were widely different; for he had disgraced the name and character of a gentleman and a cavalier, by embracing a mode of life fit only for a banished Roundhead on whom no brand of infamy could cast an additional slur.'

"My dagger was buried to the hilt in his side before the sentence was well concluded, and, the next moment, the blue waters, into which I plunged him, were dyed with his blood. Gloomily I watched them till the last ripple had subsided, and they rolled silently and smoothly over all that remained of what had been once my friend. Since that moment peace has been a stranger to my days, and sleep has fled from my couch, affrighted by the deed I had committed.

"Neither did Beaufort Granville find rest in his watery grave; that very evening, as I approached this place alone, in the gray hour of twilight, I met him advancing from that dark grove, drest even as you were just now, with so much of his natural ease and gallant bearing about him, that, forgetful for a moment of the frightful scene of the morning, or regarding it only as a hideous dream, I hastened a few paces forward to meet him; but he faded from my sight like a mist wreath from the lake, and something indescribable, comparable only to a cold rushing blast, struck me with a chill which I shall never forget, as he passed. I always experience its awful effects when he is near me. To avoid him I forsook this island where his restless spirit perpetually wanders, and whither a strange fatality of circumstances have conducted me only to die; for the hour is fast approaching that will reduce to a little dust the mortal part of the once dreaded Rowland Armstrong. When that hour arrives, if you bury me at the foot of a rude cross that fronts the winding of the river, you will be rewarded for your trouble. Albeit, it is a service that I have little right to expect at the hand of — a Granville."

You may imagine my feelings during the fearful watchings of that awful night,—alone with the dying murderer in this deserted haunt of crime, and in darkness that was only broken by the uncertain glimmering which the fitful fire-light threw from time to time on his convulsed and livid features. Yet from the contemplation of the strife of parting life, appalling as it was—for the grim tyrant laid no lenient hand on the mighty frame of Rowland Armstrong—I felt reluctant to withdraw my eyes, lest they should encounter the shadowy form of my unfortunate kinsman, rising to reproach me for supporting his murderer in his last moments. More than once I was startled into a thrill of supernatural terror, as I felt the enormous bats which had taken possession of the apartment, brush past, or saw their dark shadows flit before me in their circling flight.

The deep silence was at intervals interrupted by the shrill screams of the sea-birds from the rocks, or the laboured respiration of the dying man; and at times all was so still that I could plainly hear the dash of every separate wave as it broke on the pebbly shore. At length, strange as it may appear, exhausted nature overcame terror, anxiety, and the desire of watchfulness, and I sank into a deep slumber, from which I awoke not till the day had dawned. I raised my stiffened limbs with difficulty from the bench whereon I had lain, and directed my eyes towards my companion, but his face was muffled in part of his dress. Supposing, that like myself, he had been so fortunate as to obtain a few hours' repose, I did not speak, but softly approaching him, withdrew the covering from his face, and gazed upon him. It was an awful sight. I started back appalled, but my second emotion was that of thankfulness that I had been spared the horror of witnessing the departure of a spirit like that of Rowland Armstrong.

By a singular coincidence, it chanced that the Queen Catherine frigate touched at the island within a few hours after the pirate's decease. That vessel formed a part of the expedition to which the Royal Gloucester belonged. To her commander, Sir Eustace De Vere, who had been my lamented father's friend, I related the loss of the Royal Gloucester, and all that had since befallen me. When I had concluded my eventful narrative, he, with a strong expression of nautical condemnation, consigned the soul of the pirate to the dominions of darkness, and entreated me to leave the care of his body to the birds of prey that infested the island. But when he found me resolved to comply with the last request of the unhappy man, he not only agreed to accompany me, but offered to assist me in the business of interment.

We went alone to the spot described by the pirate, and I dug his grave at the foot of the rude cross, according to his direction; before I had proceeded very far in my task, I discovered a coffer, which we concluded must contain the treasure to which he had alluded; but we unclosed it not till I had consigned the mortal remains of Rowland Armstrong to their last resting-place, and smoothed the mould and turf over his nameless grave.

On examining the coffer, we were astonished at the wealth it contained, of which I proffered an equal share to Sir Eustace. This the gallant veteran declined, with characteristic bluntness, declaring that he had no wish to share in the vile hoard of a villanous pirate, and charged me, for the honour of my noble house, to keep the matter secret.

I obeyed this injunction implicitly, and the mystery would have died with me, had I not yielded to your entreaties, son of my beloved brother; and in revealing to you the particulars of this transaction, afforded you another proof of the confidence of your affectionate uncle,—George Granville.

THE BURNING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

BY T. E. HANKINSON, M.A.

[At two o'clock in the morning the fire had attained its height. The clock-tower was enveloped in flames. The musical peal of bells chimed the air to the words

"There 's nae luck about the house,"

and struck the hour for the last time. Almost immediately afterwards the whole interior of the tower was heard to fall to the ground.]

Twelve o'clock on a winter's night,
And deadly cold and drear;
A frost-fog, half a mile in height,
Makes darkness, in the moon's despite,
That else were keenly clear:
Clammy and dense it settles down,
Like a foul fiend's wings, on the stifled town;
Each lamp winks feebly at his fellow,
With a halo about him of tawny yellow;
The very candles will not shine,
Though made of the purest stearine;
Without and within, in street and room,
Is the same unearthly and lurid gloom.

With the kindest of friends, and the best of cheer,
You cannot keep off the sense of fear;
You know not whence, and you know not where,
But you're sure that evil is prowling near.
Goblin, and ghost, and gnome, and goul,
Evil spirit, and shriftless soul,
Have leave to go forth of their dread abyss,
And walk the earth on a night like this.

The darkness is past! and the deep midnight
Is all a-blaze with a burst of light;
Streaming into the reeking air,
And tossing the frost-fog here and there;
Back the billows of mist retreat
Before the unusual glare and heat.
The city, late so dim and still,
Awakens with a panic thrill;
There are pale faces and hurrying feet;
Thousands are thronging through square and street;
The roll of wheels, the rush of wind,
The mingled voices of mankind,
The backward clang of bell,
The sullen, solemn roar of fire,
The fitful crash of ruin dire;—
And the fierce hiss that upward breaks,
As from ten thousand fiery snakes,
Which, writhing in their den below,
Hurl scorn upon their watery foe.
Such are the sounds that swell,
Startling the welkin with affright:

Then turn, and view that ghastly sight:
Pillar, and dome, and turret-height,
All sweltering in the lurid light,
Like red-hot steel,—and say, you might,
That London looked, upon that night,
  Like the capital of Hell.

The shrine of Plutus! Many and many a year
The wealthy of the earth have worshipped here:
Here rose to him the many-voiced oblation
From every people, kindred, tongue and nation:
It burns! The Avenging Angel plies with joy
His missioned task to waste, overthrow, destroy.
Lo! how the massive fabric groans and reels,
Crushed by his wind-borne chariot's fiery wheels!
Man plies his skill in vain: with mute despair,
He sees the spoiler sweep the pillared square;
And, in the final triumph of his power,
Wave his red pinions o'er the central tower.
There came a voice,—and every heart grew chill
As the ear drank its melancholy thrill,
So linked with old remembrances;—it came
Forth from the central mass of smoke and flame,
Where the calm monitor of passing time
Wailed up to Heaven his last expiring chime.
Every third hour,* by day and night, for years,
He sang in prophecy to heedless ears;

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* "Every third hour." The carrillons played three tunes, one every hour: "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and "There's na luck about the house."

And now, ere yet his watch-tower sinks to dust,
He knells the doom fulfilled,—and yields his trust.

The burthen of Tyre.* Howl and cry,
Ye ships, at the song of her destiny!
Dreary and lone is that shrine of sin:
No place for her merchants to enter in.
Be still, ye sons of the isle! Be still!
Whom the merchants of Zidon have toiled to fill.
Your wealth poured in, like the tide of your river,
And ye thought that her throne was built for ever;
And the sails of all lands in her port were furled,
And ye wantonly called her "The Mart of the World."
Is this your city of joy, whose praise
Was voiced by the songs of ancient days?
Ye shall carry her wail from shore to shore;
For the place of her pride shall know it no more.
Who hath ta'en counsel to bring her down;
And struck from her head her mural crown;
And smitten her children with wasting and dearth;
And humbled her merchants, the princes of earth?

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* "The burthen of Tyre. Howl ye ships of Tarshish; for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in.

"Be still, ye inhabitants of the isle; thou whom the merchants of Zidon that pass over the sea have replenished.

"The harvest of the river is her revenue; and she is a mart of nations.

"Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days? her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn.

"Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre,—the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?

"The Lord of hosts hath purposed it to stain the pride of all glory," &c.
Isai. xxiii. 1—9.

Jehovah of hosts,—Jehovah most high,
Hath sealed the scroll of her destiny!
He hath made her rich, he hath made her poor:
He can make her again as she was before!
But her greatness shall wane, and her glory be dim,
Till she bows to the dust, and worships Him.

THE FOUR WONDERS.

> Four things the living world controul,
> The eye, the heart, the mind, the soul.
>
> *Persian Proverb*

The Eye, the glorious eye!
  What bounds its splendid sweep?
All deep, all bright, all high;
  Broad ocean, Alpine steep;
Night's grandeur, morning's rosy dye;
  The hues that on the evening waters sleep:
All beauty, might, and majesty,
  Bright orb! all lie within thy splendid sweep.

The Heart, the glowing heart!
  What lie within its living cells?
Visions that shame the painter's art;
  Deep thoughts that only silence tells;

Stings, like the Indian's poisoned dart,
  That kill unseen ;—Delicious spells ;
Loves fixed, till weary life depart ;
  Fond thing ! all lie within thy living cells.

The MIND, the mighty mind !
  What lie beneath its sceptre's sway ?
The million wills of human kind ;
  Empire's young grandeur and decay ;
The laws that grasp the viewless wind ;
  The science of the solar way ;
The chains by eloquence entwined ;
  Life of our life ! all lie beneath thy sway.

The SOUL, the soaring Soul !
  What lie beneath thy fiery wing ?
Beneath thee burns the starry pole,
  Above thee sits alone thy KING !
Thou, when the final thunders roll,
  In glory from the grave shalt spring :
Life, death, and heaven—the mighty whole,
  Immortal ! lie beneath thy wing.

ALCÆUS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE FORESTER.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

There was once—we never trouble ourselves with dates, for we hate chronology (especially our own),—a very fair castle which stood on the banks of the glorious Rhine, looking frowningly down on sunny fields and waving forests. And there lived a certain little German baron, with an unpronounceable name, with a wife who never talked any thing but German sense, and a daughter who was as beautiful as her own portrait; and that would be a rare thing in more modern days.

Now this formidable baron with the unpronounceable name, contrived to get over the hours, and the days, and the years of his life very tolerably, with the aid of eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and hunting, and smoking; and the baroness, his wife, travelled on with time much at the same pace, diversifying the amusement of scolding one, when she was tired of scolding another, and congratulating herself on the usefulness of a life which was spent in the philanthropic labour of warring against every body's faults, most disinterestedly forgetting her own. This intellectual amusement, with the more useful employments of knitting, in which all German ladies are adepts, and the superintendence of saur kraut and sweetmeats, helped the German baroness on amazingly well from morning till noon, and from noon till night.

It happened that, while the Baron Rheinhardsbrunn spent his mornings with his gamekeepers and his gun, shooting in the old oak woods, and his afternoons with his meerschaum, filling the old halls with smoke, and the baroness, his wife, was occupied in the midst of her maids, the fraulein Wilhelmina, not having inherited any of the tastes of her ancestors, found she had a good deal of disposable time upon her hands that she did not very well know how to put out to interest. She could not always be bending over her embroidery frame, neither could she always be warbling and trilling; while as for books, either of sense or nonsense, people did not write by steam or print by steam in those days; and books were scarce, especially in the castle of Rheinhardsbrunn.

So the fraulein Wilhelmina spent her time in thinking and feeling—the two most unprofitable and unsatisfactory things that a woman can do—and when sunset was turning the waters of the Rhine into molten gold, she was found in the vast forests of the olden oak, listening to the music of the murmuring leaves, the sighing of the winds, and the whisperings of her own little heart.

This something or another in that same heart made her exceedingly nervous in her walks and wanderings; for ladies had nerves in those days, though they did not know it, and she consequently fancied that the rustling of a leaf must needs be the rustling of a garment; the track of the deer along the dewy grass, the imprint of a human footfall; the chirping of a bird, some distant carol; the moaning of the wind, sighs from a sad heart. These no doubt were optical and aural delusions, though there is pretty good authority for thinking that the daughter of the baron did sometimes really and truly behold, on evidence that might have been admitted in any court of law, a certain fine, tall, handsome young forester, in a green hunting suit, and a belt with an enormous buckle, and boots that would have frightened Hoby, and a cap placed rather beauishly on one side, and a gun slung across his shoulder. Still, formidable as such an accoutred hero might have been to the duke's deer, Wilhelmina must have been very nervous indeed to have felt afraid, as every body said that he was only one of the head foresters, and the Baron Rheinhardsbrunn himself was not at all afraid of him, neither was his lady the baroness.

"Fair fraulein," said the young forester, "the moon has gone through all the changes of her variableness since mine eyes were gladdened by the sight of you, and now that I look upon your face once more, will you not let me hear the music of your voice?"

"You have spent your absence well," said the maiden, "studying fair words and smooth speeches."

"Nay," replied the forester, "you might as justly break your mirror for reflecting a fair image, as charge with flattery one who is so rude of tongue and honest of speech."

So have said all the gentlemen to all the ladies from the foundation of the world.

"Doubtless you have passed the time vastly to your own satisfaction," continued the fraulein, very much as if it had not been at all to hers, "else you would neither have gone nor have stayed."

"Not so," replied the other. "I have been absent from you."

"Ay, but voluntarily."

The young forester smiled a smile of particular satisfaction. Nothing shows the value of our presence so much as chidings for our absence. We wish that modern husbands would remember this when modern wives scold them for stopping out.

"Nay," said the fair lady, pettishly (ladies were pettish sometimes in those days), "the same road will lead you the same way."

"Then you wish me to go?"

"Go! yes, certainly. I know of no particular service that you do me by staying."

"You are right," said the young forester, "I am spending my days in inglorious inactivity. You bid me go."

"Go; yes, go."

A slight flush passed over the face of the youth, but it was quickly chased away. "If I go, it must only be to return; and now tell me when?"

"When?" said Wilhelmina, "when? O, when you are a field-marshal!"

"As nothing else?"

"Yes, you may come back when you are hereditary prince."

"But as a poor forester?"

"Stay—and remain such."

"To be despised?"

"No."

"To be accepted?"

"No."

"In all cases I should be the same."

"The same perhaps to me, but not to the baron, who has the honour of being my father," said Wilhelmina, playfully.

"But if I am acceptable to you, and not to him?"

"It is the same."

"It is thus then that you bid me go?"

Wilhelmina was silent.

"You despise my humble condition. You have not the generosity to separate me from my station. You think that I must needs be low and sordid, because I do not boast to you of a long line of ancestry. Had I come tricked out in knightly badges and armorial honours, you might have been won, but because I bring you nothing but a heart that loves you, you despise it."

"Why then do I bear your reproaches?" said Wilhelmina.

"Why do you banish me?" asked the forester.

"For these reasons," said Wilhelmina; "Providence made me the daughter of a German baron" (the young forester smiled scornfully); "Providence made you what you are" (the youth smiled again); "and thus has Providence divided us. My parents love me and trust me, and I will never abuse their confidence. You say that had you come to me honoured and nobly born, it would have been otherwise; well, it might: but do not dare to think that I could be influenced by sordid motives."

"No!" exclaimed the young forester, "I will not so wrong you!—rather let me adore you for this generous feeling. It is a solace to know, that under other circumstances I might not have despaired. You teach me, too, how a parent should be loved and honoured, and I may yet profit by the lesson. Little did I think we should thus have met thus to part! But now, farewell!"

The young forester, as if in great doubt of the strength of his own resolution, went off at railroad speed, leaving poor Wilhelmina rather nervous again, despite all her resolution. Howbeit, she told her own heart to be still, and it tried to obey her; and in a little while the strength of principle triumphed over the frailty of feeling. Under the sweetest and the calmest aspect, Wilhelmina carried a firm heart.

It is true, that after this the daughter of the little German baron felt a sort of blank around her that she did not very well know how to fill up; for she was only a woman, though we think she has a fair right to be called a heroine. She found a sad falling off in nature; the Rhine did not roll so nobly, the sun did not shine so brightly, the moon did not walk so gloriously, the stars did not troop so radiantly, nor the flowers breathe so sweetly, nor the birds sing so blythely. What could be the matter with every thing in the world?

All was in commotion at the castle of Rheinshardsbrunn. A courier had arrived from the reigning duke, requiring the presence of the noble little German Baron Rheinshardsbrunn and his illustrious family at court.

What could it all be for? Was the elector going to war? Did he want men? Was he in debt? Did he want money? Did he want advice from the sensible head of the little German baron? Was he going to make him a general? Was he going to make him a councillor? What was he going to do with him?

The baron left off smoking; the baroness gave up her knitting. Never before had such hurrying and bustling been known in the castle of Rheinshardsbrunn. The baron settled all his worldly affairs; the baroness disposed of her hams and saur kraut; Wilhelmina looked pathetically at the withered leaves of the old oak forest, and then off they all set to the electorate capital.

We pass over all the incidents of the journey: how the baroness scolded and the baron rebelled; how it rained, and how the baroness declared that it was the baron's fault; how the baron grumbled at the immensity of the baroness's packages, and how the baroness declared that they were no size at all; how the baroness expected to be killed every moment, and how unsympathising the baron proved himself on the occasion; and how, after having been wetted by the rain, and scorched by the sun, they at last found themselves, much to their own astonishment, in perfect safety in the city of the electorate.

The elector held his court. There was a whole army of landgraves, and margraves, and counts, and barons, and generals, with names that living lips born out of the Germanic Empire, could never articulate with personal safety; and ladies of all sorts and sizes, furnishing a very pretty variety of complexions, and a fair assortment of eyes and eye-brows, and cheeks and chins. The gentlemen were glittering in gold and orders, and the ladies were shining in chains and jewels. And then there were chamberlains, and pages, and guards, and retainers, quite out of count; and there, too, was the great little Baron Rheinshardsbrunn, cased in a doublet of gold embroidery, and his lady the baroness in forty flounces, and Wilhelmina wrapped in the graceful folds of her maidenly veil, looking simply beautiful.

The baron looked immeasurably wise, and immensely grave, to hide the bewilderment of his faculties; he could not yet determine whether or not he had been sent for to be made a general or a minister; while the baroness assumed a position of unapproachable superiority over the whole court; having, by what process of reasoning we know not, arrived at the conclusion that the elector had sent for them all to court on purpose to marry

Wilhelmina. To be sure he might be a little older, but what of that? he was an elector. As for the little fraulein, she was looking round, and thinking in her own mind, and feeling in her own heart, that not one of these illustrious possessors of hereditary castles, with their hundreds of quarterings, could compare in nature's true nobility with a certain young forester in his buckle, and belt, and boots, and suit of hunting green.

The elector came: he was richly dressed; had a noble mien, and a princely presence; a broad and open forehead, which displayed both sense and candour. He looked like the firm, yet affectionate father of his people.

The baron was presented: he conducted himself in a manner that would have done for either a general or a minister,—half martial, half diplomatic; and it evidently did very well, for the elector received him graciously, and detained him in conversation. The duke dropped his voice, and spoke in a confidential tone, and the well-bred crowd receded. The little Baron Rheinshardsbrunn was certainly then a very great man.

"Baron," said the elector, "we have sent to invite you to our court, both because we were anxious to know a nobleman whose character stands so high for wisdom, and that we might have the advantage of your opinion respecting the state of our forests in your neighbourhood."

"Your most serene highness," replied the baron, "does me great honour. For any little sagacity that I may possess, I say nothing. I am as I am; but I am much obliged to the world for speaking well of me to your highness. I would I knew who it was,—I would send him a fat buck of my own shooting."

"You shall know ere long," replied the elector with a slight smile.

"And as to the woods, your highness, I wish I could speak more favourably of their management,—they might be better marketed than they are now. There is a certain springald who has been preferred to the place of chief forester in our district: he has too young a head upon his shoulders, your highness,—too young for such a responsible office,—too giddy; and then he is here and there, and every where,—sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, and sometimes nowhere at all;—perhaps you may see him every day for a week, and then he is away for a month, and nobody knows where he is to be found, and so the wood-stacking is all neglected; and I verily believe that he cares no more for the wood sales than I do for—for—" the baron could not find any comparison small enough,—"and so, your highness, that must be very bad for your highness' revenue."

"He must be displaced," said the duke: "no one must hold an office under us, and neglect its duties; but we will speak of this again. We hope that our court will afford some little amusement to your lady the baroness. We must have the pleasure of being known to her."

On this intimation, which the baron chose to suppose included his daughter, he bustled off to his lady, and returned dragging her with him, followed by the reluctant Wilhelmina. Never had the baroness been so great a lady,—never had she carried her head so high, as, when thus standing in the charmed circle of a court, she made the acquaintance of her supposed future son-in-law, that appropriated son-in-law being an electorate prince, while all his margraves, and generals, and counts, and barons were gathered around.

The smiles of princes have the effect of wine upon weak heads: the baroness was perfectly intoxicated. The elector then turned to Wilhelmina, and fixed his eyes searchingly upon her, seeking to read her heart in the lines of her fair face. The baron's daughter looked down and blushed "celestial rosy red." What more need a young and lovely woman do? The eloquence of beauty is greater than the eloquence of speech.

That night the elector gave a grand ball. Once more the counts and barons, and margraves, and landgraves, and generals, and officers, with their wives, and their daughters, and uncles, and aunts, and cousins, were assembled in the electoral palace. And there was the finest of music of the finest of composers, and the finest of waltzing, and the finest of wines, and the finest of women, and the finest of every thing in the world. There too was the great little German baron; there too was his lady the baroness, and there too was Wilhelmina.

"Fair lady," said the elector, to the fraulein, "you look too grave for your young days. Cannot the gaiety of a court steal your thoughts for a while from your quiet home amid the woods and hills? or do you really love those forest shades better than our mirthful halls?"

"I have loved them from childhood," said Wilhelmina; "my affections have taken root like those old forest trees. I cannot love the last the best."

"But we are hoping to transplant you to a court."

Wilhelmina immediately put on her pretty look of calm determination. She was resolved to say 'no,' to whatever it might be.

"But since you love not gay halls," resumed the elector, "suffer me to show you a fair prospect. Our palace garden looks over hills, and woods, and dales, that may have the good fortune to please your eye as well as the forests which lie beyond the castle of Rheinshardsbrunn."

Wilhelmina blushed again, but she followed the footsteps of the duke as he led her across a corridor from the banqueting room. As they passed the threshhold the duke paused, and looked back upon the gay scene they were quitting. "Turn your eyes, fair lady, and tell me if it be nothing to preside over a court,—nothing to assume the state of a princess,—nothing to reign like a queen?"

"It is better to have a heart at peace," said Wilhelmina.

"You are a philosopher," said the duke: "come then, and I will tempt you with nature's loveliness."

And so they passed through the arched portal represented in our picture. Wilhelmina, calm, firm, and determined, yet not without a feeling of anxiety upon her countenance: the duke, earnest, uncertain, disquieted, doubtful of the issue.

They stood upon the terrace garden: on one hand lay the city, its busy hum just breaking on the ear like the rush of distant waters, the spires of its innumerable churches piercing the skies, and the glitter of its multitude of lights marking its extent: on the other, happy valleys and patriarchal forests, mountains, and ravines, hills and dales, spread themselves out in an all-glorious panorama of nature's painting,—its far-off lines melting into the soft twilight of the rosy evening hour.

They stood for a few moments in silence,—that princely man, and that gentle girl. Wilhelmina was alive to all the beauty of the prospect.

"Survey this scene!" said the elector.

"I do," replied Wilhelmina; "it is both fair and proud to look upon. It may well be a prince's pride,—his glory. I congratulate your highness."

"Doubtless it is a fruitful and a happy land," replied the duke, "and now bethink before you answer me;—will you be to it as a queen?"

"Your highness will pardon me," said Wilhelmina; "I am a simple maiden, and do not understand the words of courtly compliment."

"Nay," replied the prince with a sly smile, "the intuition of woman's heart, whether she be of a cottage or a court, teacheth her some things without the labour of conning lessons. Even you, my pretty lady, would be able to guess when the eye admired, and when the heart loved. But come, I will tell you a little tale, and you shall draw the moral.

"There was once a very pretty maiden,—she might be as pretty as yourself,—and she lived in a romantic castle, almost as romantic as the castle of Rheinshardsbrunn; and there was a certain electorate duke who had an only son, the hereditary prince, to whom his foolish father had transferred all the doting love which he had once borne for his dead mother; and being tenderly anxious for the happiness of his boy, as well as deeply interested for the welfare of his people, he had sought out every princess of the German Empire, as well as some from foreign courts, trusting that his fancy might at last be caught, or his judgment influence his decision, so that when the elector paid the great debt of nature, he might leave the son of his love surrounded by sources of consolation, thus falling in with that benign arrangement of Providence, which graciously supplies new objects of affection as old ones drop away. But no,—this wayward boy was obstinate, intractable, self-willed; saw no beauty in one, no merit in another; loved not to be the slave of woman's capricious fancies; to lisp and sigh, and trifle his life away bound by silken threads, and chained in wreaths of flowers. No; a free heart and the forest glade, and to be victor in the chase, were better than bonds woven even by affection."

Wilhelmina looked of course very much interested.

"Well; thus time passed, as time is ever passing, until one day the prince returned hastily from the chace, and rushing into my closet—

"'Yours, your highness!'

"Ay, mine, fair lady; and with a heated countenance, a troubled brow, and a haste that argued a doubt of his own determination, told me that he had come to confess his duplicity, his disobedience; that he loved a country maiden, and threw himself upon my mercy. And now tell me, you who are so calm and philosophic, what should an injured parent do with a son so ungrateful to his love ?"

"Pardon me, your highness—he threw himself upon your mercy."

"I am answered. Well, I will tell you what I did—what I am doing. I ordered him to consider himself a prisoner for a certain time, and in that time I sent for the formidable lady who had made such sad havoc in the heart of my poor prince; and feeling that she is all that I could desire for him, I am now pleading with her for his happiness."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Wilhelmina, she could not have been more amazed.

"Wilhelmina," said the elector, "look into your own heart; I know that there is ambition there. You have just passed from the court of a reigning prince; look abroad, and behold a city of no mean consideration:

as far as eye can reach it can search out nothing over which you may not be sovereign. Do not affect to undervalue these things; they ask your acceptance, and they are, whatever men who envy them may say, the great things of earth. Once more I say to you, look into your own heart!"

"I have looked there," said Wilhelmina, in the low voice of calm determination, yet with a face of ashy paleness, "and, though you tell me well that I am not without ambition, yet I find in the depths of my heart a feeling that compels me to relinquish all the honours which your highness offers me, and to return to the humbleness of mine own estate."

"Take heed, Wilhelmina," said the elector; "think not that I would thus advance you to the honours of a sovereign state, without having first winnowed through a sieve every action of your life. I tell you, that I have heard of the idle wanderings of some ignoble forester among your sylvan glades, and how he haunted your steps, and sang love ditties, and played the usual follies of sickly-minded boys to silly maidens. Take heed, I say, how you force me to think that a heedless vagrant could touch the heart or affect the destiny of one whom the Hereditary Prince might have made his bride."

"Your highness must pardon me," replied Wilhelmina, a flush of the deepest crimson mastering her former paleness; "he of whom you speak is high-souled and noble-minded. His place shall be in the true nobility of nature."

"Is it even so, fair lady?" said the duke. "My son shall never have a divided heart; but hark! it is the echo of his horse's hoofs. Hear you not the impatience, the impetuosity of those footfalls? It was on this night at this hour, at this place, that I bade him return to me, believing that I should have this fair hand to give him, and that he would pay me for my care for his happiness with a richer love. Is there no relenting in your heart? What, none! You reject him?"

"I do."

"It is enough—see, he throws from him his bridle. How he bounds, he flies! and yet he knows not that the lady of his love is here. His impatience is only to behold his father; and if he loves me so well, what must his feelings be for you. You shake your head; well, be it so. He is on the last terrace step. My dear boy, behold! fair lady, see!"

Wilhelmina beheld the young forester!

"My generous father!" exclaimed the prince.

"But the fraulein refuses you," said the elector, with a smile. "She prefers a certain idle, heedless, roving young forester."

"Whom she promised to receive when he came as Hereditary Prince."

And so Wilhelmina, of course, was obliged to keep her word.

ALBUM VERSES.

I.

TO MARIANNE.

I've vowed at least a dozen times,
T' eschew the sin of Album rhymes;
But he is more, or less than man,
Who dares say "nay" to Marianne.
And surely bard could never choose
A *fairer* subject for his muse;
Her gentle graces for my theme,
Light task it were to write a ream.
But no; to laud, in song or sonnet,
That cheek, would raise a blush upon it;
And thus, her willing scribe forgoes
By lily bright to plant the rose;
For though that cheek it might adorn,
Her modesty would feel its thorn.
Lady, I would not pain that heart,
By telling all I know thou art;
For, though my praise were hailed by all
As sooth, thou wouldst be sceptical.
But kindest wish from friend to friend
I still may breathe yet none offend:
Unfading joys thy lot should crown,
If lips like mine could call them down;
And not one tear of grief should rise
To dim the light of those mild eyes;

But peace to thy fair bosom cling,
And nestle there with folded wing.

II.

THE ALBUM TAX.

Confound this Album Tax! which ladies levy,
Whether one is, or is not in the vein;
'Tis a most grinding impost, and falls heavy
On one of my small capital of brain.

But, wo is me! I never could say "nay"
Unto a damsel's bidding; though in fact,
Now, like a culprit taken in the act,
I have not got a single word to say.

It is an easy thing to write a sonnet
To sparkling eyes, when 'neath their rays we be;
And for one smile—I'd write a book upon it,
If that said smile were lighted up for me.

But I, alas! am of the plural number,—
A fettered benedict—a luckless elf
Whom damsels deem a sort of useless lumber,
Laid up, for life, on matrimony's shelf.

Thus, were my verses like the deathless lays
Which Virgil's fame to modern times have carried,
You'd coldly say, to one who chanced to praise,
"Why, yes, they're pretty,—but the wretch is married."

H.

THE COURT OF NAVARRE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

We naturally associate with the idea of a court, the stirring interest arising from the contact of opposing parties, from the schemes of ambition, and the struggle for personal aggrandisement; yet all subjected to the influence of one presiding power, or, as the circumstances of the case may be, in their turn influencing that power, by an agency less obvious in its operations, though not less decided in its results. A court is then the centre around which all the extremes of human feeling, of human interest, of human passion meet. It may be, and it most frequently is, under some fashionable or popular disguise; but still the elements of convulsion are there, and the smoothness of the polished surface only serves for a time, like the snows upon the slumbering volcano, to conceal the unextinguishable fires that rage below.

Yet how little is external nature affected by this jarring discord in the heart of man! A few short years glide over, and the territories of the monarch are usurped, the throne is vacant, the halls of state are desolate, and the steps once swept by robes of ermine, become the familiar path of vulgar and irreverent feet. Yet the sunshine sleeps as calmly on the palace wall, the river flows around it with murmurs as cheerful and refreshing, and summer clothes the remnant of its parks and gardens with as bright a green as when kings and conquerors, slaves and satellites, with all their hopes and fears, their ceremonials and their courtly flatteries, trembled or triumphed there.

There are few situations in which we are more struck with the contrast between the world without, and the world within the heart of man, than in contemplating the site of the ancient court of Navarre, situated at the foot of the Pyrenees, on the banks of the river Gave; but now chiefly known as a delightful retreat for those who are idle or ill, from all countries, but chiefly from our own.

On calm and golden evenings, such as England, with all her beauties cannot boast, while clouds of every variety, from purple to crimson, and again from lilac to gold, sail across the western horizon, which at that moment looks like one vast sea of liquid fire, you stand upon a woody platform rising abruptly from a broad cool river, and look around upon a scene which seems to represent one universal bower.

Rich, and renovated nature has often been poetically represented as "*shouting* for joy;" and there is something in the breathless silence of this delicious climate that affects the feelings like a pause — a prelude to this joyous and uncontrollable shout. The stirless calm becomes almost oppressive. You look across the water to the peaceful village of Jurançon, famed for its rich wines; and its grey roofed cottages and humble church seem to be all asleep amid their corn-fields, and blooming orchards, or beneath the shadow of their spreading oaks. Beyond this village lies a range of vine-covered hills, stretching from the river to the mountains; their gently undulating outline broken only by the spiral poplars pointing to the sky; and while you gaze, you long for some voice to echo from their green summits to their flowery valleys, the glad tidings of plenty and of peace. But all is silent. Your eye ranges over the wide extent of woody heights, from east to west, and still you hear no sound, save the river at your feet, while that tells only its monotonous tale of the melting of distant snows, and the chafing of rocks and weeds and pebbles in its shallow bed. The green pastures through which it flows are rich in flocks and herds, but these are also silent; and except for the tinkling of the fairy bells, worn by the leader of the flock, you would hardly know that they were wending their peaceful way to their village home.

Again, you raise your eyes beyond the first range of hills, and now you wonder no longer that nature, abounding and rejoicing as it is in this luxurious clime, should be awed into perpetual silence; for there, at a vast height, arise the snowy peaks of the great Pyrenees, — one beyond another — higher and higher, into the blue sky,—clear and sharp, irregular and bold,—the outline of a mighty pile,—a distinct and separate world, with which man can have little intercourse, and on which his utmost ingenuity can work no change. It is while gazing on this majestic and mysterious spectacle, that we cease to ask why all this solemn and unbroken stillness should prevail around. We know that fearful storms are sometimes howling amongst their dark hollows, and impassable defiles, and that the sunshine which reposes so softly on the nearer valley is often shut out by the black precipice, or the snowy pinnacle, from the ravines which separate those giant hills. But they look so pure, and so sublime, with the evening radiance resting on them, that we cannot but associate the idea of unbroken silence with their untrodden wastes of snow.

One of the most striking peculiarities of this climate is the intensity of colouring which every object presents. Light is not mere light: it actually glows; and with this glow it vivifies the various tints of green that over-spread the face of the country, as well as the deep blue and scarlet of the peasant's dress; but above all, the purple haze with which the sides of the hills are clothed. Even the snow is only white in certain situations, and under peculiar circumstances, though it always retains the same appearance of purity. Yet as the sun declines, the mountains reflect every tint of the quickly changing colours of the sky. Sometimes, on looking up, you suddenly behold them clothed in a pink or lilac hue, changing to crimson, gold, and then the palest yellow, until one peak after another loses the parting radiance of the sun, and the whole is at last enveloped in cold blue, and colder white. Still they lose little of their distinctiness, until deep night advances; and even then, when the moon is shining, and the heavens are clear, you may, at the distance of thirty or forty miles, trace every peak and promontory with the same exactness as before.

And can this, we naturally ask, have ever been the scene of an earthly court,—of the envy, the hatred, the murmurings, and the strife of restless minds,—all intent upon baubles of their own adorning, for the entire possession of which they would have trampled down the teeming plenty of the whole created world?

That this lovely scene has been the site not only of an earthly court, but of war, of aggression, and of bloodshed, we cannot doubt; for close beside the peaceful river, on a range of high ground opposite the vine-clad hills, stands the town of Pau, once the capital of the kingdom of Navarre; while on a lofty and conspicuous mound, nearly in the centre of the line of buildings which compose the town, rises the ancient castle, called the Chateau of Henry IV., because it was in one of the apartments of this edifice that that distinguished monarch first beheld the light. It is said, however, to have been erected long before his time, as a place of defence against the inroads of the Saracens, who were accustomed to make their lawless and destructive incursions into France through the circuitous passes, by which travellers on foot or on mules, may yet traverse the range of the Pyrenees, and by which also, many a Spanish refugee, during the late wars in that country, has fled for refuge to this beautiful and happy retreat.

The chateau of Henry IV. presents little to attract the curious traveller, except its massive architecture, and venerable age. It is merely a pile of irregular buildings,—a group of towers facing this way and that, not placed at right angles, but slanting towards the different heights and valleys, so as to command the most extensive and important views; while each tower is carried up into that high conical kind of roof, covered with black slates, which looks so strange and foreign to an English eye. The chateau is built like most ancient castles, with a wide court-yard in the centre of the structure, from whence you look up to ranges of old-fashioned and irregular windows, and carved masonry, hoary and grey, and sometimes black with age; while from every turret, and every broken ledge, wild thyme and the fairy plants are springing even from the massive walls themselves, from the old grey mortar; so rich in luxuriance and life is this sunny clime. It is indeed a curious sight from a terrace which runs along about half way between the lowest range of apartments—the dungeons of the castle, and the high towers, to look down into a sort of abyss, at the bottom of which runs a dark stream, crowded with old buildings, and amongst them a water mill, said to have supplied the court with flour in the time of Jeane d'Albret, mother of Henry IV. Amongst these old buildings, their wooden galleries, their black roofs, and ruinous platforms, nature seems to be playing some of the most fantastic tricks; for here are seen the most graceful and delicate tendrils of wild plants, with their bright and vivid green adorning the mouldering walls: here waves the feathery fern from every corner and crevice where its roots can find firm hold; and above all, the "ivy never sere," hangs out its glittering festoons from every battlement and loophole of a venerable tower, the most ancient in appearance, and the most ruinous of the whole.

Of this tower there is nothing more remaining than the mere shell; yet such is the thickness and solidity of the walls, that they seem as if they might remain in their present state for ever. This distinct portion of the edifice is situated at the base of the whole fabric, its highest turrets reaching only to a level with the lower apartments of the chateau; while the floor of its deepest cell, once appropriated to the purpose of a dungeon, is in a line with the waters of the adjacent river, and must, if not at times actually overflowed, have been damp and dismal in the extreme. This is, however, by no means the least interesting portion of the building; for it was here, within these very walls, while protestantism was denounced as the heresy of the land, that the youthful Calvin preached to a little band of his faithful friends and followers, amongst whom the most distinguished by her high birth and higher attainments, as well as by her feminine and christian graces, was Marguerite of Valois, then queen of Navarre. The kingdom was, however, at that time but a moiety of what it had formerly been, owing to the circumstance of Jean d'Albret, one of her husband's predecessors on the throne, having embraced the principles of the reformed religion; in consequence of which he had been excommunicated by the pope, his territories declared to be forfeited, and offered to the first invader who would seize them. It suited the policy of Ferdinand of Spain to avail himself of this licence, and he therefore took possession of High Navarre, or that portion which lay on the south side of the Pyrenees, leaving only a few provinces on the north side of the mountains, amongst which the principal was the district of Bearn, to support and dignify the court of Navarre.

The early life of Marguerite of Valois appears to have been almost exclusively devoted to literature, while her little court, in which bloomed our unfortunate Anna Boleyn, as one of her maids of honour, was held at Angouleme; the occupation of the ladies being altogether of a quiet and domestic character. It is but reasonable, however, to suppose that the taste so early evinced by Marguerite for poetry and for literary pursuits in general, as well as for the society of good and learned men, was fostered by her residence in this beautiful and picturesque country; when, in compliance with the wishes of her brother, the gallant Francis I., she had become the wife of Henry d'Albret king of Navarre.

It would be difficult to form an idea of a character at once more lovely and more noble than that of Marguerite of Valois. Her tenderness and her simplicity of heart, are well portrayed by the familiar epithet applied to her by her brother, to whom she was enthusiastically attached, and who used to call her playfully his "*Marguerite of Marguerites*," or in other words, his "*daisy of daisies.*" Yet we must recollect, that with all this genuine sweetness of character, the queen of Navarre was so distinguished by her literary attainments, as not only to have been an author of considerable eminence in her own country, but to have written a volume in the cause of that religion to which she devoted all her attainments, and all her natural gifts, of such unquestionable merit, that our queen Elizabeth actually made a translation of the work for the benefit of her own people. Graced by such a queen, it was natural that the court of Navarre should become the resort of men of letters, and those who were persecuted for their adherence to the reformed opinions in other lands. Amongst those who took refuge under her protection, and enjoyed the society of Marguerite of Valois, were many distinguished men whose names adorn the literary annals of all countries.

Nor are these all the points of excellence by which Marguerite was distinguished; we have yet to contemplate her character in a new light, as a self-devoted heroine, fearless of personal danger, and reckless of every thing but the welfare of the object of her love. When her brother Francis, after having been made prisoner by the Spanish monarch, was seized with a dangerous illness at Madrid, Marguerite on hearing the tidings, immediately resolved to fly to his assistance; and it is stated that the health and spirits of the captive king were soon restored by the assiduity and affectionate care of his sister. It was not, however, to the duties of a nurse that she confined her attention. It is related that she passed her time in reading to her brother, chiefly from the Bible, to which he was not an inattentive listener. At the same time she neglected no means of advancing his temporal benefit, and having obtained an interview with the emperor, she urged every argument which appeared likely to induce him to release his prisoner; ending, as it was most probable that a warm-hearted woman would in such a cause, with threats, which so moved the wrath of the conqueror, that he determined to have her also imprisoned at the expiration of the term for which he had already granted her safe conduct to and from the capital of his kingdom. The usual time then required for a journey from Madrid to the French frontier was considered to be about fifteen days; but Marguerite, having lingered in the vain hope of obtaining her brother's release, and having heard of the emperor's design against her, set out from the capital on horseback when there were but eight days of the term of her safe conduct left, and just reached the frontier on the evening of the last.

It is a melancholy fact, that when Francis regained his liberty, he did not return the devoted affection of his sister with the generous consideration it so richly merited. The religious principles she began more openly to avow, and her encouragement of men of letters connected with the reformed religion, were causes for estrangement in the mind of the short-sighted monarch, which seemed to overbalance the vast debt he owed her as a friend and a brother. Numerous were the instances of vexation and persecution, which, as a sensitive woman and a devout christian, she bore with meekness and resignation. The most cruel stroke in the policy of Francis, was to take away from her care and protection, her only child, Jeanne d'Albret, born in the chateau of Pau on the 7th of January, 1528. This unnatural act of tyranny was inflicted upon the mother, under the fear that the child would be educated in the principles of the new religion; and in order to make the separation more complete, a compulsory marriage was celebrated between this child, then twelve years old, and the Duke of Cleves.

Still Marguerite clung to her brother with the fondest affection, and it was not until after his death, which took place soon after the loss of her child, that her noble spirit seems to have sunk within her, never to revive again. She could only commend her child to Heaven by her constant prayers. She herself was dying, and all in this world had become valueless in her eyes. It is related that she peacefully breathed her last with the name of the Saviour, whom she loved and followed, lingering on her lips.

In the character of her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, Marguerite certainly left a spirit less gentle, though not less noble than her own. Her ill-assorted marriage with the Duke of Cleves having been dissolved, the young queen of Navarre was left at comparative liberty to pursue the course of her own inclinations; and beautiful, and accomplished, lively, and impetuous, keen in her perceptions, and equally keen in her taste for amusements; there appeared at first little probability of her character being softened by those religious principles which had exercised so benign an influence on her mother's life, and on the society which constituted her court. She had, however, the bright example of that mother to direct her steps, and neither their cruel separation, nor the insidious means which had been used by the opposing party, could deceive her clear judgment as to the real virtues of the parent she had lost. Nor need we stronger evidence of the enduring influence of a mother's example, than the testimony, in after years, of her own daughter, Catherine, who, when sorely pressed with arguments and persuasions to change her religious faith, answered in these memorable words, that "even if her mind was convinced on all other points, she would never be persuaded to embrace a religion that would teach her to believe her mother was damned."

Neither the mother nor the daughter appears to have been happy in their matrimonial connexions. Jeanne was married at a suitable age to Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendome, a man of weak and vacillating temper, who, though professing attachment to the opinions of the reformers, was easily seduced by the gaieties of the French court, to lean more favourably to the popular sentiments prevailing there. It was probably from this cause, combined with many others, that Jeanne was compelled to put herself forward in the ranks of controversy, and of opposition to the authority of the French king, under whom she held her dominions. She was the idol of her people, remembered yet with a kind of romantic affection; and her promptitude and determination in embracing, and carrying out whatever she believed to be right, rendered her a formidable opponent to those whose political or religious foundation was insecure. Her conduct as a queen, however, both from circumstance and from choice, was exclusively confined to measures of a defensive nature—to supporting her adherents in their righteous cause, and defending them from oppression. She made no aggressions; but when princes leagued against her, and when powerful armies were sent to desolate her little kingdom, and to deprive her people of their dearest rights, she cast her cause before Him who alone can effectually defend the feeble, and feared not what man could do against her.

The stranger visiting the district of Bearn is now shown into the state room of the chateau of Pau, in which is exhibited the actual cradle of Henry IV.,—one large and entire tortoise shell. The old dilapidated chamber is then pointed out, where it is said the monarch was born; but far more interesting is a little tower built against the south-western angle of the castle, commanding from one window a view of the river and the wooded promenade, now called the Parc, from the other the vast range of the snowy Pyrenees. In this small and unornamented chamber, her favourite place of study, it is probable that the high-minded princess wrote some of those spirited and determined letters, which are still extant, and which could only have been dictated by a keen perception, a fearless spirit, and the firm conviction of a righteous cause. Space is too limited for the insertion of any of them here, but they are such as might do good to all who are liable to the common weakness of cringing before human power, and bartering the liberty of conscience for the smiles of popular or courtly favour.

Situated almost on the same height, and near to the chateau of Pau, is the church of St. Martin, now dedicated to the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. Yet here, in those eventful times, when Jeanne d'Albret embraced the protestant faith, she received the communion of that church, and attended the public ministry of some of those devoted reformers, who lived on earth as if they belonged not to its passing interests, and died martyrs in their Master's service.

Such, and so different from the usual scene presented by the centre of a monarch's influence, was the little court of Navarre, once held at Pau. Jeanne d'Albret, like her mother, had her share of trials and persecutions, embittered by disappointments of almost every kind; amongst which the most painful and disastrous to her hopes, was the falling away of her son and successor to the throne, from those principles of christian faith and duty, which it had been so constantly her care to instil into his mind.

Cardinal Ferrara, a witness of the scene, relates, that on one occasion, Jeanne took her young son, then in his eighth year, into her arms, and pressing him with fervour to her bosom, uttered a long and earnest exhortation to him never to attend mass in any way whatever, and that if he disobeyed her in that, he might be assured she would disinherit him, and no longer consider herself as his mother. Yet so reckless was this prince in after life, not only of all maternal authority, but of all fixed principle of conduct, that after vacillating between the two religions so that none could tell to which his inclination leaned, he filled up the measure of his heartless disobedience by violating every trust his mother had reposed in him, and acting in direct opposition to every article of her dying charge.

Those ardent and undaunted spirits which hold the most conspicuous place before the world, are frequently those whose secret sufferings are the most acute. We have said that Jeanne d'Albret had her share of trial and persecution, and worse than all, of disappointment from the bitterest and most soul-subduing causes; amongst which may be mentioned the treachery of fickle friends. That of all these evils she had her share, and more than almost any other woman could have endured, is sufficiently attested by the manner of her early death, which, according to the custom of the times, was attributed to poison; but which may probably with more truth, be regarded as the sinking of a wounded spirit under accumulated sufferings for which the world had no balm. There is one event, however, connected with her death, which we cannot contemplate without a degree of satisfaction. It occurred but a few weeks before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and she was thus spared from hearing the history of that day, if indeed she had been permitted to survive it.

AN OLD SCENE REVISITED.

How beautiful this valley, and yon steep,
  In their gay garment of luxuriant grass,
That doth an undulating motion keep
  As the low-whispering zephyrs ever pass
And fan it with their breathings soft and sweet,
  Till like a pleasant summer sea it seems!
I loved to sit on this old mossy seat
  When but a child, and bask in fairy dreams;
Now pulling flowers that round me brightly grew,
  Listening the song of some rejoicing bird;
Or sending far-off an unconscious view
  Along the dark-wood boughs, a moment stirred
By the light-leaping squirrel in its play:—
  O, that in scenes like these my life might pass away!

J. A. G.

AGONIA.

When our delight is desolate,
And hope is overthrown;
And when the heart must bear the weight
Of its own love alone;

And when the soul, whose thoughts are deep,
Must guard them unrevealed,
And feel that it is full, but keep
That fullness calm and sealed;

When Love's long glance is dark with pain—
With none to meet or cheer;
And words of woe are wild in vain
For those who cannot hear;

When earth is dark, and memory
Pale in the heaven above,
The heart can bear to lose its joy,
But not to cease to love.

But what shall guide the choice within,
Of guilt or agony,—
When to remember is to sin,
And to forget—to die?

* * *

Drawn by H. Warren.

Engraved by W. J. S[illegible]

THE RAB'S DAUGHTER.

THE BEG'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES."

The constitutional antipathy of Mehemet Ali against that *divisum imperium,* which so shackles the operations of great minds, is well known; and, from the first moment of his resolving to make the fertile plains of Egypt his own,—which was, probably, the moment of his setting foot upon her soil,—he looked round, with a comprehensive glance, to take in the impediments that lay in the way of the execution of his project.

The nearest, if not the most formidable, of these was to be found in the Mamelouks,—greatly weakened indeed in power and numbers, but still forming a body sufficiently to be feared from their unruly character, their indomitable courage, their military skill, and, above all, their very objectionable habit of interfering in the affairs of government, when not conducted according to their own taste.

The vigorous, sanguinary, and truly Eastern *coup de main* by which he gave the death-blow to this once all-powerful corps, forms one of the reddest spots in modern history; yet a few escaped, and fled into Nubia and Upper Egypt, where Ibrahim Beg, the worthy offspring of a worthy sire, was charged with their extermination.

Battles were fought and won;—but as, in even the best conducted engagements, there will always be some survivors among the vanquished; and as the broken remnant of the scattered Mamelouks found refuge with the Ababde and Bisharye Arabs among the mountains, from whence they could not be dislodged, and which they would not leave, either to fight or to be strangled, the destined successor to the future kingdom of Egypt, following his wise father's steps, betook himself to arts instead of arms; and, in place of cannon-balls and sulphurous menaces of destruction, he despatched to the shy fugitives soft-spoken messengers, full of sweet words of peace and promise.

It was under such circumstances, that towards the close of the year 1812, an officer of Ibrahim had found his way to the passes of the sand-stone hills near Kardassy, bearing an invitation to Hassan el Illah, one of the refugee Begs, who with a few followers, was sheltered by the Ababde Arabs then occupying the spot.

The message he delivered was conceived in the most flowery style of Eastern compliment. The valour of the Beg was dilated on, till Hassan twisted his moustaches with a complacency he had never felt since the last time victory had shone upon his lance, and that was long ago now. Finally, a promise was made, backed by every oath that the speaker's ingenuity could devise, that if the fugitive would submit to the arms which even his matchless courage had proved unable to resist,—such was the force of destiny,—and join the conqueror at Esne, not only should the lives of himself and his brave companions be assured, but they should be retained in Ibrahim's pay with the same rank they held among themselves. He added, that similar offers had been made to all the Begs of note, and that they were accepting them so fast, that he feared, if Hassan paused long on his answer, all the best posts would be pre-occupied by the first comers.

Hassan had abundant reasons for wishing to close with such a proposition. His affairs were in a truly desperate condition. His men were growing mutinous, his horses were dying of famine, and his means were dead already; for the *friendly* Arabs sold every thing at such enormously high prices, that they had just received the last piastre from his purse.

It was true, he was aware how similar promises, made by Mehemet Ali himself the year before, had been performed; yet hope is so delusive a thing, his necessities were so urgent, and so blinding was the utter fearlessness of his nature, that he resolved at once within himself, to run all risks: things could not be much worse than they now were, and might be better; and the messenger swore so roundly, that it seemed nothing less than infidelity to doubt him.

Indeed, Hassan may be the more readily forgiven his credulity, when it is considered that similar reasons were, at the same moment, influencing more than four hundred of the body to which he belonged, and to whom a like invitation was being communicated.

But, however his resolution might be taken, the reply was too important a thing to be given off-hand, and he announced the necessity of holding a council on the subject; making over the courteous messenger meanwhile to the hands of his attendants, with a command that he should partake of their freest hospitality. And so indeed he did; but, notwithstanding the liberal Beg's good-will, the straitness of his means was such, that the luxurious Turk, on his return, swore that the hospitality of that one supper was punishment enough for all the villany that could, by any stretch of conscience, attach to his mission.

Hassan's council did not take long in summoning. It consisted, in fact, of only one individual besides himself; the rest of his troop were mere *canaille*, too insignificant to be worth considering, too stupid to be worth consulting, and too mutinous to deserve that any option should be offered to them.

The privileged councillor was a young man of perhaps some five-and-twenty years. He was a Georgian by nation, and that was all the knowledge that even he himself possessed of his origin. But the accident of birth could confer little distinction among a body of men raised and recruited exclusively from slaves. Kaddour possessed other qualifications, which had secured him the regard of Hassan Beg, and these were a dauntless courage, great strength of limb, a quick and unerring eye, and a readiness of wit which had, in their reverses, relieved them from more than one dilemma. He was of a tall and well-proportioned figure, and his handsome, intelligent features contrasted strongly with the snub-nose, shaggy-brows, and small bullet-head of his superior.

"Well, Kaddour, you have heard this scoundrel's proposal?—I mean to accept it. I shall go—"

"To the devil," added Kaddour, very quietly, completing the unfinished sentence.

"How! do you think so?" said the chief, calmly stroking his chin.

"Sure of it," replied the other, in the same tone.

"Well," exclaimed Hassan, with the calm resignation of a man prepared for any sacrifice, so that he has his own way, "our destinies must be accomplished. I will go."

"Have you forgotten the massacre at Cairo?" demanded Kaddour.

"No, no," cried his chief, with signs of rising impatience; "but because a parcel of fools were once caught in a trap, are we all to turn girls, and be afraid to show our faces? Mashallah! Hassan Beg was not at Cairo, or matters might have gone otherwise."

"But, chief—" persisted Kaddour.

"Beard of the Prophet!" cried Hassan, starting to his feet, and stamping with passion, "am I to be contradicted for ever? Because I call you to my council, do you think I mean to let you have a vote, when there are but two of us? Peace, you whining hound, or you shall have no tongue in your mouth to argue with to-morrow."

Kaddour bowed his head in silence, though a smile played on his lip. "And your daughter?" he at length asked in a graver voice—"Baïa?"

"Why, I shall take her with me, to be sure."

"To fill a place in Ibrahim's harem, after your neck has been measured with a bowstring?"

Hassan looked perplexed. The world may possibly have seen more tender fathers; yet he had as real a fondness for his only child as could at all find room in his rugged breast. Indeed there were few who could have looked on Baïa without interest and affection. Born of a Nubian mother, she retained, it is true, the swarthy hue which the sun's burning kisses leave upon the nearest of his children; but her form was exquisitely moulded, and her delicate features would have shrunk from no comparison with the paler beauties of milder climes. Her large dark eyes bespoke a fair inheritance of her father's fire, yet subdued with that soft tempering with which it is the charm of her privileged sex to invest, like a gauzy screen, all the coarser asperities of our rough nature; and, in the fifteen summers of her existence, she had learned to make a very satisfactory, though playful course of experiments on their power over those who were subjected to their influence. As such a daughter's form rose before her father's eyes, filling some menial office in the household of his enemy, it was not strange that he should look perplexed.

"Pest on the women!" he cried, after a pause: "They are always in the way. If she had been a boy, I should have known what to do with her; but these girls—psha! The plagues of the Red Sea upon the fools who get them daughters! I almost wish I had let you marry her, as you say you love her so. To be sure, she would not have been much better off; but then at least it would have been your business to take care of her, and not mine."

Kaddour was on the point of eagerly expressing his readiness to undertake the charge upon the instant, when the subject of their conversation, who had been all the time a silent listener, suddenly raised the curtain which separated her apartments from the rest of the tent, and stealing to her father's side, while she flung her arms round his neck, cried;

"With you,—I will go with you, father,—you shall not leave me. In doubtful counsels you know the last voice carries the day, even though it should be but a woman's; so I will go with you. That is decided."

This attempt at dictation,—for such Hassan considered it,—did indeed decide him; but it was to vindicate the independence of his will by immediately announcing that his daughter should remain behind in their present place of refuge, till his own affairs should be settled, and he should be enabled to send for her to Esne, in a style befitting her father's dignity, and her own deservings.

"Yet what shall be her protection when you are gone?" demanded the still anxious Kaddour, to whose fancy love suggested a thousand dangers.

"My name!" answered Hassan proudly, and instinctively touching, at the same time, the hilt of his scimitar. "Besides, they shall swear to me by every thing most sacred,—even by their 'hope of remaining in good health,'—and that, at least, they will fear to break through. I know all other oaths of the Ababde are but air."

"Well, well," cried Kaddour; "the season no doubt is favourable to oaths, for they blossom gloriously; I only hope they may bear fruit. Ibrahim's messenger has sworn as many as would keep a cadi going for a twelvemonth. Yet I had rather trust even to him than to these rascal Arabs. Think, Hassan Beg, oh! think, before it is too late, if in this expedition you should indeed miscarry, what fate can your sweet child expect,—what confidence can you repose in these most treacherous scoundrels?"

Not finding any ready answer to this inquiry, poor Hassan's sole resource was again to fly into a passion, which he did now in good earnest. After abusing Kaddour as a discontented hound whom nothing would satisfy, and who quarrelled with him equally whether he proposed to take his child with him or to leave her behind, he at last succeeded in talking himself into such a frenzy that he turned his daughter out at one side of the tent, in spite of all her pretty entreatings,—threatened—and had nearly performed his threat—to kick his follower out at the other—and ended by summoning the officer of Ibrahim into his presence, and declaring his acceptance of the offered treaty, and his readiness to set out for Esne as soon as the next morning broke.

There would be little interest in the description of the journey of the Beg, and his half-famished followers. They were a truly shattered wreck of that fierce body which had, for so many years, kept the rulers of Egypt in terror and disquietude; and their present appearance was little calculated to excite alarm or distrust in the leader of a powerful and victorious army, such as that at whose head Ibrahim Beg awaited them in Esne. Surely none but the most timid could entertain a thought that treachery lurked for them there; and as such craven spirits were unknown in their small band, they cheerfully jogged on their way, where hope pointed the path, through roads which indeed afforded little else than hope for their subsistence.

They arrived, however, in safety at Esne, and were warmly welcomed by the general and his troops. They found many Mamelouks already there, and others were following every hour. This continued several days, during which they shared a hospitality that appeared unbounded; and many a jest did Hassan break on Kaddour for the misdoubting prudence that would fain have kept them still starving in the mountains.

At length, when there appeared no prospect of any more arrivals, all the chiefs were summoned to a banquet in Ibrahim's palace, where their various claims to rank and office were to be canvassed and their stations assigned to each.

There was little fear that in the face of such an inducement any should absent himself, and the assembly was accordingly complete. Hassan, with a few of his most trusted followers, took Kaddour by his side; resolved to have the fullest enjoyment in this public confirmation of his own sagacity, as well as the display of his anticipated honours; and it was with no small elation of spirit that he pointed out to his companion the numerous assembly of Turkish and Egyptian soldiery which thronged the courts, collected, beyond question, to grace the important spectacle, and witness the solemnities of the day.

But Kaddour's restless eye required little directing. He had already noted, and with most uneasy misgivings, the disproportionate concourse of troops, and how every avenue and outlet, while it appeared only thronged with idle gazers, was, in reality, guarded beyond the possibility of any passage being forced against the will of those who held it. But it was in vain that he called his senior's attention to this, and earnestly entreated him to invent some excuse for turning back, before it was too late. Hassan, now less than ever disposed to be contradicted, grew furious, cursed him for a coward; and commanded him to fall back among the meaner members of his retinue.

Being, however, really a good-natured man, Hassan soon repented of the hasty words, and again called his faithful follower to his side. But Kaddour had disappeared; and all that could be learned of him was, that he had hurried back to fetch, he said, his chief's purse, which had been forgotten, and which would be needed —a message that at once secured him an easy passage through the ranks of the greedy soldiery.

Hassan felt in his girdle, and finding his purse safely there, was somewhat puzzled. But no time was allowed him for hesitation. He was hurried forward, and soon found himself in a large chamber, where the expecting Begs were waiting,—speculating, for want of other matter, upon the course to be adopted in the adjustment of their various and rather conflicting claims.

About an hour elapsed before the last had arrived, and Hassan frequently inquired for Kaddour, but still in vain. At length, one by one, the chiefs were called by name into the general's presence; and, as none of them returned, those who were left the latest began to grow impatient lest all the higher posts should be filled up before their claims were heard.

The name of Hassan Beg sounded at last, and it was with an erect head and a confident smile, that the sturdy chieftain swept by the bowing slave who held wide the door for his passage.

Meanwhile there was a restless waving of doubtful expectation in the crowd below that thronged the public entrances of the palace; but the private courts in the rear were silent and deserted, and there was no eye to mark a dusky figure which stealthily climbed over the outer wall, and lightly dropped down on his feet within.

His person was tall, and his complexion and dress seemed to bespeak him a Nubian slave.

After looking jealously round to see if he was watched, he crept towards the building, and began cautiously to peer into every window within his reach. But the object of his search was still unfound; for he next, wherever a projection or a trellis could favour his ascent, began to scale the windows of the upper story, which were subjected to a similar scrutiny.

At length he started, and had nearly lost his hold, so sudden and so appalling was the prospect that met his sight. In a large, dark chamber, rendered doubly gloomy by the closed lattice, he saw beside the doorway, some half dozen powerful men, standing with naked arms stripped to the shoulder. Long cords were in their hands, and by the wall was huddled, as if carelessly just flung aside in haste, a heap of corpses, in which he recognised at once the leaders of the Mamelouks, who, high in strength and hope, had entered those accursed walls but an hour before.

Ere the first shudder of horror was over, Hassan Beg entered the chamber. A shriek burst from the Nubian's lips, but it was unheard. Even in that single instant the bowstring was round the unhappy chieftain's neck. Without a word—without a cry—almost without a struggle, his starting eyes burst from their sockets, his swelling lips and cheeks grew black, and he rolled a corpse upon the floor. The Nubian loosed his hold, and fell heavily to the ground. But soon recovering his feet, he sprang again across the vacant court, again scaled the high wall unseen, and disappeared.

In a few minutes a cry of "Treachery!" was heard among the Mamelouks without the palace, and they flew to arms, but it was too late. Their chiefs were gone; they acted without concert—without leaders. The bullet and the sword began their work, and they were shot down and hewn in pieces in every direction. A brief, a brave resistance was attempted, but to no purpose. All was confusion; the city was alive with enemies—men struck at their own brothers—and through the thickest of the crowd was seen the swarthy figure of the Nubian urging his horse at a mad speed towards the gates, while the unheeded bullets whistled about his head. He reached them, but they were closed. With a sudden wheel he turned his horse down a close narrow street, and leaping from his back, plunged into and was lost among the crowd.

* * * * *

The well-mounted Arabs are swift conveyers of news; and, in an incredibly short space of time, the intelligence of the destruction of the Mamelouks was current among the tribes where they had so lately found a shelter. These wild children of the desert now at once considered themselves the legitimate heirs of their former guests; and since every vow might plausibly be held cancelled by the death of him to whom it had been made, they lost no time in appropriating to their own use whatever had been left in their hands—whether of live stock or of dead.

A few days after the events related, the same tall Nubian who had witnessed Hassan's fall, was seen journeying along the eastern bank of the Nile. He was on foot, his dress was travel-stained and torn, and he had the languid air of one recovering from recent wounds or sickness. Yet he still pressed on, regardless of the blazing rays of an Egyptian sun, and sustained his unsteady steps with the long lance he carried in his hand.

He had passed Assouan, and the cluster of islands that stud the river to the south of that city, and stood opposite to Philæ, on the boundary that divides the Egyptian from the Nubian soil. Here he suddenly paused; but it was neither to admire the splendid remains of ancient greatness that still adorn the island, nor to gaze again upon his native land. His eye was fixed upon a group a little in advance of him, where an old slave-dealer, his pipe between his lips, was seated on the ground bargaining the price of flesh with two well-dressed Turks, who stood beside him, as apathetically as though the goods for sale had been but a bale of muslin; while a half naked servant, who seemed to find little entertainment in the haggling process that was going on, had thrown himself at his indolent length beneath the shadow of a pair of palm trees that grew close by.

But the Nubian scarcely glanced at these. His interest was all absorbed in the object of their traffic—a young girl of his own colour, who knelt on the earth before them, shrinking with painful timidity from the grazier-like gaze with which, from time to time, they scanned her exquisite proportions; for not only had the jealously-cherished veil been removed, but her upper garments were themselves thrown off to display the symmetry of her form in its full perfection.

The Nubian drew nigh with that obtrusive curiosity so common in the country, to watch the progress of the sale, while the bargaining continued;

"Fifty dollars!" cried the elder Turk; "why, she would not fetch forty, even in Cairo. Come, I will give you thirty."

"Fifty dollars," quietly repeated the dealer, who seemed too well convinced of the value of his merchandise to trouble himself with the ordinary shiftings and protestations of an Eastern chapman. "Fifty dollars. She is the most beautiful Nubian I ever had for sale."

"By the beard of the prophet! you are mad to-day, or bent upon a jest. Well, say five-and-thirty, but not a piastre more."

"Fifty dollars," echoed the other, unmoved.

"Why, man, she is getting old,—she must be full sixteen."

"Fifty dollars."

"And I don't believe she has had the small-pox. Well,—still I will give you five-and-thirty."

"Fifty dollars."

"Come, you wear out your joke. If my friend here and I could make up forty between us, we should be villanously cheated."

"Fifty dollars," repeated the slave-merchant, with a parrot-like pertinacity.

"But, friend, you see she is sulky. She will pine; perhaps not live till we get back to Cairo. And, as for the beauty you talk about, really, to my fancy she is even ugly."

This was too much. Through all her sorrows the *woman* still remained, and at these words the slave-girl raised her head, and her jetty eyes darted a glance of fire upon the speaker, which certainly contradicted, as much as it resented, the slanderous words. But by the movement her eye fell upon the Nubian, and after a moment's doubtful pause, a wild cry of joy burst from her lips.

"Why, what ails the girl, now?" cried the merchant, with signs of rising ill-temper, and, for the first time, removing the pipe from his lips.

"Nothing—nothing," she answered, with trembling confusion; "I did not know a stranger was there—and he—he is so *black*—he frightened me."

"Black! Not so much blacker than yourself, my Houri," said the intended purchaser, laughing.

But the Nubian had already turned away and joined the dozing servant, by whose side he seated himself, and instantly began a conversation touching his master and his companion; not of their wealth, their station, nor even of their names, but of their personal courage, their attendance, and if they had any other support at hand than that one follower—in which inquiries and their answers the two were soon fully occupied.

Meanwhile, the slave-girl, as soon as she perceived the Nubian turn his back and move away from them, burst into a passion of tears.

"Some evil spirit has possessed the wench!" the merchant ground between his teeth. "What is the matter now?" he asked, with ill suppressed rage.

But the captive, seeing that the dusky stranger had not really left them, but only seated himself under the shading trees, repressed her tears, and answered with seeming simplicity;

"Have not I reason to cry, when you are going to carry me across the border? Do you think I do not know that the children of Rif purchase slaves only to devour them?"*

"My little one," said the Turk, smiling, "the Egyptians are not such fools. Mutton, or beef, or even camel's flesh, would come much cheaper—ay, and to my fancy, would be much better too."

"And then the horrid creatures that they have there!" she continued, without regarding him. "Those dreadful jumping animals that will live upon our skin, suck our blood, and never leave us a moment's rest."*

"By my father's spirit!" cried the Turk, with a loud laugh, "she means a flea by all this terrible description. Oh! I must have her, even if I do give five-and-forty dollars."

"Fifty dollars," reiterated the dealer, quietly. "Yes," he added, "these are the stories with which they frighten one another, and sometimes almost drive us mad. I think I shall raise her price to sixty dollars, though; for she is allowed to be the greatest beauty in all Nubia, and is full of life and spirit."

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* For these terrors of slaves on passing the border, see Burckhardt's Nubia.

"The curses of Gehenna be upon your greedy stomach!" cried the purchaser, impatiently. "There,—take the fifty," and, drawing out his purse, he proceeded slowly to count the coins into the extended palm of the unmoved merchant.

The proud spirit of the slave-girl rose indignantly at the sight of her bargained price, and springing to her feet, while her eyes flashed scornful lightnings, she exclaimed;

"Fool! save your money. Think you I'll live a slave? No! I am a princess—the daughter of a Beg—and Hassan's child laughs at your purchase of her body."

The Turk paused irresolutely; but the dealer quietly touched his arm, as a hint that the payment was not yet complete, and he slowly went on, while the slave-girl—(or Baïa, as she may now be better called)—continued with increasing fire;

"You think me in your power, but your first wall will serve to dash my brains against,—or I will touch no food,—or even thus—" she cried, as with a sudden spring she snatched a dagger from her new master's girdle.

The unprepared Moslem was taken by surprise; but the quiet merchant, more practised in all the outbreakings of passionate despair, grasped her small hand, and wrenched the weapon from it with a violence that sprained the slender wrist, which dropped down helpless to her side, while a few silent tears coursed down her drooping cheek.

"That makes but forty-nine," he said, returning the dagger to its owner, without any other remark.

"If my lord will permit his slave," said the Nubian, who had now again advanced beside them, "I think I know a charm, which, aided by the water of the river, is very potent in such refractory cases."

As he spoke, he began tracing some mystic characters on the sand, and then, taking the hand of the captive in his own, he muttered over it some words, which, however mysterious their real import, sounded exceedingly like "Come with me." But their effect was instantaneous, for, without a moment's struggle or hesitation, Baïa yielded herself to his guidance, as he conducted her to the river's side; the two Turks following with anxious curiosity, and leaving the merchant to the task of counting afresh his money before he deposited it in his leathern pouch.

A small cangia, manned by a single boatman, was lying by the bank, and towards this the steps of the party were directed. On a sudden, the Nubian, passing his arm round his companion's waist, lifted her on the deck, and thrusting off the vessel into the current, sprang after her himself. Before the first shock of astonishment was over, two pistols, drawn from under his vest, were in the Nubian's hands;

while, with one of them pointed to the boatman, he bade him raise his sail, and, with the other, he covered the body of the raging Moslem, who was giving indications of rushing into the water in pursuit of his property.

The unguarded violence of the movement had torn his dress apart, and disclosed a fair uncoloured chest beneath the sooty face and neck of the pretended Nubian; and the slave-merchant, who, having finished his account, had turned his head to learn the meaning of all that outcry upon the shore, sprang to his feet, and clapping his hands, shouted aloud;

"I thought I knew him! It is the Mamelouk Kaddour, a follower of Hassan Beg!"

"A Mamelouk! a Mamelouk!" burst from the lips of all upon the land, while the cry was caught up and faintly echoed by voices in the distance, and men were seen hurrying down towards the river.

But Kaddour's order had been obeyed. The sail was raised, the wind blew freshly, and, aided by the stream, the cangia swept rapidly onwards towards the northern extremity of the island of Philæ, while the distracted Moslem ran cursing and shouting along the river's bank.

Shots now began to be fired, but they were ill-directed, and fell far wide of the little vessel, which neared the point of the island. But here again the cry "A Mamelouk! a Mamelouk!" arose, caught from the shore, and again a shower of balls fell around the devoted fugitives. Boats too were seen, hurrying from all directions in pursuit, while the watch-cry of destruction filled the air.

The cangia now altered her course and made towards the western bank of the river, which seemed deserted. They reached the shore, and Kaddour and his charge sprang to the land. But soon again their ears were greeted with the death-cry, and armed men were seen rushing towards them.

"Kill me, Kaddour!—kill me!" murmured Baïa. "You may yet fly.—Kill me.—I can bear death better than slavery!"

The young man pressed her madly to his bosom; but she was calm, and her up-turned lips were raised to his.

"Oh! to die thus," she said, "would be so blest!" and as she spoke, a ball whistled above their heads.

Kaddour started from his momentary trance—his hand was extended—and the next instant the foremost of the assailants was rolling in the dust. Yet still they pressed on. Again his pistol flashed, and again an adversary fell. But a shot sounded from behind, and staggering with the blow, the Mamelouk sank to the ground.

"Kaddour, my love! my husband!" Baïa shrieked, kneeling beside him, and looking wildly into his dilating and wandering eyes. "Your dagger! Let me die with you—I will not be a slave—I will be yours—yours only—yours in death, at least, if not in life."

A rude grasp was on her polished shoulder, and she screamed aloud. The dying Mamelouk raised himself with a giant effort, and his dagger was buried deep in the Egyptian's side.

"Again, Kaddour! again,—behind you!" Baïa cried. Instinctively he obeyed, and as his arm swung round, her bosom bent forward to receive the stroke.

"Ha! ha!" she shrieked, clinging round him with a convulsive gripe. "That was well done!—They cannot part us now!—Yours, Kaddour, yours for ever!" And as she pressed her clammy cheek to his, the last sigh of the departing Mamelouk, as it passed, mingled with that of the Beg's Daughter.

TO MARIANNA.

And thou hast added to Life's little span
Another year! Say, is the page it gives
To Retrospection's gaze or bright or sad?
Say, as thou lookest back on this last stage
Of thy brief pilgrimage, dost thou behold
A green oasis, or a desert waste
Where only waves the cypress, and Hope's flowers
Lie crushed and withered on thy weary path?
Alas! that I am answered by a sigh
From that fair gentle bosom, where inhabit—
A halcyon home—the virtues which should bring
Thee joy and peace; while to thy pensive eye
Comes, welling from the heart, the bitter tear
That drops upon a grave. Sweet friend, farewell!

THE BROKEN CHAIN.*

PART THIRD.

On grey Amboise's rocks and keep
The early shades of evening sleep,
And veils of mist, white folded, fall
Round his long range of iron wall;
O'er the last line of withering light
The quick bats cut with angled flight,
And the low-breathing fawns that rest
The twilight forest through,
Each on his starry flank and stainless breast
Can feel the coolness of the dew
Soothing his sleep with heavenly weight:
Who are these who tread so late
Beyond Amboise's castle gate,
And seek the garden shade?
The flowers are closed, the paths are dark,
Their marble guards look stern and stark,
The birds are still, the leaves are stayed,
On windless bough, and sunless glade;

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* Continued from last year's volume.

Ah! who are these that walk so late
Beyond Amboise's castle gate?

II.

Steep down the river's margin sink
The gardens of Amboise,
And all their inmost thickets drink
The wide low water-voice.
By many a bank whose blossoms shrink
Amidst sweet herbage young and cold,
Through many an arch and avenue,
That noontide roofs with chequered blue,
And paves with fluctuating gold,
Pierced by a thousand paths that guide
Grey echo-haunted rocks beside,
And into caves of cool recess,
Which ever falling fountains dress
With emerald veils, dashed deep in dew,
And through dim thickets that subdue
The crimson light of flowers afar,
As sweet rain doth the sunset, decked
Themselves with many a living star,
Which music winged bees detect
By the white rays and ceaseless odour shed
Over the scattered leaves that every day lays dead.

III.

But who are these that pass so late
Beneath Amboise's echoing gate,
And seek the sweet path, poplar shaded,
By breeze and moon-beam uninvaded?

They are two forms, that move like one,
Each to the music of the other's lips,
The cold night thrilling with the tone
Of their low words,—the grey eclipse,
Cast from the tangled boughs above,
Their dark eyes penetrate with love ;
Two forms, one crested, calm, and proud,
Yet with bowed head and gentle ear inclining
To her who moves as in a sable cloud
Of her own waving hair—the star-flowers shining
Through its soft waves, like planets when they keep
Reflected watch beneath the sunless deep.

IV.

Her brow is pure and pale, her eyes
Deep as the unfathomed sky,
Her lips, from which the sweet words rise
Like flames from incensed sacrifice,
Quiver with untold thoughts, that lie
Burning beneath their crimson glow,
As mute and deathless lightnings sleep
At sunset where the dyes are deep
On Rosa's purple snow ;
She moves all beautiful and bright,
With little in that form of light,
To set the seal of mortal birth,
Or own her earthy—of the earth,
Unless it be one strange quick trace
That checks the glory of her face,

A wayward meaning, dimly shed,
A shadow, scarcely felt, ere fled;
A spot upon the brow, a spark
Under those eyes subdued and dark;
A low short discord, in the tone
Of music round her being thrown;
A mystery, more conceived than seen;
A wildness of the word and mien;
The sign of wilder work within,
Which may be sorrow—must be sin.

V.

Slowly they moved, that knight and dame,
Where hanging thickets quench and tame
The rivers flash and cry;
Mellowed among the leafage came
Its thunder voice—its flakes of flame
Drifted undisturbing by,
Sunk to a twilight and a sigh.
Their path was o'er the entangled rest
Of dark night flowers that underneath
Their feet, as their dim bells were pressed,
Sent up warm pulses of soft breath.
Ranged in sepulchral ranks above,
Grey spires of shadowy cypress clove,
With many a shaft of sacred gloom,
The evening heavens' mysterious dome;
Slowly above their columns keen,
Rolled on its path that starred serene;
A thousand fountains' soundless flow
With imaged azure moved below;

And through the grove, and o'er the tide,
Pale forms appeared to watch, to glide,
O'er whose faint limbs the evening sky
Had cast like life its crimson dye;
Was it not life—so bright—so weak—
That flushed the bloodless brow and cheek,
And bade the lips of wreathed stone
Kindle to all but breath and tone?
It moved—it heaved—that stainless breast!
Ah! what can break such marble rest?
It was a shade that passed—a shade
It was not bird nor bough that made,
Nor dancing leaf, nor falling fruit,
For where it moves—that shadow gray and chill,
The birds are lulled—the leaves are mute—
The air is cold and still.

VI.

Slowly they moved, that dame and knight,
As one by one the stars grew bright;
Fondly they moved—they did not mark
They had a follower strange and dark.
Just where the leaves their feet disturbed
Sunk from their whispering tune,
(It seemed beneath a fear that curbed
Their motion very soon)
A shadow fell upon them, cast
By a less visible form that passed
Between them and the moon.

Was it a fountain's falling shiver?
It moveth on—it will not stay—
Was it a mist wreath of the river?
The mist hath melted all away,
And the risen moon is full and clear,
And the moving shadow is marked and near.
See! where the dead leaves felt it pass,
There are footsteps left on the bended grass—
Footsteps as of an armed heel,
Heavy with links of burning steel.

VII.

Fondly they moved, that dame and knight,
By the gliding river's billow light,
Their lips were mute, their hands were given,
Their hearts did hardly stir,
The maid had raised her eyes to heaven,
But his were fallen on her.
They did not heed, they did not fear
That follower strange that trod so near,
An armed form whose cloudy mail
Flashed as it moved with radiance pale;
So gleams the moonlit torrent through
Its glacier's deep transparent blue;
Quivering and keen, its steps of pride
Shook the sheathed lightning at its side,
And waved its dark and drifted plume,
Like fires that haunt the unholy tomb,
Where, cursed with crime, the mouldering dead
Lie restless in their robes of lead.

What eye shall seek, what soul can trace
The deep death-horror of its face?
The trackless livid smile that played
Beneath the casque's concealing shade,
The angered eye's unfathomed glare,
(So sleep the fountains of despair
Beneath the soul whose sins unseal
The wells of all it fears to feel.)
The sunk, unseen, all-seeing gloom,
Scarred with the ravage of the tomb,
The passions that made life their prey,
Fixed on the feature's last decay,
The pangs that made the human heart their slave,
Frozen on the changeless aspect of the grave.

VIII.

And still it followed, where they went,
That unregarding pair;
It kept on them its eyes intent,
And from their glance the sickened air
Shrank, as if tortured. Slow—how slow
The knight and lady trod;
You had heard their hearts beat just as loud
As their footsteps on the sod.
They paused at length in a leafless place
Where the moonlight shone on the maiden's face;
Still as an image of stone she stood,
Though the heave of her breath, and the beat of her blood
Murmured and mantled to and fro,
Like the billows that heave on a hill of snow
When the midnight winds are short and low.

The words of her lover came burning and deep,
And his hand was raised to the holy sky:
Can the lamps of the universe bear or keep
False witness or record on high?
He starts to his feet from the spot where he knelt,—
What voice hath he heard, what fear hath he felt?
His lips in their silence are bloodless and dry,
And the lovelight fails from his glazed eye.

IX.

Well might he quail, for full displayed,
Before him rose that dreadful shade,
And o'er his mute and trembling trance
Waved its pale crest and quivering lance;
And traced with pangs of sudden pain
The form of words upon his brain;
"Thy vows are deep; but still thou bear'st the chain
Cast on thee by a deeper—vowed in vain;
Thy love is fair; but fairer forms are laid
Cold and forgotten in the cypress shade;
Thy arm is strong; but arms of stronger trust
Repose unnerved, undreaded, in the dust;
Around thy lance shall bend the living brave,
Then, arm thee for the challenge of the grave."

X.

The sound had ceased, the shape had passed away,
Silent the air, and pure the planets ray.
They stood beneath the lonely breathing night,
The lovely lady and the lofty knight;

He moved in shuddering silence by her side,
Or wild and wandering to her words replied,
Shunning her anxious eyes, on his that bent:
"Thou didst not see it, 'twas to me 'twas sent.
To me,—but why to me?—I knew it not,
It was no dream, it stood upon the spot
Where"—Then with lighter tone and bitter smile,
"Nothing, beloved—a pang that did beguile
My spirit of its strength—a dream —a thought—
A fancy of the night." And though she sought
More reason of his dread, he heard her not,
For mingling with those words of phantom fear
There was another echo in his ear—
An under murmur deep and clear,
The faint low sob of one in pain:
"May the faith thou hast forgotten
Bind thee with its broken chain."

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

HOMES AND GRAVES.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

How beautiful a world were ours,
But for the pale and shadowy One
That treadeth on its pleasant flowers,
  And stalketh in its sun!
Glad childhood needs the lore of time
To shew the phantom overhead;—
But where the breast, before its prime,
  That carrieth not its dead,—
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all its circuit sees no tomb?

It was an ancient tyrant's thought
To link the living with the dead;—
Some secret of his soul had taught
  That lesson dark and dread!
And, oh! we bear about us, still,
The dreary moral of his art,—
Some form that lieth, pale and chill,
  Upon each living heart,
Tied to the memory, till a wave
Shall lay them in one common grave!

To boyhood hope,—to manhood fears!
Alas!—alas! that each bright home
Should be a nursing-place of tears,
A cradle for the tomb!
If childhood seeth all things loved
Where home's unshadowy shadows wave,
The old man's treasure hath removed,
He looketh to the grave!—
For grave and home lie sadly blent,
Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years—and then, the boy
Shall miss, beside the household hearth,
Some treasure from his store of joy,
To find it not on earth;—
A shade within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved's room,
And *one* dear name, he vainly calls,
Be written on a tomb,—
And he have learnt, from all beneath,
His first, dread, bitter taste of death!

And years glide on, till manhood's come;
And where the young, glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright, happy home
Hath many a vacant chair:—
A darkness, from the churchyard shed,
Hath fallen on each familiar room,
And much of all home's light hath fled,
To smoulder in the tomb,—

And household gifts that memory saves
But help to count the household graves.

Then, homes and graves the heart divide,
As they divide the outer world:
But drearier days must yet betide,
  Ere sorrow's wings be furled;
When *more* within the churchyard lie
Than sit and sadly smile at home,
Till home, unto the old man's eye,
  Itself appears a *tomb*,
And his tired spirit asks the grave
For all the *home* it longs to have!

It shall be so,—it shall be so!
Go bravely trusting—trusting on;
Bear up a few short years—and, lo!
  The grave and home are *one!*—
And then, the bright ones gone before
Within another, happier home,
Are waiting, fonder than before,
  Until the old man come—
A home where but the *life*-trees wave;
Like childhood's—it hath not a grave!

THE SEA-SHELL.

"Brother Ayoub: There is wild work going on at the other end of the world: so says my shell. I hear the tramp of armies."

"Whence came it? Is it a talisman?"

"From Serendib; fished up by a pearl-diver at the full of the moon. If a rose-stalk was broken a thousand leagues off, I should hear it."—*Arab Legend.*

Infant, take this little shell,—
There is in it a sea-spell;
Not a mermaid wild and sweet,
Sitting in her coral seat,
Till the sun hath past his noon,
But doth fill it with a tune,
That all ocean's tales doth tell:
Listen, infant, to its spell!

Listen! hark! that distant roar!
Now the ocean sweeps the shore,
In some stormy Indian bay,
Full ten thousand miles away.
Oh! that distant, dying groan!
There some noble ship hath gone:
Now the sullen roar hath died;—
Hushed the storm, and smooth the tide.

Infant, hark, that sullen song!
Now, with savage trump and gong,
By the Tropic's burning wave,
Goes some monarch to his grave.

Hark! the clashing shield and lance,
Frantic shout, and magic dance;
Mixed with cries from hearts that weep:
All is silence now—all sleep!

Infant, try once more the spell:
Hark! is that the thunder peal?
No; that wilder, deeper roar
Tells of flame, and tells of gore.
Far beneath the Western sun,
Is some battle lost and won:
Grass shall grow on many a bier,
Ere of that dark day we hear.

Infant, list the spell again:
Oh, that low and lovely strain!
Now, upon some Grecian isle
Sunset sheds its golden smile;
And the rose-crowned maiden bands
Dance in chorus on the sands:
Silver surge, and purple sky,
Echoing the harmony.

Infant, take no more the shell!
Listen to the sounds that swell,
In the morning's perfumed breath;
In the day's delicious death;
In the starlight, sweet and dim;
In all Nature's glorious hymn;
Earth beneath, and Heaven above,
All one lovelines,—one LOVE! ALCÆUS.

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SOLIMAN, THE JANIZARY.

> " With sabre shivered to the hilt,
> Yet dripping with the blood he spilt,
> Yet strained within the severed hand,
> Which quivers round that faithless brand ;
> His turban far behind him rolled,
> And cleft in twain its firmest fold."—BYRON.

I AM now an old man. I have seen war, and I have seen peace. I have seen sultans raised to the throne, and I have seen sultans sent to the dungeon. All this I outlived, for all this I regarded as the course of nature. But I have seen the glory of the Mussulmans gone, and the empire at the mercy of the Frank. Is this to be endured?—is this to be believed? But I am the last of the Janizaries. That is enough. Of this body which, with all its faults, was the strength of the empire, the beginning of its glory, and the end of its dominion, I am the last living man.—What more can I say? I am standing beside my grave. If I live, it is only until I shall have seen the last hour of Mahmoud! Then let the arrow come, when it will, that turns Soliman Aga into dust and ashes. Alla il allah!

I was standing one evening on the edge of the Golden Horn, near the spot where Bairactar made his last stand, and was blown up ;—may his bones never be covered!—and was looking at the caïques of the sultan as they passed from the seraglio to his new palace on the Asiatic shore. I hated the man, but the scene was calculated to soothe the mind. I am no describer, but he who cannot feel the beauty of nature, cannot sufficiently hate him who turns it into the tomb of empire. What has Europe, or the world besides, to equal the scene that lies before the gaze of the Mussulman every day of his existence, from the shore of Constantinople? Before me rose the range of the Asiatic hills, a scene of mountain magnificence; whether in the storm or the calm, a throne of the thunder or a throne of the sunshine, in each alike a throne. At my feet lay the Sea of Marmora, a sheet of glass, an immense lake of lapis-lazuli, coloured with every light and tincture of the richest sky of the world. Left and right, spread the enchanted gardens of the Bosphorus, and the bold shores of the Dardanelles, coloured with the vapours of sunset, as if they were hung with draperies of cloth of gold.

While I was lost in admiration of this noble spectacle, often as I had seen it before; I heard voices behind me. The times were troubled, and I instinctively laid my hand on my dagger. The movement produced only a low laugh; and I saw Achmet Oglou and Hassan Tophni, two agas of the Janizaries, and my intimate friends.

"Ha, Soliman," said Hassan; "you might spare our honour the idea of our being assassins, for we might have settled that question with you half an hour ago.

We have been looking at you fully that time, and wondering what you were doing with your eyes. It was plain that you saw nothing of us."

"He was looking for the prophet's paradise," said Achmet; "and after a vision of the houries, it was only natural that he should not condescend to human visages. But come, we have something to do to-night, and we want you to be with us."

"Your purpose, colonels?"

"The honour of the corps."

"How is it implicated? Have any new insults been offered to-day? I saw the sultan return from the mosque this sunset, and cross the water. But he had the usual guard of our corps."

Oglou, a fierce and muscular figure, and with a mind like his figure, started, and half unsheathing his scimitar, cried—"He is a slave of Mahmoud. Let us leave him."

I waved my scimitar above his head at the moment, and flung back the imputation; but Hassan interposed. Oglou was a Turcoman, and wild as one of his own wild horses. Hassan Tophni was an Ionian, and graceful as one of the poplars of his clime. This made all the difference between burying our weapons in each other's hearts, and fighting with them side by side as we did so soon.

"The fact, friend Achmet," said the peacemaker, "is, that Soliman Aga is a poet, and thinks more of sunsets than the seraglio. He hates Mahmoud; but he hates him not half so much for his treason against the laws of the empire as against the shawls and turbans of the Moslems. He lives in the skies, while we walk on the ground; and such as he is, for all this, we must have him with us."

"Show me," I exclaimed, "just cause, and I shall show myself as ready to shed my blood in it, as if there were neither pen nor poem in the world."

"Look on the spot where you stand at this moment, and doubt, if you can, the wrongs of the Janizaries, or their power to avenge them. In that fragment of a tomb lie the remains of our enemy; the fragment of Bairactar—the rest was tossed to the moon." Oglon proceeded gloomily, and in a tone of sullen triumph, as if he exulted in the remembrance:

"It is exactly eighteen years since that night; and it is still as plain before me as if it were but yesterday. Bairactar, fearless as a lion, had determined to destroy the whole corps of the Janizaries, and had the madness to tell his mind. 'I will make all their regiments,' said he, 'like that which was massacred for its mutiny against Sultan Othman, (the sixty-fifth Oda, of which, when its name was daily called on the parade, a colonel daily answered; 'Let the voice of that Oda perish. Let the name of that Oda be extinguished for ever.') The vizier made the attempt; he brought his 8000 new levies from Scutari. But the Janizaries had resolved otherwise. On the memorable 14th of November, we beat our drums, surrounded the seraglio, and set the chambers of the vizier on fire. I myself, young as I was, was among the foremost. I sent a carbine-load of bullets after him, as he sprang from the casement into the gardens. Whether I wounded him or not is now past telling. But I was close on him, when he rushed into Barut-hane, and closed the door. We then had him safe. We knew, what he did not, that it had been turned into our powder store the day before. We heard him barricading himself within. We suffered him to go on. We demanded, whether he would, or would not, swear fidelity to our corps. He answered, by threatening to shave our beards, and behead our agas. There was nothing more to be done. We threw torches upon the roof, set the door on fire, and stood at a distance with our muskets ready to bring down all who attempted to escape. We heard the howling of the vizier and his friends, as the fire began to reach them. It did not last long. A single explosion tore up the roof of the magazine, carrying the limbs and bodies of its garrison into the air. All that it left of the vizier is now at your foot. We then marched, with drums beating, to the barracks of the new levies; burned them, turned to cinders all who staid in them, and shot all who attempted to come out. We had still four-and-twenty hours of fighting in the streets, to finish the work; but we finished it; and with one-half of the city in a blaze, and the other half in our possession, brought the sultan to his senses, and sent him the head of his insolent general, Cadi Pasha, to keep him in them."

"You will find no slackness in me," was my answer. "The empire first, the sultan after; the Janizaries first, then all mankind. What is to be done? My Oda will march at the first beat of the drum. They are faithful, and I am true."

"You were always brave. I remember you well, when you were first in the breach at Belgrade. We fought together, too, on the mountains of Armenia. And now we must fight together in the assault of those old walls, where a tyrant and a madman intends to dig the grave of the Janizaries." This was the speech of Hassan Tophni, my friend from boyhood, and, though of gentle manners and of habits polished by long intercourse with the ambassadors and highest rank of Ottomans, one of the boldest soldiers in the land of the prophets. I clasped his hand.

The night had by this time fallen; and the evening gun from the fleet, lying off the seraglio, interrupted our conversation. To one already impressed, as I was, with the coming fall of the empire, nothing could offer a stronger contrast to the idea than the scene round me. All was the magnificence, life, and activity of imperial power. The towers and walls of the seraglio gave the image of a strength defying decay. The sea was covered with boats from the fleet and the shore, rushing with the torches and lamps in their prows; like huge serpents, with eyes of flame, floating only by their own impulse along the surface. The call of the Muezzins from the minarets, the songs of the peasants returning from the markets of the city to their homes on the Asiatic side, the cry of the numberless boatmen, the sounds of the military bands from the barracks at Scutari, even the hum of the Great City itself, formed a mingling and vast harmony. I am not a man of tears, but a tear stole down.

"And is this all to be thrown away, for the caprices of one man?" was my involuntary thought. "Is the Moslem to be an exile or a slave? Is this the only alternative? Must this proudest of all the monuments of imperial power be turned into a Russian or an Austrian dungeon, while our children row their galleys, or famish in the mountains of Turkestan?" Tophni saw the passion working within me, and would have left me to my meditations; but the rougher nature of his companion was not to be restrained.

"Join us or not, colonel, as it may please you," exclaimed Oglou sullenly: "but this I can tell you, that before a week is over, you may neither have a regiment, nor have a head on your shoulders. The sultan is at this moment bringing troops from Albania and Asia to crush us. The council, within the last twenty-four hours, have debated on our extinction,—the traitors have carried it,—the whole divan is against us, with the exception of one or two honest men, who have given us this timely notice, to save our necks from the bowstring! And now, the only question is, whether we shall spring like the tiger on the hunters, or wait death in our den."

"If I must die, let me die in hot blood," was my answer. "When do we rise?"

"This night, at midnight."

"Where?"

"Under the wall of the Seven Towers."

"In arms?"

"In arms." We swore on our naked scimitars; and they hastily took their departure.

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There was one thought which recurred to me with painful embarrassment, when I was left alone. There was one being, at least, in the world to whom I owed full confidence, and whose fortunes must be deeply involved in my own. That one, of course, was a woman; for the fidelity of man to man is of a sterner order. She was of Constantinople, but the daughter of a Greek, a merchant, with whom circumstances had brought me into acquaintance. Agas of the Janizaries were once important as protectors, and the Greek was only too happy in my condescending to take him under my patronage. To cement the connexion, he had offered me his daughter in marriage, before I had seen her. But all Moslems do not wish to be hated by their wives; and the man who marries a slave has not much chance of anything better. So I refused the offer, though it might have put a large sum into my purse; for the merchant was rich, and the husband of his only child was naturally to be his heir. Whether this refusal, rather rare, I own, among my countrymen, awoke the feelings of his daughter I know not, but I know this; that when I saw her afterwards, I scarcely could make up my mind whether to rejoice, or regret, that I had rejected her. Olympias Calani was by far the most beautiful creature that I had ever seen: her countenance noble, and not nobler than her mind; her heart upon her lip, and her soul in her glance. The world may have others, her equals, but I have never met with them, and till I shall, I must believe her unrivalled. She was all that wins the heart, or controls the understanding. The first sight of her settled all question with me. From that hour I felt new conceptions of existence, new ideas, a sudden expansion of my faculties and feelings, as if some film had been taken from my eyes, and some more living circulation flowed through my frame. All this may be improbable in the Moslem, and I allow that they have not their place in the life of the harem; but there are differences even among Mussulmans; and what I have said of myself is true. I loathed the life of my countrymen, and told Olympias that I loved but one being on earth, and that one herself. She too had her confession, tardily given, timidly made, pronounced with many a blush and tear, but irresistibly going to the heart. I never doubted it for a moment. It was impossible for me to doubt it. We pledged our faith, and never could human eloquence captivate more, than the language in which she thanked me for having refused her hand until I had won her heart.

I have mentioned those things slightly, and pass to others. The next day had been fixed for our marriage. But what was the next day now to be? The honour of a soldier, the existence of my corps, the safety of the empire, were on one side; Olympias

Calani was on the other. My blood had boiled while I listened to my fellow agas; left alone, it sank; yet it was still fiery. I paced the shore for hours on that night, yet was not more determined at the close than at the beginning.

Indecision may be the easy folly of triflers, but in men with strong interests to distract them, it is often agony. I have lain wounded on the field through the livelong night; I have burned with the plague; yet I never felt keener pangs in either instance, than I felt on that night. At length, I thought of the only expedient which was rational. I determined to lay open my mind to Olympias, and to be guided by her incomparable judgment. I went to the house of my friend. The merchant had gone out, to make some of those purchases for the bridal, which the Greek was cautious of ordering home in daylight.—There was not much mercy for his race in the Ottoman bosom in those days.

I found Olympias alone. There is sometimes a strange apprehension of calamity in the mind, when great events are coming, like the oppression of the air before the thunderstorm. She flew to meet me; told me she had spent a day of unaccountable fear, and that she had almost believed in the power of the evil eye. A santon who had come to ask alms, had told her, that the bridal flowers would be faded before her marriage, and that, by sunrise, all the white roses of Constantinople would be turned red. I felt that the prophecy could be explained, and that the santon must have been one of those agents whom the leaders of the Janizaries had often sent through the city, to prepare the people for insurrection. I laid my fearful statement before my bride. She heard it with terror, wept and trembled; but when the first alarm was past, she showed that I had not been deceived in either her heart, or her understanding.

"You must go," said this noble creature. "Life is cloudy at best, but we can have no higher guide than duty. You must go. The man whom I love carries my soul with him into the battle, or the desert, or the tomb; but I shall never suffer his love for me to embitter his life by tarnishing his honour."

The Moslems are not supposed to rank women too highly; yet they have heads and hearts as well as the rest of the world. If the Franks doubt this, I cannot help them, but the sultan knows better; and his messages for the heads of the pashas, whenever he has occasion for their purses, prove the reality of his belief in one-half of the matter. As to hearts, I presume, the truth is pretty much the same at both ends of the Mediterranean—except that the Moslems pay for their wives, instead of being paid, and thus have the question of value on their side, so far as zechins can settle the question. However, I had not much time for either love or philosophy; for while I was gazing on the star-like eyes and statue-like form of my beautiful bride, and listening to language which would have made me gladly a listener till doom's day; a rocket burst across the sky; a roar followed it;

a galloping of horses followed the roar, and I found a crowd of the Janizary officers mounted at the gate, and clamouring for my appearance. How they had found me out, was a matter of some surprise at the time. It was afterwards fully explained. Oglou was busy among them; and I soon heard from him and the anxious circle round me, the true history of the hour.

The sultan had long resolved on restoring the levies of Selim, and reducing the corps of Janizaries. This we had no desire to hasten, as may be supposed; and we had taken the usual means of telling our minds. All nations speak their grievances, though they may have different ways of telling them. The Russian ties a cravat round the czar's throat, which he can never untie. The German quits the land of sour kraut, and goes to dig his grave in the desert. The Frenchman shoots his king in his coach, and proclaims the liberty of his country in a coffee-house. The Englishman libels him in a newspaper. The Moslem way is the simpler one after all. He sets fire to Constantinople. The thing is easy, for the houses are of wood; it is expressive, for the seraglio may be burned as easily as the streets; and it is effectual, for no sultan on record has ever stood three substantial fires. It has, however, one objection, and but one. We cannot burn, where there is nothing to consume, and where three-fourths of the city were in ashes already, the moral was not easily renewable. Mahmoud, too, was the most stubborn of men. He had become alarmed as the flames shot up from time to time. His eye told him that we were in ill-humour with him; and he privately brought troops to Scutari, and waited only his opportunity to strike. I mounted my horse, and desired Olympias to get herself in readiness; for the chances of our adventure promised to make a sultana of her, if we should succeed; a houri if we did not; and to place me either in a palace at her feet, or in paradise by her side, by the time the sun was shining on the Bosphorus. She was silent, but her tears said what was forbidden to her voice. She threw her ivory arms round my neck, and Moslem as I am, I fully believed, in that hour at least, that women could have souls.

I drew my scimitar, and we set off like a flight of falcons, for the rendezvous of the regiments. I found them drawn up on the shore in front of the Seven Towers. They were steadily waiting our return, and I was received with acclamations. The sight was a gallant one. Not less than forty thousand of the finest troops that remained to the empire, stood to their arms before me. It is true that some of the Janizaries had adopted the low professions of the city; but those were not the men to meet the dangers of the night; and every man on whom I now looked, was a true soldier. I asked, what had become of the General. An aga brought forward a sack, from which he produced a head. It was the seraskier's. He had been sent for by the sultan early in the evening, and had returned—to announce to the corps the Imperial determination to disband them. The agas, in a circle, calmly demanded his own opinion on the subject. The seraskier had been a court barber, and was fit for nothing but to handle the shaving-brush. He advised them, like the slave that he was, to submit. Ottoman councils of war may not be renowned for etiquette, but they have the merit of proceeding to the point. The seraskier was instantly ordered to make his will in favour of the regimental chest, kneel down, and have his head cut off. All was over in a few minutes; and the head in the sack was my commission.

I rode along the ranks, and spoke a few words to the first Oda. "Look on those towers, soldiers of the Prophet!" I exclaimed. "They remind the Janizary of glory. It was here that Sultan Othman dared to defy the majesty of the empire. No man has ever defied it without paying for the insult in his blood. But the Janizary drums beat to arms. The sultan fled to these walls. They besieged him, and in four-and-twenty hours his corpse was rolling under their feet." No speech was ever more applauded.

I rode to another. The subject was now vengeance! "Look here," said I; "on the spot where this mouldering pillar stands, was proclaimed the infamous decree which extinguished the sixty-fifth Oda. Treachery alone had baffled the Janizaries; their champion, the Vizier Daoud, had been stripped of his turban, his scimitar broken, and his lips forced to swallow a draught from the fountain, where he had mixed the waters with the gore of Othman. Perish the memory of those who have no honour for a friend!

He was revenged, but the Oda never was restored. The time is now come. This night there shall be a sixty-fifth Oda."

My eloquence was irresistible. It might not have shone in the presence of sultans, nor perhaps would it have made a great figure even in the court of the cadi; but with the brave, hot, and angry multitude before me, nothing could be better.

I now rode on; and if dreams of sovereignty could ever enter the brains of a son of Islam, they might then have entered into mine. When I looked round on the deep columns that filled every street as we passed along, saw the glitter of the bayonets, an absolute sea of waving steel, the tossing of the standards, and the gallant and determined visages of the new army, of which a moment had made me master; I might have been entitled to think of being something more than a Janizary for life. But the Moslems are above the absurdity of the Franks, who think that to have all the troubles of a kingdom on our heads, is to be free from all earthly care; and that to have nothing either to hope, or to desire, is to be happy. We leave to the descendants of the caliphs, to our magnificent sultans themselves, the exclusive right of living without enjoyment, and dying without cause,—of being clogged with pleasure until they are as weary of it as a wasp in honey;—and of having their heads in readiness to fall at the command of the rabble.

We had now reached the great square in front of the Mosque of Soliman. The building is a noble one even in daylight, but then, illuminated by the thousands of torches, carried by the heads of the regiments, it looked like the diamond and chrysolite palace of Giamschid. I halted, got off my horse, and, followed by the principal agas, went into the mosque to perform my devotions. What I saw there, I have never since told. It was wild, strange, and superb enough to have been a vision of the Spirits that watch the world. I know not whether it was such. But it was certainly no mere dream,—no fantasy of opium,—no web of the imagination. What it was, you shall judge for yourself.

I had bowed my forehead to the carpet, and had said the five prayers, when I raised my eyes, and saw standing directly before me a tall man in a long dark robe. Observing that he did not take any part in the devotions of the agas, who, like me, were all bowing their heads to their carpets, I angrily made a sign for him to move away. But he only gave a ghastly smile, and threw open his cloak: I saw that it was stained with blood, which trickled from several wounds in his body. Still more astonished at the sight, for I expected to see him fall dead every moment, I continued making signs to him to leave the mosque, and not thus pollute its sacredness. At length, finding him regardless of my gestures, I started on my feet, drew my scimitar, and drove him before me. As he reached a recess in the wall, he stopped, and I, irritated by his obstinacy, aimed a decisive blow at his turban. The blow fell; in those days I was considered the best handler of a scimitar in Constantinople, and the stroke would have cut off the head of an ox; I felt it take effect, and yet there stood the man unhurt, and looking on me with the same melancholy smile. I started back in amazement. "Who, or what are you?" I exclaimed. As I looked, a light seemed to glare from the wall behind him, though at first I thought it the mere reflection of the torches which we had brought into the mosque along with us. But the wall, which was of polished black marble, continued to glare, and the light displayed the features of this extraordinary being with a distinctness which struck me with unaccountable awe. There was no time to be lost, for the troops outside would become impatient, and murmur at my delay; and yet my curiosity determined me to force him to speak. I held the point of my scimitar within a hand's breadth of his throat.

"There is no use in cutting off my head," at last he said, and there was a sort of grave contempt in the tone of his voice; "that operation is needless a second time in this world, and mine was cut off a hundred and fifty years ago." I felt my blood run cold.

"Are you man or devil?" I at length asked.

"Neither," was the brief answer.

As I looked, his aspect continued to change; it grew paler and paler, and yet more lustrous. In my boyhood I had imagined ghosts, and thought of thin and shadowy things; but the being before me had nothing of the shadow. His features were deeply marked and powerful; the hand that thrust back my scimitar was a hand of singular muscle, and the voice was remarkably deep and bold.

"Have I ever seen you before?" I exclaimed, half dreading the reply.

"Have you ever lived in the days of the tyrant, Othman; have you ever fallen fighting; have you ever been in the grave?" was that reply. I had no power to answer. I felt a struggle that shook every nerve of my frame; but though ready to sink on the ground, I still longed to hear more. My gesture, my only voice, spoke for me.

"Soliman Aga, I see," said the figure, "that you are a brave man, and a good Janizary. I see, too, that you may be entrusted with things which are totally unfit for the shallow brains and selfish hearts of nine-tenths of mankind. I am Daoud, the vizier."

The name so well known to the memory of our Odas shot, like a flash of lightning, through my ears. I could only gaze in deeper awe and admiration at the great champion of the Janizaries. The vision grew more powerful, its glance more penetrating, the expression of grandeur, mingled with superb scorn, more majestic and yet more searching at every time I raised my eye. I never saw the countenance of man at once so lofty, so handsome. I gazed like one spelled by a talisman. I was at length aroused by a roar from without.

"Your troops are impatient, Aga," said the vizier; "but they will be early enough for all that they have on their hands to-night. You will command them till midnight,—I shall command them to-morrow!"

"You?" was the only word that I could utter, but it comprised a world of meaning.

"I," was the answer. "Soliman Aga, by this time to-morrow, you will be a general without a soldier; but you will leave the sultan without one; and the sultan will leave the empire without one. Now, open your eyes, and look for yourself."

As he caught up the large fold of his cloak from the ground, I saw a human head, which seemed to have been but just decapitated. He took it up in his hand, and looking at its pale and stiffened physiognomy with a cold smile, said:

"This was once on the shoulders of a sultan. Othman might have worn it till his dying day, but he was an oath-breaker, and therefore deserved to die; he was a tyrant, and therefore doubly deserved to die; he swore the massacre of the Janizaries, and therefore he died by the hand of his vizier.—His head, or the empire.—I stabbed him, and saved the throne of the Ottomans." While he spoke, he threw open a casement in the wall, and flung the head high into the air. As it ascended, it grew suddenly and intensely luminous, until its supernatural lustre made all objects beneath wildly visible. I saw the battalions of my Janizaries under arms in the square; with more than the distinctness of noon-day. As the phenomenon rose, the whole extent of Constantinople opened on my sight; every roof, and mosque, and minaret, every turret and tree shone with a spiritual splendour. I broke out into involuntary exclamation.

"Aga," said my awful associate, "you may well exclaim at this spectacle. The earth holds nothing nobler. But all things have an end. Look again." The light of this singular luminary had now risen till it filled the whole horizon. The change below was startling. The stately battalions of the Janizaries had disappeared; a few torn standards and broken muskets scattered over heaps of black embers were all that met the eye. But on the edge of the horizon other banners were floating, and vast multitudes of troops seemed rapidly advancing to the capital. North and South immense fleets, with various foreign flags, were crowding the Dardanelles and the Golden Horn; but where were the fleets and armies of the Osmanli? I saw from the Danube to the Mediterranean, but I saw none. I felt a pang, as if an arrow were in my heart.

"All is fated," said the spirit of the great vizier. "Man is but dust on the wheel of destiny. As it turns, he must turn. He who attempts to resist, is only the first to be crushed: the wheel still rolls on. The Janizary will perish, and the sultan who smites him will be a slave from that hour. The Osmanli will suffer the soldiery who raised the empire to be flung into the grave, and the Osmanli will follow them. All shall be done, and speedily. Now go forth, put yourself at the head of the last army of the empire, and show it worthy of the name."

"Shall we not have vengeance?" I cried.

"Yes; and complete vengeance—vast, sweeping, enduring vengeance. Do you think that I have returned to this contemptible world merely to astonish an aga of Janizaries in a mosque? I have come, to tell your sultan that he is a madman, and the nation that they are fools; the sovereigns of Europe, that they are sharpening their swords only to cut their own throats; and Europe, Africa, and Asia, that they are pulling down the Ottoman only to massacre each other over his grave. We shall have fine times, and you—"

I waited to hear my share of the future.

"Aye; if you were frantic enough, you might choose your own crown; and if you were faithless enough, you might promise your subjects constitutions and cheat them; but you are too wise and too honest, either to seek the crown or play the knave with the constitution. You shall therefore have the happiness, to live obscure, and die in quiet; to know the world enough to despise it, and to live in a cottage on the sunny side of the Balkan, tend goats, forget courts and their lumber, escape capitals and their rabble, and when you are tired of living, go to your ancestors, without a piastre or a pang."

A sudden flourish of trumpets and shouts reminded me that I was still in the world. I listened for a moment, and then turned to ask final counsel of my stately monitor. But, to my wonder, he was nowhere to be seen. Scarcely less to my wonder, I found myself still kneeling on the carpet with my forehead touching the ground, as if I had but just made my prostration. I saw all my agas with their foreheads bowed like my own. I started on my feet, and asked them how long we had been there. "But a moment," was the universal answer. Was it then possible that I could have seen, conversed so long, and held such strange communications with a being of another state of existence; and all this in the interval between touching the ground with my forehead, and lifting it up again? How shall I tell? What is time?—an enigma. What is space?—a problem. What is spirit?—an imagination. If all round us is clouds, why should we be blamed for seeing nothing but the clouds?

I rushed from the mosque. The time had been so short, that the troops were unconscious of my absence. I gave the word, to march. We moved towards the seraglio, planted our standards in the Atmeidan, and thence sent a message to the sultan, to choose one of three things—to ask pardon of the Janizaries; to throw the head of his vizier over the wall to us; or to vacate the throne.

But Mahmoud was daring. He bowstringed our ambassador on the spot, and answered, that he would do none of the three; adding, that he would come out and fight us as soon as he had eaten his supper. He kept his word, was beaten, and saw us applying our scaling ladders to the walls of the seraglio. A quarter of an hour more would have seen us masters of seraglio and sultan. But fate is every thing. The empire was to be a carcase for the Muscovite wolf and Arab wild dog to tear at their leisure. Mahmoud proposed to negociate. I proposed to carry the walls first, and negociate after.—There is no diplomacy half so effectual as that which goes on inside an enemy's rampart. But even then I found the troubles of sovereignty. A monarch of a night, with the sultan at my feet, I found rebellion in my camp. Achmet Oglou led the malcontents. His notorious bravery had gained him a name among the agas, though his brutal manners made him hated. But when a new partizan of the follies of the weak, the fears of the timid, and the hopes of the doubtful, appears, what party cares for character? In short, we began to negociate. Three hours were lost in this absurdity. I saw the bowstring in every message, and proposed, over and over again, to cut short the business with my scimitar. At length Oglou himself went to settle the affair with the sultan at a word;—we saw our envoy no more!

But just as dawn was streaking the clouds, we heard the rattling of cannon carriages, and the trampling of cavalry. I saw that we had committed a desperate error, and that the scimitar must settle the negociation after all. I sprang on my horse, ordered the troops to advance, and swore in their hearing never to dismount, until either I had Mahmoud's head at my saddle-bow, or he had mine under his heel. But the Janizaries were half asleep,—were tired to death with the delay, were disappointed at being still on the outside of the palace, and were longing to cut either me or Mahmoud, as it might happen, into a thousand pieces, and go home to their couches. Still, we forced the gates, and got boldly into the first court of the seraglio. The Bostangis fired heavily on us, but we drove them on like chaff; and, trampling on their bodies, made a mound of them to scale the second wall. Victory was now before us. But at the moment I mounted a scaling ladder I heard a tremendous discharge of artillery on the Hippodrome, followed by shouts, yells, and the platoon fire of musketry. I was now on the battlements, and the palace lay open before me; but from the height on which I stood, I saw that the troops which I had left in the Hippodrome had been surprised, and attacked on all sides, and were falling like corn before the scythe, under the fire of a whole volcano of cannon and howitzers. As far too as the eye could penetrate the smoke, I saw cavalry pressing towards the scene of action, and cutting down every fugitive. A glance towards the Bosphorus next showed me a flotilla crowded with troops, pulling at full speed from Scutari.

All was evidently lost. The game was up; yet I still determined to see the last throw. I sprang from the battlement, called round me all who were able to move, and we flew like a band of madmen to the square. On that day we were all Delhis. We produced our effect; tore through the ranks of the Nizam Jedid, and showed those new favourites of the sultan, that the Janizaries were still their masters. In short, we cut them up like sheep. They melted before our charge like wax. We trampled upon them, as the Bedouin horse tramples upon the sand. But what could we do against those brazen mouths, whose breath was flame, and words were iron? It was the artillery that ruined us. Shells rolled in among us, breaking our ranks with their touch, and blowing us into fragments with their explosion. Nothing could be more horrible than the scene now became. It was plain, that Mahmoud had resolved to finish the troubles of his reign by drawing the last hot blood of the last of the Janizaries.—We were to be massacred. Yet, no man among us cared a hair of his beard whether we were or not. No man cried for mercy. We felt that we were there to die, since we now could not expect to conquer,—and we died, heaped by hundreds and thousands upon each other. I still think of the last charge that we made on our murderers, and think with some surprise on the kind of sensation which I felt at the moment. Death was before me, behind me, above me, and under me. The Atmeidan was now nothing but a place of butchery, where muskets played, and bayonets clashed, and cavalry trampled; while from every window came a burst of musket-balls, and from every opening of the streets a shower of grape-shot. Yet I felt neither horror, nor even fear. I bounded, and fought, and shouted, with a strange kind of exultation. I saw whole platoons torn into fragments before my face, and yet the whole scene seemed to me something like the wildest yet most animated of dreams. But, one sight I saw, which brought me back a little to the world. It was Oglou riding at the head of a battalion of the Nizam Jedid. But for his pernicious councils, Mahmoud would have been by that time floating without his turban down to the Mediterranean. I sprang over a pile of corpses, and made a blow at the traitor, which brought him from his horse. But at the same instant, I felt the scimitar drop from my hand; my eyes closed, and all, living and dead, Janizary and Nizam Jedid, sky and Atmeidan, disappeared from before me.

* * * * * *

When I next looked round, the moon was going down, and all was silent. I found a heap of bodies lying over me, and for awhile, imagined myself in that vast receptacle where kings and beggars lie quietly together. But, as my eyes gathered strength, I saw that I was still in the place of our battle. I uttered some exclamation of command, as if I was still at the head of the Odas. But instead of my regiments, I saw only a solitary figure, with a lamp, hurrying towards me. Warm tears, wild sobs, and fond embraces told me who it was, that came to search for my remains among our fallen warriors. Olympias, after lingering through the hours of the combat in unspeakable agonies, had at length heard of my fall; and braving the terrors of the sultan's proclamation against all who paid honours to the "dead rebels," had come to seek for me. One corpse still lay heavily across me, which I attempted to remove. The lamp showed me his face; it was Oglou's. My scimitar had cloven him from the forehead to the chin. I never rejoiced more in my pre-eminence in swordsmanship. There was one traitor the less in the empire. I had so far served my country.

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And now, Milord Anglais, I have told my tale. I hear the horn that tells me the goats and cattle are returning; those are my only troops now; but as they will neither awake the jealousy of sultans, nor rise in rebellion against myself, I am satisfied with their command.

After all was over, I determined never to set foot in Stamboul again. I believed the vizier, and I never believed myself born to be trampled on by either the Russian or the Austrian. I had lived a Janizary, and I tried, as you see, to die one. But, what is written is written. I was destined to be a Servian vine-dresser, and to take off my bonnet to Prince Milosch. So be it.

The Janizaries are no more, the turban is no more, the Osmanli is no more, the empire is no more. Why then should Soliman Aga complain, that instead of riding an Arab charger, he marshals sheep; and instead of sleeping on embroidered cushions in perfumed chambers, he sleeps on a pillow of heath, and has no better perfume than the roses and woodbines round his window?

Now, come to my cottage, and taste the sherbet of a colonel of Janizaries. I have pronounced the name of Stamboul for the first time these ten years. I have now pronounced it for the last time of my life. It is no more.

* * * * *

The noble soldier led his distinguished guest to the table, where all the simple hospitality of a life in the

Servian forests did not prevent the mixture of elegance. But the arranger of that table was a Greek. Olympias, in the rural dress of Servia, was still lovely; a lofty-countenanced, vivid, and happy being. The hour passed quickly in the varied conversation suggested by European topics; but of the Osmanli, Soliman asked nothing, and would hear nothing. "What is written is written," said he; "the empire of Othman is a dream."

He accompanied the traveller to the ridge of a hill, from which the road to Vienna lay before him to a vast extent, winding through forests and over hills, and coloured under the evening sun, like the train of a vast serpent, in all shades of gold and crimson. They took leave of each other as friends of years. The traveller paused. "One word at parting," said he. "I have influence at Constantinople. If you are wearied of forest life, why not return? I can ensure not merely your safety, but your distinction."

Soliman's cheek flushed for a moment; but the hectic passed away. "When that sun rises in the west," said he emphatically, "then will Constantinople be the place for me and mine. Its day is done. All things perish; the oak only later than man, the pyramids only later than the oak, the earth only later than the pyramids! Why then should the empire of the Moslem live for ever? But you must not take with you the idea that the Moslem cannot bear adversity. I am the reverse of discontented.

"What you see me now, is what I often wished to be when I was loaded with honours, speculated on the viziership, and was on the next step to the stirrup of the seraskier. Man cannot eat jewels, and I have none; but I have corn which I can eat. Harems are expensive, quarrelsome, and tiresome. I have but one wife, and till I can find the equal of her beauty, spirit, and heart, I shall never wish for another. You have seen Olympias, and I need therefore say nothing more of the ease with which I am satisfied. Though ten years have passed, she is still the handsomest wife in the Balkan. I have children, who see that their father is a thriving husbandman, and shall learn to think it better to live like men, than wear their heads at the mercy of a sultan, their hearts in their hand, and their consciences in the pocket of the cadi. Farewell. The sun goes down in half an hour, and you must gallop hard, to reach the post-house on the mountain.

EFFENDI.

THE HEIR OF DUNREA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES."

"Listen how mournfully murmurs the blast!
Father, now open thy stores of the past:
Tell me the tale of the Heir of Dunrea,
And the cry the lone boatman hears over the sea."

"'Tis a simple old legend I heard in my youth;—
I know not its date, and I vouch not its truth;
But I'll tell it thee, child, as they told it to me,—
And this was the tale of the Heir of Dunrea."

Lord Walter had horses, Lord Walter had men,
And wide spread his lands over mountain and glen;
And few were the faces more comely to see
Than Walter de Comyn's, the Heir of Dunrea.

But with youth in the blood, what are horses and land—
The joy of the chase, or the pride of the brand?
A craving, unuttered, still feeds on its rest,
And gnaws in the void and unoccupied breast.

And sad is the peril that beauty enfolds
For her who possesses,—for him who beholds;
And soft were the accents that fell on the ear
Of the fatherless, portionless, Helen de Vere.

The night was unquiet, the low thunder growled,
The sleet-laden wind round the battlements howled,
And dashing up-broke the vexed waves of the sea
On the rock-founded walls of the hall of Dunrea.

In a portal set deep in an archway of stone
Lord Walter is standing—he stands not alone:
Oh! why should they shrink in its murkier gloom,
When all round them the night is as black as the tomb?

And why should be tremblings, and why should be tears,
And low stifled sobbings, and clingings, and fears?
What terror, what doubt can the trusting heart prove,
When prest—closely prest—to the heart that we love?

The castle is silent, the hour is late,
Yet a page is in waiting, and opens the gate:
On his lip is a smile, but no word does he say
As he bows to his master, and marshals the way.

The westernmost turret is lone and remote,
And round it the ivy leaves rustle and float;
In their loose tangled branches its windows are hid,
And its passage is secret—its chambers forbid.

The steeds of Lord Walter neigh loud in the stall,
His whining dogs listen and watch for his call;
His falcons are idle,—what spell has the power
To hold him shut up in that westernmost tower?

Day follows on day—but Lord Walter no more
Is seen in the forest, or met by the shore;
While round the lone turret faint music comes stealing,
Half plaintive, half tender, like distant bells pealing.

Oh! lonely the heart of the singer must be,
With the bird in the heaven—the sun on the lea!
Ah, no! this is freedom—for all that is dear
In her youthful heart's world is shut up with her here.

Day follows on day—and Lord Walter again
At times sallies forth with his horses and men;
And his sports are more frequent, his absence more long,
While sadlier rise the low murmurs of song.

Oh! weak is the power of passion to bind
When no purer and holier link is conjoined;
And quickly burns out the wild flame of the breast,
And the jewel grows worthless as soon as possest.

Day follows on day—and at last to the page
Is confided the key of that once guarded cage;
No more in the turret Lord Walter appears,
And the sweet song is silent—'tis stifled in tears.

Then, will she not leave the deceiver? Alas!
Can she ever again be the thing that she was?
Or how shall she bear to be heartlessly hurled
Back again on herself by a merciless world?

Day follows on day—and Lord Walter is gone
To woo him another—a happier one:
For parents, and station, and riches has she,
And she shall be bride to the Heir of Dunrea.

Impatient, the wooer spurs onward amain;—
The page that he trusted is there in his train;
And their souls all absorbed in their hurried career,
Neither once gives a thought to lone Helen de Vere!

From the turret's high window she saw them depart;
She knew not their errand, but sad was her heart;
And fast fell her tears, though she hushed the low wail
That arose to her lips as they passed down the dale.

She watched through the day till the daylight grew dim;
She watched through the eve, but no tidings of him;
She watched till the morning again brought the light,
But no step had approached the lone turret that night!

Then sickened her heart with a terrible fear,
As hunger and cold became bitter to bear;
And curdled her blood with a horrible doubt,
As she sprang to the door—it was fastened without!

Yes, they to whom only her secret was known
Had left her to perish—forgotten—alone ;
And the door's massive hinges and strong iron bands
But mocked at the force of those slender white hands.

She shrieked for assistance : perhaps it was nigh,
But shame rose and stifled the half uttered cry :
Sooner far shall her body by anguish be torn,
Than her time-honoured name by exposure and scorn !

Another day rose, and another night fell:
No tongue may the tale of its suffering tell ;
But the fear-stricken menials tremble and cower
At moanings that breathe from the westernmost tower.

Again the day rises, again the day fades,
And midnight is sunk in its gloomiest shades,
When a gleaming of light rises faint in the air,
And slowly it brightens—'tis drawing more near ;

And torches are waving, and shoutings are loud,
As retainers and vassals press forward and crowd
Where Lord Walter is coming, and brings by his side,
To the home of his fathers, his beautiful bride.

But harsh is the mirth, and discordant the din
To the fast failing ear of the captive within,
As she crawls to the window—she sees who pass by—
And her breaking heart bursts in one agonized cry.

So shrill, so discordant it broke through the air,
That sudden, that agonized shriek of despair,
That all voices were hushed, and the bridegroom grew pale,
As flashed on his thought all the terrible tale.

Then flushing again with confusion and rage,
He sprang from his horse, and he called to his page:
He has left his young bride, and has hurried alone,
With a sickening heart to that turret of stone.

So trembles his hand, it scarce opens the door;
But the form that he seeks for lies stretched on the floor:
The flowers he gave are still warm in her breast,
And his ring in her hand is convulsively prest.

But the breast heaves no longer—and glazing and dim
Is the eye that beamed fondly and only for him;
And in vain the hot tears of a tardy remorse
Now fall on a cold and unanswering corse.

Lord Walter is wed to his beautiful bride,—
But each midnight a cry makes him quail by her side;
And each morning her smile is more languid and weak,
And paler and paler the rose on her cheek.

He loves her;—and what that he loves can be blest?
She droops in the breath of that wild nightly guest;
And when in his arms she sinks failing and pale,
A triumphing laugh comes mixt up with the wail.

Oh! changed is Lord Walter, and dark is his brow:
Fiend or angel, he'll meet this invisible foe!
And he flies from the hall, and he flies from the bower,
And shuts himself up in his westernmost tower.

Then strange were the sounds as the midnight drew
nigh;—
Louder, shriller than ever, up-rose the wild cry:
And at morning Lord Walter lay stark on the floor
Where lost Helen de Vere was found lying before!

That Hall is a ruin; but oft in the dark,
As glides o'er the waters the fisherman's bark,
A cry and a wailing sweeps over the sea;
And they call it—the knell of the Heir of Dunrea.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

We read of "life's dull round," but there is no "round" of life half so dull as the "circuit" to a briefless barrister; a character in which, Hibernically speaking, I was *officiating*, in the summer of 18— at an assize town, in one of the maritime counties in the south of England. It was towards evening that I was sitting alone in my homely lodgings, absorbed in the speculation on causes and effects naturally suggested by my brief-bag and my purse; the one being quite empty, and the other nearly so; and I was betrayed into a somewhat unfilial doubt of the wisdom which had decided on making me a gentleman instead of a grocer or a button-maker.

A slight sharp knock at my door was the prelude to the entrance of a person in whom I recognised one of the leading attorneys in the town, who, after a brief apology for the interruption, inquired if I could favour him with my attention for a few minutes. I bowed an assent with a suavity somewhat, I suspect, enhanced by the hope of what had then never solaced my long expectant palm,—a fee; and he proceeded to inform me that he had, within the last few days, undertaken the cause of a poor widow, who had been subjected to an action which involved her right to a little farm—the only dependence of herself and orphan boy; that she had, in the first instance, resorted to the advice of a small lawyer, who having extorted from her every sixpence of ready money which she possessed, or could raise, had abandoned her on the threshold of the court. He concluded by stating that, from a feeling of commiseration, he had taken over the papers, and was willing to contribute his professional aid gratuitously; and, having, he was flattering enough to say, had reason to calculate on my sympathy for the oppressed widow, he had ventured to solicit my aid in defending the action.

Of course there was but one answer to such an appeal, and we went into the case with the particulars of which it is not necessary to trouble the reader; let it be enough to say that the plaintiff was a retired tradesman—merchant it may be, for I forget his precise occupation—who had purchased a large estate, to which, for some purpose of ornament or convenience, he was desirous of adding the widow's farm. It is but fair to state, that he, in the first instance, attempted to accomplish his object by purchase; but whether the offer was not adequate to the possessor's expectations, or she had resolved not to part from it on any terms, she refused the overture; hence his resorting to more questionable means of attaining his end. The honest attorney—there are honest attorneys, gentle reader, however sceptical you may be on the point—having furnished me with the results of his own attention to the case, left it in my hands.

This was on a Saturday evening, and the cause was appointed for the following Monday; while, independently of the short time allowed me for preparation, there were difficulties which rendered this, my first essay in the practical part of my profession, a somewhat perilous one. The plaintiff was rich, and had retained one of the most powerful men at the bar; while his attorney was a man of singular adroitness in getting up a case, and had, in the wealth of his client, the most cogent stimulant to exertion on the occasion.

The evening had far advanced, and I was deeply absorbed in the matter in hand, when I was, a second time, interrupted by a visitor. It was Frank Elderton, a good-natured, though somewhat rattle-pated scion of a noble house, who had embraced the profession of the law, and advanced to the bar; and regularly went the circuit, but without any idea of practising. He had a liberal allowance, and was next in succession to an earldom and a large estate. As the best possible means of ridding myself of what, under the circumstances, was an intrusion, I explained to him the nature of my occupation. He became interested, and inquired what were my expectations of success. I told him all my doubts, and expressed my regret that I had not had the advantage of an interview with the defendant, who lived at a village about fifteen miles off.

"That difficulty is easily overcome," was his remark.

"Indeed!" I rejoined. "Pray, how am I to get there?"

"On the back of my bay mare," he replied; "which is much at your service, and cannot be better employed than on such an errand."

"You will want her yourself," I said; "you told me you purposed spending to-morrow with your noble relative at his mansion in this neighbourhood."

"Suppose I have altered my mind," he answered; "besides, if I want a horse I can ride my groom's, and leave him behind; there are idlers enough at the Park without him."

"But," I interposed, "I am not a Ducrow, and your mare has a somewhat equivocal reputation."

"A foul calumny," he exclaimed; "a sweeter tempered specimen of her sex never walked on two legs or four; let her go her own pace—a swinging trot of some twelve miles an hour—and she is as quiet as a lamb, a child might guide her with a packthread."

"And yet she nearly broke our friend Tomkins's neck" I replied.

"Entirely his own fault," asserted Elderton; "he borrowed her for the purpose of paying a visit to his ladye love, to whom, as he approached the house, he was anxious to exhibit either his impatience or his horsemanship, and accordingly gave the mare a hint with his heel — by far the sharper end of him —

which the beast took in dudgeon, and bolted over a hedge, leaving him in a ditch on the other side, whence he was dragged—a mass of mud and duckweed—amid the roars of the spectators in general, and of his ladye love in particular, who would have cleared hedge and ditch, and thought nothing of the feat."

Without assuming to be a whit better than my neighbours, but rather wishing that I were half as good as many of them, I have ever held it as a maxim, that business prosecuted on the day appointed for far other pursuits, cannot be expected to prosper; but my conscience fully sanctioned the journey I was about to undertake on the morrow. It was in the cause of the widow and the orphan, to whose complaints His ear is ever open, and should mine be closed to them? Moreover, it was not for the sake of personal profit, but, on the contrary, to the danger of my professional reputation that I embarked in the cause, for the odds were fearfully against me.

It was a very lovely morning, and the country through which I rode a scene of surpassing beauty, presenting all the variety of hill and dale, wood, and meadow, and cornfield; while from every unobstructed elevation the sea, studded with white sails glancing in the sunshine, burst upon the sight. I had started early that I might arrive in time for the service of the day. I left my horse at an inn in the village, and ascended, on foot, the hill which led to the church, a simple edifice, with a very ancient tower, some century older than the rest of the building. The hill was crowned with wood, and the church was at the top, almost hidden by trees. I entered the porch some minutes before the commencement of the service, and was ushered into a seat by the clerk, who united, in his single person, that office with those of sexton and pew opener; in discharge of which last-mentioned function he was wont to quit the desk, in the middle of the service, to install some village magnate, or well-dressed stranger, whose tardy attendance scarcely merited the courtesy.

I cast a glance around me during the short interval before the prayers, and could not help fancying that the plaintiff and defendant were before me. In a large pew, curtained and cushioned in crimson, sat an elderly iron-featured man, a softened, but yet palpable likeness of whom I perceived in three young women, somewhat gaudily attired, and an over-dressed young gentleman of about one-and-twenty. In a wainscotted pew, containing a moth-eaten cushion, sat a widow, whose weeds proclaimed her recent bereavement, and a pale, but very handsome boy, apparently about ten years old.

The service was impressively read by the clergyman,—the vicar I believe,—who, it appeared to me, laid peculiar emphasis on the petition for the "fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed." I could not help thinking that the selection of the thirty-fifth Psalm before the sermon had some reference to the situation of my poor client; and although it was from the quaint version of honest John

Hopkins, and sung to the homely accompaniment of a violin and clarinet, the effect was inexpressibly solemn and touching, and the tears fell abundantly from the downcast eyes of the widow,—nor were hers the only eyes that wept.

I lingered in the church for a brief space after the congregation had dispersed, to examine a few ancient family monuments, and then descended to the village, and inquired for the cottage of my client, whom I found to be the same who had so greatly interested me at church. The room in which she was sitting was almost bare of furniture, but there was an air of neatness about the place which somewhat mitigated its desolation. In the only chair, beside that occupied by herself, sat an elderly man, having the appearance of a higher class of farmer, while in the window seat was a young, very handsome, and singularly graceful girl, who might have numbered some eighteen summers, and the simplicity of whose attire gave additional zest to her beauty.

I apologised for my intrusion, and offered to postpone my visit for an hour; but the widow assured me that she had no secrets from the friends who were with her, and accordingly I explained the object of my call. I questioned her upon the various points in which I chiefly desired to be informed, and when I was about to take my leave, the damsel, whose name I gathered was Mary, spoke for the first time, and, in tones which I shall not soon forget, inquired what I thought would be the issue of the trial. I replied, that although I had not a doubt as to the justice of the widow's cause, I could not disguise from myself, nor would I conceal from them, the difficulties of the case; and added that, such, owing to the gross negligence of the attorney employed in the first instance, was the meagreness of the evidence collected for the defence, that my principal dependence, as regarded facts, was on what I could elicit in the cross examination of my opponent's witnesses—an obviously slender reed on which to lean.

I took my leave with the intention of getting an early dinner at the inn where I had left my horse, when the farmer, with the frankness which characterizes his class, begged my company at his family repast, to which he and his daughter were returning. Whether the superior comforts of a farm-house, as compared with the impromptu accommodations of a village inn, or the society into which my acceptance of the invitation would throw me, had the greater influence on my determination, it is not necessary for me to state; but certain it is, I dined with the farmer, and had no reason to repent my election. Mrs. Harrowfield was a plain, well-mannered, and sensible woman; and her daughters,—for she had one beside Mary,—were graced by those accomplishments which it became a man who farmed his own estate to bestow upon his children. He was himself a well-informed man, and moreover distinguished by that piety which, though not inspired, is doubtless promoted by a constant residence amongst the works of the Creator. His exemplary wife informed me that, during the whole course of their connection, she had never known him complain of the seasons, however unpropitious. The weather was too wet for the corn, but then it did admirably for the turnips; and thus he went on, balancing evil with good, the most contented, as he was the most thriving agriculturist in the district.

In the evening, Mr. Harrowfield and his daughter conducted me through a beautifully wooded bridle-road, on his own estate, to the village, where we parted; the old gentleman shaking me warmly by the hand, repeated his wishes for my success, and hinted that as he had some business at the assize town, he might probably drive over in the morning; and, in that event, would endeavour to gain admission to the court when the cause came on.

I rode back as quietly as my friend's gay steed would permit, and may, perhaps, be pardoned if my mind sometimes wandered from the immediate object of my visit, and indulged in one of those day-dreams, in which, as in the dreams of the night, we reconcile all sorts of incongruities; thus, for instance, the notion of a wealthy freeholder of some five hundred acres, bestowing his daughter on a briefless barrister, appeared by no means so absurd, as I should assuredly have deemed it, had it been propounded to me twenty-four hours before; nor did, of course, the probability of the said daughter not caring a single straw for the said barrister, interfere with my conclusions for a moment.

I went early to bed, and rising next morning before sunrise, applied myself, with renewed dilligence, to my case ; and afterwards adjourned to the worthy attorney's with whom I was engaged to breakfast, for the purpose of arranging matters previously to going into court; which I shortly entered with the comfortable conviction that I should be defeated. The plaintiff's leading counsel acquitted himself with his usual tact and skill; the witnesses were all admirably dragooned, and hard swearers to a man—the state of morals among the lower classes, being, in a smuggling district like that, at a very low ebb; and thus it was not difficult to find men willing to distort the truth to please a wealthy patron like the plaintiff. I tried one witness after another, but was unable to shake their testimony, or to detect any discrepancy in their evidence. The last of my opponent's witnesses stepped into the box, the expression of shrewdness and cunning on whose countenance, gave me little hope of success with this last fling of the die—for such I felt it to be. The fellow was perfectly aware of his own acuteness, and prided himself on its exercise ; and thus there was a dash of conceit about him to which, as it was my only chance, I determined to administer. The result was, that he indulged somewhat more in explanation than, I could easily perceive, was agreeable to the party who had subpœnaed him. I sat down, and the witness was quitting the box, when I rose, and, with a careless air, addressed a question to him, the importance of which he did not immediately perceive, and answered it off-hand. The fellow saw his error, when it was too late, and attempted to explain it away,—of course, making bad worse. I glanced at my opponent, the leading counsel, and read vexation in his face, in spite of his attempts to disguise it; something like the shadow of a smile passed over the cold and statue-like features of the judge, and I hailed the augury—omen haud malum!

The plaintiff's witnesses having been examined, it was now my turn to address the jury, and in rising to do so, my glance fell on the honest face of my host of the preceding day, with the beautiful Mary by his side. My good genius was evidently peering at me from her bright eyes, for their light kindled a flame of eloquence in my bosom, which I never felt before, and verily believe I have never experienced since. After some brief preliminary remarks on the speech of my learned friend, I drew a picture of the plaintiff, which he would scarcely have added to the family portrait gallery,—and then contrasted it by such a description of the widow and her son, as drew "iron tears" down the cheeks of the foreman of the jury, a very respectable whitesmith. In fact, my speech, which lasted an hour-and-a-quarter "by Shrewsbury clock," presented such a felicitous combination of sarcasm and eloquence, as astonished every one in the court, and none more than myself.

I then proceeded to examine my witnesses, whose evidence, bearing on the point on which my opponent's last witness had broken down, stood me in far better stead than, from the hasty manner in which my case was got up, I had anticipated; and I finally sat down with the feeling that if I did not gain the victory, I had done all in my power to deserve it.

However, it was with no little anxiety that I watched the effect of the speech of my opponent—who, as the first speaker, had the right of reply—on the jury, from whose minds it was his aim to remove the impression produced by my pathetic appeal, and this he endeavoured to accomplish in a manner by no means flattering to myself. Still I had some hope, for the whitesmith blew his nose very perseveringly after my learned friend had finished his reply.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and in the interval—the most anxious quarter of an hour I ever spent—I tried to affect unconcern, and to talk on indifferent subjects with those around me, before the next cause was called on; but it would not do—so I gave it up, and waited the return of the twelve sages in silence. At last, they re-appeared, and the worthy whitesmith—immortal honour to his name, whatever it be—pronounced, in a tone which proved he had not quite recovered from the pathetic—"WE FIND FOR THE DEFENDANT."

I cannot describe the feelings of extatic delight which this almost unhoped-for result produced on me. I could scarcely contain myself within decent bounds: had I obeyed the first impulse, I should certainly have jumped over the benches, and hugged the worthy farmer, and kissed his daughter in the exuberance of my joy. But, reader, I did restrain myself, and walked out of the court with a dignified decorum, and on descending into the street, was met by my friend, Frank Elderton, who, presenting me to a remarkably aristocratical-looking old gentleman, whom I had observed on the bench, introduced him as the Earl of Riverbury, his uncle. His lordship complimented me in very flattering terms, not, as he was pleased to say, on my success, but on the ability which I had displayed in attaining it. The earl took my arm, and we walked together to the inn, where I saw him and his nephew into the carriage, and then proceeded to avail myself of the proffered loan of the bay mare, in order that I might be the first to carry to the widow the welcome intelligence of our triumph.

The day was well advanced before the conclusion of the trial, and thus it was towards evening that I arrived at the widow's. The joy excited by the news of which I was the bearer, was soon moderated by the reflection that although she had still a house over her head, she had not withal to keep the wolf from the door; for an execution, levied on the premises a few days before, had swept the cow from her meadow, and left her barn and stable empty.

Lamenting that I had nothing more than my sympathy to offer her, I determined to wait until the return of Mr. Harrowfield from the assize town should afford me an opportunity of taking his counsel on the matter; and accordingly I adjourned to the village inn, where I dined. Having despatched a messenger to the farmer to beg the favour of a conference with him at the widow's, I returned to her house, where, to my surprise, I found a visitor had arrived in the interim, in the person of my friend Frank Elderton.

"So," exclaimed he, as I entered, "you thought to bring all the good news yourself, did you?"

That he had been the bearer of good tidings, I could not doubt; for the countenance of the widow wore a very different expression from the look in which it was arrayed at our last meeting; and on inquiry, I found that Lord Riverbury, having made himself acquainted with the circumstances of my oppressed client, had despatched his nephew to announce to her, that it was his intention to re-stock her farm, and that his bailiff would ride over on the following morning to make a survey for that purpose.

"And now," said Elderton, addressing myself, "I have it in command, to beg the favour of your company to dinner at the park to-morrow; for his lordship was so smitten by your flourishing speech this morning—[between ourselves, the most splendid specimen of clap-trap it has been my fortune to meet with]—that he desires to see more of you. Nay, you *must* come; he is a fine sample of an old English noble, and though a little prosy after dinner, his *cuisine* is excellent, and his claret superb."

On my return to my quarters at night, I found honest Sam Shortnib—one of those hybrids indispensable to a young barrister, being half servant and half clerk—

in an ecstacy of glorification; not less than three retainers for the next assizes having been left for me in my absence. Poor fellow! I was scarcely less rejoiced on his account than on my own. He had been the unrepining follower of my fortunes, and had kept a merry face, when all else around me was gloomy and sad. From that hour the tide of my destiny turned, and set in with so strong a current of prosperity, that it soon floated me over the shoals and quicksands on which I had well nigh been wrecked.

My first interview with the fair Mary had kindled in my bosom the flame of love: my second lit up the lamp of hope, for I could not quit that part of the country without taking leave of the excellent farmer Harrowfield, and it was at parting that I discovered, or fancied, that I was not indifferent to his daughter. On that hope I lived, and from it gathered additional energy for the following out the career of professional success which had thus unexpectedly opened before me. A year had scarcely elapsed from the day on which I made my first hit as a barrister, before I found myself in a position which enabled me to seek the hand of the damsel, without exposing my motives to the probability of suspicion. I had made a few hurried visits to the farm in the interval, and had won the good opinion of her father; but I needed not his advocacy. I vindicated my previously acquired reputation of a successful pleader, and gained a verdict which made me rich beyond the wealth of worlds.

A DREAM.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

My dream, last night!—if dreams be sooth,
I would that I might wake in pain,
Ere slumber, through the long, dim night,
To dream such dream again!
A dreary dream—if dreams *were* sooth,—
But I have learnt they are not so,
By many a pleasant dream of youth,
That mocked me long ago;
That through my chamber shed its light,
And made my future very bright,—
And conjured forms, and voices lent,
That were to be my guides to-day,
Like to the angel-friend that went
With old Tobias by the way.—
But, lost and lonely and forlorn,
Oh! what am I, this summer morn,
And where are they?—

So, I have comfort, in this gloom,
By looking back to boyhood's tomb!

It was not through the ivory gate
That dream came gliding to my heart:—
I had been musing, long and late,
All lonely and apart,
On smiles, whose beauty never more
Shall shine upon my living eye,
And sounds that have no echoes left
In aught beneath the sky.
The murmur of the distant stream
Was like the voice of perished years,
And, in the moon's sepulchral gleam,
Mine eyes were dim with tears.
The days came o'er me, ere my heart
Had chilled and hardened into stone,
With dreary legends chiselled o'er,
In memory of the dead alone.
My soul forsook the barren height
Where long and vainly it hath striven,—
As if the spirit's *upward* flight
Were that which leads to heaven,—
To seek the valley and the stream
Where gladness rings youth's lily-bells,
And by the fount, and mid the flowers,
Love, like a Naiad, dwells.
And as, in thought, I wandered back,
O'er memory's waste and wreck-strewn track,

I opened all the graves I passed,
And set the pale, dear prisoners free,
And stood in boyhood's land, at last,
With them—and *thee!*
There, wandering by that haunted rill,
Within whose depths I saw the sky,
And visions of the stars, that still
Came up to meet mine eye,
I felt that I have lost my way,
And wandered far from heaven to-day:—
Oh! for an hour—*one* hour,—to be
A boy, once more, with them—and thee!

My heart is older than its years:
I seldom weep, and often pray;
The fountain of my hopes and tears
Lies very deep to-day.
Yet many a shape of beauty dwells
Far down, beside the buried springs;
And when my soul is very still,
And twilight sits upon the hill,
I sometimes hear, beside the wells,
A voice that sweetly sings
Some song—though far more sad and low—
That made its music long ago,—
As faint as Hagar's, in the wild,
That lullabied her homeless child:—
And many gentle shadows pass,
At eve, as in a wizard's glass,

That memory holdeth to my heart!
I bless the sibyl for her art—
Forms beautiful as forms may be,
But none—none—*none* like thee!
Soul of my soul, when life was young,
My spirit's spirit, all its days,
Though worm hath wrought, and shroud hath hung,
To wrap thee from my gaze;
But worm, nor shroud, nor that long sleep
Can hide thee where I cannot see;
They cannot dig a grave so deep
To sever thee and me.
As is its low, sweet voice a part
Eternal of the running river,
Thy presence is upon my heart,
For ever and for ever!
If I should be, some future day,
An old man, in a silent room,
With furrowed brow and tresses gray,
And none to help him to the tomb,
Thou wilt be there, by day and night,
To keep the cripple's chamber bright;
And shed of youth a faint, sweet breath
About the house of death.
Oh! lost unto my waking eye,
But held more closely to my heart!
My guardian here—as in the sky!
My love who wert—and *art!*
How camest *thou* in that dream, of late,
That came not by the ivory gate?

I lay upon a lonely hill,
To which the skies flung down no dew;
The firs, like spectres gaunt and still,
Had withered where they grew;
Their leafless branches, long and bare,
Stretched in the wan sepulchral air,
Made hideous the light—
A summer's night of sweetest June,
That should have had a crescent moon,—
The moon was dead to-night,
A deep and dull and sleepy spell
Had locked the dancing waves;
And one by one, the stars went out,
As if into their graves.
In ghastly fold encircling all,
The air was like a vast white shroud,
And over heaven a dreary pall
Was drawn of mourning cloud.
In earth or air there was no breath,
And yet, methought, they were not still,
There was a rustle underneath,
As if, upon his pale horse, Death
Were riding up the hill,—
And still there seemed a presence nigh,
As though his dead were passing by!
I felt as if a guilty thing,
And this my day of dreary doom,
Condemned for ages so to lie
Among the dead—but not to die
In this stupendous tomb,—

A-weary—yet I could not sleep,
And full of tears—I dared not weep!

I lay, as in a dreary trance,
And looked up to the dismal sky,
And—with a start—I met the glance
Of one remembered eye!—
Thine—thine—*'twas* thine—though all its light
And all its mighty love were flown,
And like a dull and leaden weight
It fell upon mine own!
Thine—thine—oh, *thine!*—I knew it well,
Beneath that dark and dreadful spell!
I turned away,—but, every where
Along the dull and rayless sky,
Down-looking through the wan, cold air,
Was that reproving eye!
The stars that had expired above
Had, each one, yielded up its place
To make a watch-tower in the heaven
For that accusing face!—
Oh, God! was ever pang like mine,
Or punishment like this?
The very idol of my soul—
My hope—my guide to bliss—
Whose love the grave had rendered sure—
Whom but to think of made me pure—
Whose name was prayer upon my tongue—
Whose well-remembered accents hung

About me like a hymn—
Whose breath, in dreams, upon my cheek,
When life had left me worn and weak,
Cheered like the cherubim
Of whom,—when gentle lips would sing
Of angels, on the skyward wing,—
I straightway thought, the while,
Whose living, or remembered, brow
Had never met my glance, till now,
But radiant with a smile—
Oh! could no *other* shape appear
My soul's accusing spirit here?—
To wave me backward from the sky,—
To haunt me with a dooming eye,—
And had my footsteps learnt to err
So far away from heaven and *her?*

I cannot tell if living ear
Were conscious of my spirit's cry;
I know not how my soul could bear
Its long, deep agony,—
How slumber's bonds—the strings of life—
Had not been shivered in the strife.
But I remember, as my heart
Was battling with its dark despair,
At once, as on an angel's hint,
My voice rose up in prayer,—
And, mingled with the prayer, there came
The name—on earth I never name.

The wild, high pleading touched mine ear,
And, lo !—that instant, heaven was clear !
The leaden pall was rolled away,—
The air was freshened into play,—
The stars came out, along the sky,—
The night-breeze uttered sigh on sigh,—
The scent of wild-flowers round me flew,—
My hair was dabbled with the dew,—
The spell was lifted from the wave,—
The moon rose up, as from a grave,
Oh ! very pale, but very fair,
As cheeks that I remember were !—
And, fading—fading—faint and far,—
Beyond the very farthest star,
Still fading far away,
I saw—my dying heart will see—
The sad, sweet face that looked on me,
Where on the hill I lay !
Yon arch, with shining glories full,
Had nothing half so beautiful
As was the gentle eye
That—lighted at the founts above,
And filled from God's own urns of love—
Now blessed me from the sky !
Heaven from her love of earthly years
Had taken nothing—but its tears ;
And pity, such as angels know,
Made all the shadow on her brow !—
Away—away—and yet away,
She faded, like a dying day,

Behind night's spreading dome;
And then the curtain of the cloud
O'er my belovéd drew its shroud,—
She was gone HOME!

And so, I knew *she* was not there,
To stand between my heart and heaven,—
But be, as she had ever been,
The patient spirit given
To guide my faltering steps aright,
And touch my fainting soul with light;
To warn, perchance,—but still to wait,
And meet me at the golden gate!
—— And yet, it was a dreary dream!
I would that I might wake in pain,
Ere sleep, through all the long dim night,
To dream that dream again!

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